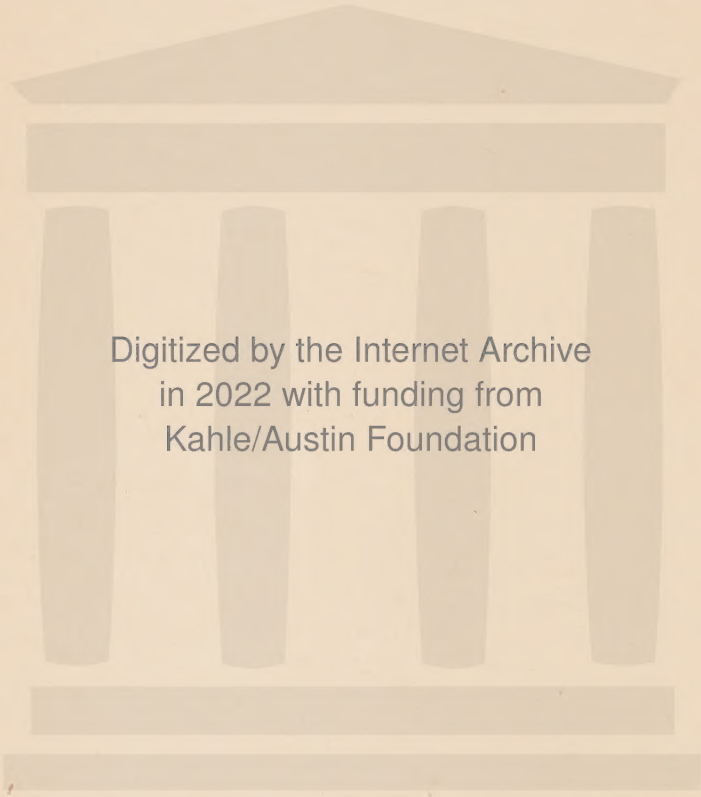
But I do believe
the world is swinging toward
the light.

Tony Robin Meyer


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High Adventure

Life of Lucy Rider Meyer

By

ISABELLE HORTON

With an Introduction by

BISHOP THOMAS NICHOLSON, LL.D.

Detroit, Michigan



"As one torch lights another nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness."

THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN

NEW YORK CINCINNATI

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To

the women
who have gone out to High Adventure
under the spell of
Our Great Leader

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INTRODUCTION

I know of no woman in the generation with which I am best acquainted more clearly entitled to be called "A burning and a shining light" than Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer. From almost any point of observation she was a remarkable woman. The best definition of common sense I know is "the ability to see things as they are and to do things as they ought to be done." Mrs. Meyer had this quality in a marked degree. She had prophetic insight and she was able to proclaim the vision in language and imagery worthy of Isaiah himself.

This woman of high adventure saw what Jesus so clearly set forth, that man had priceless worth if you could get sin away from him. She always saw not only the individual as he was but that same individual as God might make him. When she looked upon the ruined mansion she always saw what it might look like repaired, refurnished, and put at its best.

She had a genuine love of folk. Losing faith in humanity is next door to losing faith in God Himself. She had great faith in humanity because she had great faith in God.

She was a woman of indefatigable energy and industry. Her executive ability was of a very high order. She had the power to convince and to attach to herself and her plans strong people and great personalities. She could set forth her cause with compelling force. A mere list of the men and women of first rank in the business world and in the Church of our Lord Jesus Christ who became her strong friends and supporters would be a very great illumination. The leaders lead. She was one of the leaders.

It would be strange if a woman of her strength of conviction, of her initiative, of her wealth of plans for entering new fields, of her positiveness and courage did not arouse antagonisms. She had

her measure of controversy. She had her battles to fight. They were numerous and severe. Time which alone sifts truth from error and enables humanity to see things as they are must decide how far in these controversies she was right and how far she was mistaken. She must have been right in a very large measure or she could not have created the great institutions which stand as a memorial to her. She has entered into rest and her works do follow her. They are noble and beneficent works. They are the testimony of the rectitude of her motives, to the nobleness of her character, and to a good measure of correctness in her judgment.

The breadth of her knowledge, the tenacity of her purpose, the charm of her personality, the greatness of the results she achieved, her courage, her energy, her confident trust in the Lord, her Christian devotion, her spiritual vision, her triumphant faith combine to justify the designation of this good lady as one of the outstanding women of her generation.

It seems to this writer that Miss Horton has handled the delicate phases of her life in an admirable manner. It is quite surprising that one who lived so close to Mrs. Meyer and who entered into many of her plans with sympathetic understanding should have been able to write so judicially and so fairly. The volume is a valuable contribution to the history of our Church and its modern movements. It would seem that it should be appreciated alike by those who lived with her and those who differed most radically from her.

In fact, this biography is an absorbing human interest story and a character study of such high quality that it should bring pleasure and profit to a thoughtful reading public regardless of religious affiliations.

Thomas Nicholson



Lucy Rider Meyer

1915

CHAPTER I

Early Days—and Earlier

I

ONE HUNDRED years ago a big, old-fashioned, red-painted farm house stood at a crossing of country roads in northwestern Vermont. Originally it had been built for a tavern, and a weather-beaten sign board still proclaimed the fact—Stephen Rider's Inn. Having fulfilled its mission as a public house it was occupied by a son of the original owner, with his lively and growing family of youngsters. It was in this house, and into this wide-awake community that Lucy Rider was born, September ninth, 1849. Her young mother was her father's second wife, and this was her first-born child, though a family of half-brothers and sisters welcomed her coming.

A more auspicious heritage could scarcely have been desired than befell this bit of humanity. Her father, Richard Rider, was the best type of the New England pioneer, accustomed to taking life on its own hard terms and by sheer force of will and sturdy purpose wresting from it the best it had to give. Her mother, small and delicate of frame, had ample reserves of vital force. She had also a passion for books and the finer things of life. Both parents were ambitious that their offspring should have the best that circumstances could be made to yield.

There is nothing to indicate that the Rider family suffered from the privations that sometimes

cramped both minds and bodies of the earliest settlers. Judged by the standards of their times, they were prosperous. Hard work and sturdy effort were the conditions of life, but their limitations were only such as would develop initiative, resourcefulness and self-confidence—signal assets in the careers of pioneer men and women.

But the biologist tells us that it is not circumstance alone that shapes the unfolding life. The infant is but a bundle of traits inherited from a long line of ancestors. Even so, this fortunate child had a goodly heritage. May we leave her, peacefully slumbering in her rude wooden cradle while we take a look backward to see what the centuries have stored up for her?

The Riders of Vermont trace their ancestry in a straight line to the Pilgrims of Plymouth Bay Colony, and beyond that to the yeomanry of England, where their blood was mingled with a sturdy strain of Holland Dutch. Both in England and America they were a family of exceptional reputation not only for integrity of character, but for unusual physical strength. It is told of one, John Rider, a great-great-grandfather of Lucy Rider, that he once held the office of High Sheriff of Ryegate under the King of England. One day as he was going to London to attend court he became tired of riding and dismounted to rest himself by walking. As he was passing through a bit of wood a highwayman stepped out and, presenting a pistol at his head, demanded his money. With a swift movement Rider knocked aside the gun, seized the man by the collar and forced him to his knees. Then he tied his prisoner's hands, placed him on his

horse, and proceeded to London, where he presented him to the court.

The Mayflower itself brought the first member of the Rider family to our shores. Richard Warren, whose name is signed to the famous charter drawn up in its cabin, is described as "an useful instrument" who "bore a deep share in the difficulties and troubles of the settlement."

A brother of Mrs. Meyer, investigating the records of the Newberry Library, found among their ancestors other names well known to history. In a letter written to his sister in 1907 he says: "Do you realize that Elder Brewster, Stephen Hopkins, the Sparrows and our own immediate ancestor Richard Warren, *et al*, were living in the time of Shakespeare? In fact, that some of them, with their 'shining morning faces,' might have gone with him 'creeping like snail, unwillingly to school'?"

But brother Ebenezer, with twentieth century insouciance, regards this imposing array of ancestors without awe. He continues: "Mrs. Richard Sparrow's first name was Pandora. Where do you suppose that heathen name came from? Perhaps her father and mother were worldly, and she was snatched as a brand from the burning by her marriage with a Puritan. Let us hope she enjoyed her life in the New World. Neither you nor I could have stood it to live with those people twenty-four hours."

Mrs. Meyer's mother, Jane Child, belonged to a family quite as distinguished in its ancestry as the Riders.

Jane, herself, was a person of unusual strength and sweetness of character. That she was not lack-

ing in courage may be gathered from the fact that at the age of twenty-four she was willing to give up schoolteaching to assume the care of this middle-aged widower and his six children, including a year-old baby. It must be remembered too, that at this time cream separators, sewing machines and vacuum cleaners were things undreamed of. Life could only mean work—unending, soul-trying work —from four in the morning until nine or ten at night. Perhaps it was just the appeal of his motherless family which aided Richard Rider in his wooing. An incident told of her childhood gives color to this estimate of her character.

Jane was but a little creature of three years and was following her "Auntie" home through the forest near the close of the day. The child was tired and lagged behind, interesting herself in flowers and woodland treasures along the path. "Come, dear," said the aunt, "it is getting late. We must hurry!" But still the child loitered. At last the aunt said: "Auntie's tired. Can't you take hold of her hand and help her along?" At once the little one grasped the outstretched finger, and with a serious air of responsibility led her all the way home. Even at that early age the appeal to "help somebody" furnished the dominant motive, making her forget her own comfort and pleasure.

The character and achievement of Jane Child's father—maternal grandfather of Mrs. Meyer—are worthy of notice. In 1826 Ebenezer Child bade goodbye to a young wife and two baby daughters, left his home near Otter Creek in Addison County, and with a small bundle and his axe over his shoulder set out on foot to seek a new home in the

farther west. Crossing the upper sources of Lake Champlain, making his way through the ranges of the Adirondacks, he pushed on into the forests of northeastern New York. In what is now the town of DeKalb, St. Lawrence County, he secured a claim in the unbroken forest. He selected a suitable site, cut down trees for a small clearing, and built a log cabin. Then he returned as he had come, for wife and children.

The second journey required more preparations —a covered wagon, a yoke of oxen, a supply of food, utensils for camping, a few personal belongings, two cows and a faithful dog, and they turned their faces again to the west. Day after day they plodded along, their pace regulated by the slow moving oxen, a hundred miles and more to the cabin awaiting them in the wilderness; the mother, meanwhile, caring for a year old baby and a child of three. This older child grown to young womanhood, returned to Vermont as a country school teacher, and became the wife of Richard Rider. She is remembered in her old age as the beloved "little mother" of Lucy Rider Meyer.

It is hard to over-estimate the force of character required of men and women who would thus face the unconquered wilderness. Ten acres of "heavy timber" cleared and made ready for planting every year was the "stint" Ebenezer Child set for himself, and he carried it out manfully. As the country developed life became easier. Fifty-four years from the time when he challenged the wilderness to single combat, it was said of him: "By industry and frugality he has come into the enjoyment of a farm of three hundred acres, well stocked, with modern

improvements, and money on interest." In the meantime, neighbors had multiplied, roads had been built and churches and schools established.

Like the Riders, the Child family traces its ancestry in an unbroken line back to the Puritans of Massachusetts. The first representative of this family to seek his fortune in the New World was John Warren, who arrived in 1630 on the good ship Arrabella, in company with John Winthrop. He is described as "a man of consequence in town and state affairs," but noted for independence of thought and certain eccentricities of conduct. We are shocked to read that on one occasion in 1651 he was fined for "an offense against baptism," and three years later he was again in trouble, being "arrested and fined for being absent from church for fourteen Sabbaths"!

In the war of the Colonies for independence, both the Riders and the Childs bore an honorable part. A Samuel Child is mentioned in the affair at Lexington. He had four daughters whose husbands were all in the army. No lack of fighting blood certainly. Better still, it is recorded in the annals of New England that they were "influential citizens, giving tone and weight to the entire country in which they resided."

Wake up, little sleeper in your rude cradle! No "bar sinister" appears on your escutcheon! Your shadowy ancestors have bequeathed to you fortitude, dependability, and the eager and adventurous spirit that forever pushes on, reaching for the highest and best.



Birthplace of Mrs. Meyer, New Haven, Vermont

II

Blood will tell, no doubt, but its richest heritage may be nullified by untoward circumstances. If heredity furnishes the raw material of character, environment must mould it into shape.

In these respects, too, Lucy Rider was fortunate. It was as if life were giving her of its very best in anticipation of the strenuous demands it would make upon her later years.

Around the big red farmhouse for uncounted miles spread the country, virginal in the beauty of woodland, meadow and stream—strong with the rugged strength of its granite hills. From the wonders of budding life in spring to the white mystery of death in the howling storms of winter, nature spoke of greatness and of freedom, calling the soul to an apprehension of the Infinite. To the day of her death Lucy Rider held a passionate longing for the country in its native aspects. Always she turned from the turmoil of the city to renew her strength by contact with the brown soil of Mother Earth.

On the other hand, her social instincts were schooled in the inevitable give and take of family life. She was not the oldest daughter, to be overburdened with an undue share of family duties, nor yet the youngest, to be petted and spoiled with indulgence. Older children were to be deferred to, and younger ones looked after and cared for. A family of cousins, also, lived just across the way. No danger of this candidate for world citizenship becoming selfish and undemocratic through a monopoly of privilege, such as often falls to the lot of an only child!

Puritan ideals of family discipline seem not to have prevailed in their austerity in the Rider household; although old standards of family relationships were recognized and a respect for parental authority was inculcated that might have amazed the "flaming youth" of the present age. But there was left room for self-expression and a free and happy development of native powers. Mrs. Meyer in later life said that she scarcely ever knew the meaning of fear.

Lucy and Irving, the baby just preceding her, were set off by a space of four or five years from the other children. The two infants, left much to their own resources, became inseparable pals, sharing their adventures and experiences, and found life "full of a number of things" interesting to budding intelligences.

One day they discovered that the wood-box in the kitchen was empty. It looked roomy and interesting. Perhaps some impulse of the caveman awoke in Baby-in-Boots as he explored its possibilities as a hiding place from hypothetical bears and Indians. It was an inspired thought, and he clambered inside, first assisting his sister by boosting her over the top. But, as happens with so many coveted joys, once in possession, it lost its interest, and he promptly climbed out again. But Little Sister was not quite ready to follow. She objected to being helped out, whereupon her brother promptly administered cave-man tactics by biting her arm. Her scream of surprise and pain aroused the father from his absorption in the New York Tribune, and Baby-in-Boots received his first lesson—that biting as a means of discipline was

archaic—absolutely not to be done. Dogs might delight to bark and bite, but little boys, never. And so the adventure ended in tears for both parties. Baby-in-Boots may have wondered, baby-fashion, why the violent laying on of hands was less reprehensible than the use of sharp little teeth, as a means of enforcing one's views; but like many other problems, it had to be left for future investigation.

They had grown a few years older when they made another happy discovery, which also ended tragically. This was that furry little kittens, too small to scratch and too fat to run away, made lovely balls to drop from the top of the stairs down into a pair of arms, upstretched to catch them. Lucy giggled with pure delight as the soft balls unfolded and spat their indignation at being so roughly handled. She tried to throw them up again, but this was too much for her strength. Irving was sure he could do it; so, snatching a kitten from the step where it sprawled, he changed places with Lucy, and found he could toss the kitten up so that his sister could catch it *almost* every time. It was great fun and they were becoming almost hysterical with laughter when again the unforeseen occurred breaking up what they had thought a perfectly innocent pastime.

"Oh Mother! Do see what Irving and Lucy are doing!" was the shocked protest from an older sister. And Mother hurried in from the kitchen.

This was clearly a case for enlightenment rather than punishment. A harrowing dissertation upon cruelty to helpless little kittens, ended with a poignant illustration; for now a new and very precious baby occupied the wooden cradle.

"What would you do if some big, strong giant should snatch baby out of his cradle and throw him up and down stairs—and sometimes drop him on the floor?" Mother asked sternly. The idea was too terrible, even to be thought of. Irving went out of doors to ponder moodily, kicking his copper-toed boots against the fence; while Lucy sat in her low, red chair with tears rolling down her face; but whether from sympathy with the abused kittens, or from a general sense of disappointment in life, she herself could hardly have told. Clearly there were a great many hard things for a little five-year old girl to learn.

III

When Lucy with a bodyguard of brothers and sisters made her formal entrance into the red schoolhouse that stood by the roadside one-half mile west of her home, it is the testimony of her first teacher that she could already spell *"barefoot"* and *"hypocrisy,"* no small accomplishment for a maid of such tender years. She took to books as naturally as a duck to water, and her progress through the "three r's" was made without difficulty. Other things in connection with school days were better worth remembering. The rollicking, undirected fun of playtime—could any formal city playground equal it for pure adventure and resourcefulness? Playhouses that adapted themselves to the corners of rail fences; flat stones for seats; velvet mosses for upholstering; fascinating bits of broken china for service, and a broad rock for a table!

Memorable were the days when "Teacher," yielding to the lure of summer zephyrs, took her flock out



At the Age of Eight

under the shade of the maples, conducting her classes as best she could in competition with birds, and bees, and butterflies. Occasions of distinction were those when "Teacher" was escorted home after school to be the guest of the family. Nor were these of the rarest, for in "boarding around" a week was reckoned for each scholar and the group from the Rider family varied from three to six. But walls were wide and hospitality unbounded.

The children knew of brooks wherein to wade and fish. They shared intimate secrets about robins' nests whose azure eggs might be adored but not touched; about the nest of the thrush with its brown speckled eggs in the deep woods; and under the bridge the "phoebe's" woolly nest, its tiny eggs such miracles of transparent delicacy. They knew of spicy tamaracks whose trunks yielded gum in great, sticky globules; of mint in woodsy places; and strawberries in sun-warmed meadows, betraying their ripeness by a celestial fragrance.

In the fall great ruby clusters of mountain ash, and hickory nuts, and beech nuts, and wild plums, lured small and adventurous feet into woodland ways. It was a wonderful, a fascinating world, fresh from the hands of its Maker, because the eyes that looked upon it were young and wonder-full.

Winter had no terrors for these children of the Granite State. They frolicked like young puppies in the snow, and dared Jack Frost to do his worst. One of their favorite games was a barefoot dash far out into the snowy road, a contest to see which could go the farthest. And Lucy's small red feet flew as fast and as far as her brother's. They burrowed into the drifts and made snow castles. One

of these was memorable for its size and splendor. It had rooms large enough to admit of chairs borrowed from the house. Mother gave them great slices of bread and butter, with maple sugar, and they entertained their friends royally in their crystal palace. The pure cold fired their bodies with oxygen. It glowed in their cheeks, and sparkled in their eyes.

A big, strongly-made "hand-sled" was the dearest possession of Lucy and her brother. It had descended to them by inheritance from the older brothers, and had the enduring qualities of the "one-hoss-shay." As a coaster it carried two or three passengers easily, and was equally reliable for other uses. Bundled to the ears, equipped with a small axe—also exclusively theirs—the children would take their sled to the wooded hill where the men-folks were cutting down the great trees, and load it with such pieces as they could manage. Then, pulling together with might and main, they drew it to the kitchen door to fill the family wood box. In "sugar time" buckets of maple sap were conveyed from the woods to be boiled down in a huge kettle over an outdoor fire. These, and a score of similar activities, were fun to be sure, but they were also work, preparing the children for the more serious responsibilities of later years.

Lucy's love for the out-of-doors received no check from the circumstance that made her the playmate of a brother older than herself. The will not to be left behind in any adventure was a constant spur—if any were needed. "She would go anywhere I could," the brother remembers proudly, at the age of seventy-nine. Even in those early years their

united ambitions were limited only by the highest point of everything in sight. A terrified neighbor once rushed into the house to point the mother to her offspring sitting triumphantly on the ridge-pole of the new barn. But Irving remarks, "Poor mother had already become hardened to our escapades," though he admits as his adult conclusion, "It's a wonder that we weren't both killed!"

A wide piazza ran the entire length of the house at the rear. The chamber windows afforded easy egress upon its roof. This in itself was an adventure at first, but the children soon learned that with a little effort and the aid of the eaves trough, they could climb from the piazza to the main roof, and clinging to the shingles, ascend to the ridge-pole and inch along cautiously until they could look down into the mysterious black depths of the great chimney. This seemed an enterprise worth while, one which the mountain climber, reaching the summit of the Matterhorn could perfectly understand.

Back of the great house and the gardens, the ground sloped upward through a wonderful orchard, and beyond that, upward still to a far hill-crest called "The Pinnacle." This was a place of note throughout the country, and Lucy shall describe it in her own words. Many years after, speaking at the funeral of one of her beloved co-workers, Mrs. Meyer pictured this scene:

Back of my childhood's home in Vermont lies a high hill, almost a mountain. From the top of it we children could see sweeping vistas in every direction, green meadows and dark woodlands, and the peaks of other mountains. In the distance like a great plate of silver, lay the shining waters of

Lake Champlain. Away back in the hills a river came into view and wound its way like a stream of molten silver—the sun had odd ways of catching the sheen of these Vermont waters—back and forth in many a bend, until suddenly, without a hint of reason *why,* it disappeared—disappeared utterly. Try as we would we could not catch a glimpse of it again. But even as children we never dreamed the river had gone. We knew it had only slipped around a bend in the hills, and was still pouring its silver flood on to its home in the great lake.

So with life. So with *this* beautiful life. It has flowed on in beauty and in unsounded depths of service, with a fruitfulness that is known only to God, these many years. Now it has disappeared—not gone. Just around the bend of the hills it is flowing on in added beauty, and—may we not believe—in undreamed-of capacity for service. For Mary Jefferson would never be content if she was not serving.

The child heart was becoming saturated with the beauty and the poetry of her surroundings, and gaining a background that would extend its influence throughout her whole life. To the end of her days a high place was a challenge to the aspiring soul of Lucy Rider Meyer.

The orchard was an endless source of joy. From the pink clouds of its blossom time, to the rich fruitage of autumn, it ministered to every sense; but at the farthest edge of its upward slope stood a magnificent maple tree, towering fifty or sixty feet toward the sky, and spreading its thick foliaged branches far and wide. This afforded the last word in contentment. Foraging through the orchard, filling their arms and pockets with luscious fruit, they would enter its tent of green—its low-flung

arms seeming expressly made for their convenience—and climbing to a high seat among its branches, munch and talk, planning the wonderful things they would do when they were grown-up.

As they grew older they naturally assumed more of responsibility and of purposeful labor; possibly these burdens rested more lightly upon Lucy's shoulders, because she came so far down the line, the heavier responsibilities being already carried by the older sisters. Sewing she learned, and sweeping, and bed-making, and dish-washing and knitting which never became the bugbear to her that they are to many children. In mature life she also defended her ability to cook, but her claims were met with teasing skepticism by her husband.

Still there were manifold things to be done that small hands and feet could do. Homespun cloth was already being displaced by the factory product, but family stockings, mittens, caps and scarfs were home-made. Wool for this purpose was reserved from the shearing of the flock of fine merinos and sent to the city to be "carded." The big, airy attic held spinning wheels and distaffs and a carpet loom. There the mother and older sisters spent hours spinning the carded wool into yarn, which was then colored red or blue, ready to be knitted into warm and useful garments. A little girl who could not knit a pair of stockings felt that her education had been neglected.

The Rider farm boasted its own blacksmith and wheelwright shops, and a cider mill. To this last the neighbors for miles around brought their wagon loads of "cider apples." Great, flat, wooden wheels with cogs crushed the fruit into pulp. The juice,

strained through fresh straw, was gathered into a vat. A little boy and girl could sit on either side of these huge wheels, each with a wooden paddle, and clear the cogs from pulp. "Good fun, till you get tired of it." But when a barrel of rich, sweet cider was anchored in position, the bung hole open, and a little boy and girl stood on either side, each provided with a long, golden straw from the wheat stack—that was "good fun" too! and with no danger of getting tired.

At one time Lucy's business instincts suggested a plan for making money. She could sell a glass of sweet cider and one of her mother's cookies to the hired men for two cents, delivering it at their place of work. As the returns were all profit the enterprise proved fairly successful to the middleman. But one day Irving and a boy chum, prowling about in unexpected places, discovered a pitcher of cider which Lucy had bestowed in the little room under the roof of a shop, and perhaps had forgotten. Naturally the boys appropriated the spoils, but they did not take into account the effect upon the cider of several days under the sun-warmed roof. The brother avers that this was his first and last experience of the effects of "hard" cider.

In the blaze of our modern electrical illuminants it is hard to realize that only seventy-five years ago the family had to depend upon the humble tallow candle for lighting, and that these were hand-made, as needed, in the home. Lucy learned to arrange the "wicken" over the rods, dipping them into the melted fat, cooling and dipping again until the required size was reached. It was an interesting process, considerably improved when tin moulds

replaced the dipping method. But only eight or ten candles could be made at a time by this method. These being smoother and more regular, were kept for company occasions. It was not until Lucy was eleven or twelve years old that the candle was replaced by the wonderful kerosene lamp.

In summer quarts of delicious wild strawberries, raspberries and blackberries could be gathered along roadsides or in the warm meadows. Later apples were to be dried. Often these were quartered, strung like beads upon threads of carpet warp, and hung around the kitchen stove to dry. Life was a busy game, but always with variety, interest and purpose in it.

For their play time Lucy and her brother had a hand-made sled, an axe, a jackknife, and a few rounds from a broken ladder. In the house, needles and thread and scissors, of course—with access to the attic, and the family rag-bag. What they wanted and did not have, they set about to make. For bathing purposes they had the softest of water, sent straight down from the clouds, with soap, often home-made.

Then came a time when their soaring ambitions demanded a bath room. Why not? Especially were they enamored of a shower bath. They had read of them. Sometimes mother had allowed them to put on old clothes and go out into the rain, and the sensation was delightful. The old wheelwright shop was selected as suitable for the purpose, because it had an attic under the roof. Father was persuaded to cut a hole in the attic floor, opening into the room below. The children got a pan, punched the bottom full of holes and fitted it into the opening. A

bucket of water was suspended over the pan. It was to be operated with a cord, running down to the room below. The family wash tub was brought into requisition, and a curtain completed the outfit. For the curtain, mother contributed a calico skirt, of ample length and breadth.

As a matter of fact, the string that was supposed to tip the bucket of water failed to function satisfactorily; but this was not a fatal defection. The children themselves could take turns in going up into the attic and pouring the water into the pan, at a signal from below. The labor of carrying the water up the steep, narrow stairs counted for nothing. They had a shower bath, and no plumber's bills to take the joy out of life.

Remembering the strenuous work of Mrs. Meyer's later life, one would linger long and lovingly among these scenes of an idyllic childhood. Resources were being stored up that would be needed in later years, still, life was good, so far as the mere living was concerned. Hard work there was in plenty, but there was also a fullness of health and vitality, and eager interest in all the processes of toil. Life was full of laughter.

Always at school or at play we see Lucy at the forefront, eager-eyed, joyous, and adventurous. The school children constructed a long, steep "slide" of snow packed icy hard, and a breath-taking ride it was from top to bottom! Sometimes they took it with sleds; often on their feet, crouching or squatting. Lucy was one of the few who could go down standing erect. We see her whirling past trees and jutting rocks, arms outstretched, scarf flying, laughing and breathless, landing safely at the foot of the hill.

We see her on the back of a galloping, half-broken colt. He plunges his fore feet in the treacherous soil of a gulley, and Lucy is flung over his head against the opposite bank. "His angels" must have been given charge concerning her, for, amid rocks and stones, she alights on a spot of soft earth, and scrambles to her feet—unhurt, laughing as at a rich joke.

We see her and her brother ploughing through deep drifts of snow on their return from singing school. The cutter is overturned and Lucy plunges into the snow. The startled horse runs, but her brother clings to the reins and is dragged, while buffalo robe, blankets, and cushions strew the road. The brother returns, master of the situation, but somewhat ruffled as to temper. Father and mother, half a mile away, detect on the frosty night air the faint, shrill notes of laughter. "That's Lucy's laugh," they say, listening: "I wonder what's happened now!"

IV

But apart from considerations of ancestry or circumstance, we come to a place where the individual stands alone—the maker of his fate. It is here—in this dominance which makes of a person an individual, different from every other individual—that we should be glad to know more than we do of Lucy Rider; know her, not as a member of a family, nor as a pupil in a school, nor as a part of any social group, but as herself alone. But she who would be her own best interpreter, has left few traces of her soul growth. But from these few we learn something.

First, she had none of the idiosyncracies usually attributed to genius. She was a healthy and normal child, differing from the rank and file only in her greater alive-ness—her vivid reactions to her environment giving her probably, a greater variety and intensity of experience than befalls the average child.

She must also have been an observing child—a see-er. Probably without expression, perhaps almost without recognition, the processes of material life registered themselves in her consciousness. She knew the ways of the bird, and the bee, and the tumble-bug. She watched the germination of the growing seed with a sort of understanding of its struggle to reach the light. When she had been for many years a city dweller, her mind weighed down with problems of schools and missions, she could find relaxation in writing a magazine article describing convincingly the heart experiences of a mother hen; or with a whimsical touch, yet with scientific exactness, detail her failures and successes with a box of tomato plants. Indeed, when she wrote for recreation, or primarily to please herself, she invariably chose her themes from country life. And her writing shows an intimate knowledge of her subject, worthy of a Thoreau or a Burroughs.

Another trait which seems equally marked, even in childhood was an omniverous appetite for knowledge. She was devoted to no particular department of learning to the exclusion of others. To her, all knowledge was good, since it led to universal truth. Whatever was to be known that she found interesting.

Inevitably at a very early age there opened to her the world of books. Straight was the gate and narrow the way, compared with the opportunities of the present, but they were correspondingly precious.

Her playmate brother speaks with disapproval of a habit she had of "sneaking off by herself with a book." Even when the exigencies of play or of mischief demanded her presence, at the critical moment Lucy might be missing and a search would reveal her—if she were found at all—in some secluded hiding place poring over a book.

The family library was small. Josephus, Pilgrim's Progress, Uncle Tom's Cabin are among the classics found upon its shelves. A life of John Brown and a poem called "Nicodemus, the Slave" left a lasting impression upon her childish mind. There were few periodicals. The *Middlebury Register* furnished local news, and *The New York Tribune* under the editorial leadership of Horace Greeley was held next to the Bible in weight and authority. The school readers did their part—a more significant one than is generally supposed—in familiarizing the juvenile mind with standard bits of literature in prose and poetry. Phrases like "Give me liberty or give me death!", "I would never lay down my arms while a foreign troop remained on my soil," became their daily bread and must have entered into the very fabric of their emotional life. The Burial of Sir John Moore, the dramatic passing of "Baron Rudiger" the plaint of the Indian,

> "Ah! Why does the white man follow my path
> Like the hound on the tiger's track?"

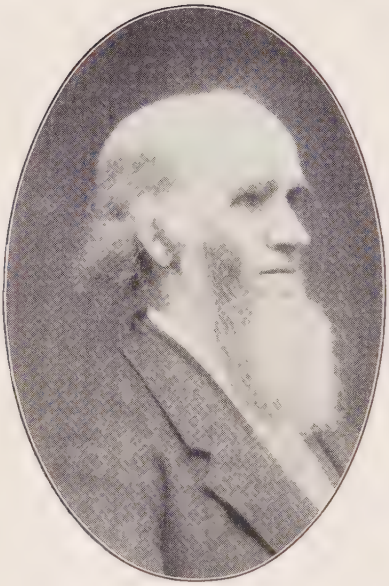
and the rather lugubrious poem beginning:

"Tell me, ye winged winds that 'round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot where mortals weep no more?"

were read day after day until entire poems were stored away in childish memories.

During the years of Lucy Rider's childhood the slavery agitation was at its height, and events that led to the Civil War were following one another in rapid succession. True, children were not supposed to be interested in these discussions. "Little folks should be seen and not heard" was a favorite admonition to the too inquisitive child. But it was equally true that "Little pitchers have big ears," and a child as alert as Lucy would not fail to be keenly impressed by the appeal to moral idealism, the demand for courage and self-sacrifice—even to martyrdom, that characterized those stirring times.

Always in the Rider household the Bible held the place of first importance. The earliest dawnings of intelligence were associated with the acceptance of scriptural truth, and the recognition of a supernatural Power mingling in the affairs of everyday life. From the day of her birth, Lucy had heard words of Scripture read and her father's voice lifted in prayer to a Being present, yet invisible; all-powerful, yet benevolent. Richard Rider was a man noted throughout the country for his remarkable knowledge of the Bible, and for a simple, unquestioning faith in its authority. On winter evenings and on Sunday afternoons he was accustomed to gather the children into the big home kitchen and test their knowledge of the Bible with questions and



Richard D. Rider



Jane Child Rider

PARENTS OF MRS. MEYER

quizzes of his own, varying the exercises with stories of Bible heroes graphically told. None of the family would have thought of absenting himself from these occasions. Here Lucy received the initial training that made her one of the most remarkable Bible teachers of her time; though she admits that she had much to unlearn in later years.

We can see her in imagination, solemn, as befitted the occasion, but alert; her feet, unable to "find the distant floor," anchored securely by their heels on the chair round. But who could guess at the ideas fermenting under that wide brow, and behind those serious eyes? She has given us a glimpse of her reflections on one of these occasions.

The subject of the lesson was the escape of the Israelites from Egyptian bondage. She had not the faintest idea what the formidable words "Israelites" and "Egyptians" referred to, but she followed the story, as her father illustrated it with imaginary lines drawn with his finger on the oaken floor. "Now, just here is the Sea," he said. "Here are the Israelites, marching along, until they come up close to the shore. And back here come the Egyptians, thousands and thousands of them—"

Ah! Lucy had an idea! She had watched *"thousands"*—she was sure—of little ants *"marching"* in interminable lines along fence rails, or up and down the trunks of cherry trees. Some of them were red, too, and others were black! Black stood for badness, and black ants were Egyptians. And with this picture in her mind she followed the story to its conclusion. But through all her absurd misconceptions, she affirms that she received the idea of a

wonder-working Power that was benevolent and kind, making for righteousness.

There remains little to be told of her religious life during the period of childhood. It was a time of taking things for granted, of following lines already laid out. The time for questioning would come later. She said her prayers as her older sisters did. She understood that she was expected to speak the truth, to keep her temper, and to do right. If she sometimes failed, as children will, there was a time of sorrow and repentance. She sat beside her mother in class-meetings and heard people tell—sometimes with tears—of their struggles and their temptations. On one occasion she felt inspired to rise and give her own testimony to the effect that she "hoped to remain faithful and meet them all in heaven"; and with the effort, she found the ready tears springing to her eyes. But she was a little puzzled when her mother, instead of commending, reproved her, ever so gently, and intimated that it might be better to wait—for something—Lucy hardly understood what.

On one occasion, the death of a little cousin gave her a sense of shock and terror. Perhaps such a thing might happen to her. Was she "prepared"? And what should she do to become prepared? It was not perfectly clear to her and she shrank from unveiling her fears, even to her mother. Eventually she decided that after all, most children lived to grow up and she would "take the chances."

But there came a time, not long before her fourteenth birthday, when, during a "revival" in the church at Weybridge, and in response to the request of a dearly-loved Sunday school teacher, she "came

to Jesus," simply and naturally; and her prepared heart found the way neither so long nor so difficult as she had imagined.

With this event, which in her own consciousness forms a distinct epoch, the history of her child life ends. Thus far there is little to indicate what direction her course may take, but it will not be commonplace. Whatever way destiny may beckon
she will follow on, with courage
and a high heart.

CHAPTER II

Girlhood

I

No period of human life is more fascinating than the "teen" age. Up to this period in Lucy Rider's life the reminiscences of the brother-playmate have sufficed. They are close companions in adventure and share their childish joys and sorrows. But with her opening womanhood, their paths diverge. Their activities and their ambitions are no longer identical.

"I don't see what makes our Bobbie like the lassies so weel," puzzles a Scottish maiden. "For my part I'd rather have one laddie as twenty lassies."

Neither are diverging interests confined to lads and lassies. They crop out confusingly, unexpectedly, in various ways. Lucy's passion for books continued, but roof scaling exploits became less thrilling as lengthening skirts (the early sixties, remember) suggest that the adventurous child is taking to herself the dignities of young ladyhood. Her father has indulged her with a side-saddle, and bare-back escapades with unbroken colts give place to decorous excursions with her brother or other companions.

Aside from his newly discovered interest in the "lassies" the brother is becoming interested in fine-wooled sheep and Durham cattle and rotation of farm crops, while Lucy is frequently "away at school." However, on Friday afternoons he "quits work" that he may harness the farm horses to the

family buggy and drive seven miles to bring her home for the Sabbath.

No school-girl diaries, no confidential letters, no reminiscences of any kind are accessible wherein are recorded the rising tide of dreams, emotions and ambitions that made up the life of Lucy Rider between the ages of thirteen and twenty. Still this period of romance and idealism need not remain altogether a blank. We are acquainted with its leading events and there is a universal spirit of youth whereby each reader may interpret for himself. She was such a thoroughly normal girl that any wide-awake young woman could read herself into the experiences of those busy years and find the record true, save, perhaps, for that superabundant energy which seems to be an especial heritage of this girl from the first.

II

It is said of youth that its absorbing topics are love, education and religion. The first found its expression in the community life of the time. The social contacts of this Vermont family must have been exceptionally rich, compared with the isolation of the pioneers of a slightly earlier day. The mother's childhood home in Lawrence County, New York, has been mentioned. The rare visits to the old home, given and returned, were memorable experiences. Lucy's first sight of a railroad train is connected with one of these visits. John Child, an uncle of Mrs. Rider, was for fifty years a pillar of the church and community at Weybridge, and around him were grouped a numerous colony of

cousins. The Riders had cousins in Addison also and cousins in Canada and cousins, it will be remembered, just across the road. Hospitality in those days was a word with meanings undreamed of in the present age. The simple products of field, garden and dairy supplied food in abundance. Not every home that sheltered a big family could boast a spare bed room. But a bed could always be made up in an emergency, and no apologies made or expected. The Rider home, however, was possessed of an amplitude that made most of these expedients unnecessary. Add to this the fact that its rooms were already swarming with young life, with a father and mother at the head possessed of a wisdom and kindliness beyond the average, and it will be easy to imagine the historic old house as a favorite meeting place—not only for the clans of relatives—but for the neighborhood generally.

But with or without guests there would be little occasion for ennui with three big brothers, two young lady sisters, Lucy and Irving just arriving at an age to claim recognition in society and two considerably younger brothers who could be counted upon to fill with interesting episodes any hiatus in family affairs.

In the group of young folks to which the Riders belonged dancing and card-playing were not favored, but sleigh rides, singing and spelling schools and Sunday school picnics afforded means for neighborhood gatherings. Music was an essential part of the home life. The Riders had the only piano for miles around and nearly every member of the family was possessed of some musical talent. The father was chorister in the nearby church. Lucy "took les-

sons" of a neighbor and showed marked talent both for playing and singing. The family spent many evenings and often their "noonings" gathered around the piano for a "sing." If sometimes the sing broke up in a squabble with youngsters scurrying through halls and kitchen and garden with shrieks of mirth, father or mother would sigh tolerantly and say: "Boys will be boys," or "Girls will be girls" as the case might be.

Occasionally fifteen or twenty "couples" of young folks were invited out for an evening. At such times the hostess would not risk her reputation as a good provider with less than three kinds of frosted cake with pickles and preserves in proportion.

Each season was marked by one or more "donations" for the incumbent pastor and his family. Here old folks, young folks and children met on equal terms. It was on one of these occasions that Mrs. Meyer remembered making her *debut* in society. The grownups had eaten, and the tables were reset for the children when it occurred to some one that it would be amusing for the little folks to follow the example of their elders and go in couples. Daddies slyly slipped into the hands of their offspring the price of two suppers and they were bidden to choose their partners. Lucy was chosen by a boy named Penrose. The memorable feature of the affair was not her escort but a remarkable headdress which she wore constructed of red ribbon with "plushy pendants hanging down behind." Long afterwards she expressed her regret that this much-loved head-dress had not been preserved in the family treasure chest.

In social life as elsewhere, Lucy's vivacity, straight-forward independence of character and resourcefulness would have made her something of a leader in spite of the fact that her habit of stealing away with a book on inopportune occasions sometimes interfered with the game. There can not have been, even in her early girlhood a trace of the flirt or flapper. One must perceive in her nature an innate reserve, a certain dignity of maidenhood that would make familiar approach impossible. We hear of boy friends who figure variously in youthful episodes. Of one, especially, whose berserker methods for winning favor were so persistent and so unwelcome that her father was appealed to, to convince the arrogant suitor that his case was hopeless. She was possessed of a certain high-mindedness that would reserve her best gifts for the one who could win and wear them. And this would not necessarily be the first knight who came a-wooing. There is no hint that she became seriously interested in any affair of the heart until after her twentieth year. But that is another story.

III

The children must have soon exhausted the educational possibilities of the little red schoolhouse for Lucy had scarcely entered her teens when she and her brother were attending school in the little village of Weybridge two miles south of their home. During the summer they walked this distance night and morning. But when winter brought its storms the family sleigh was brought into requisition, and they were taken back and forth.

Lucy's first religious impressions, aside from those of the home were received at a little Baptist church built on a bit of land taken off the Rider farm and within sight of the house. It was doubtless here that her childish mind was impressed with the serious importance of a correct form of baptism. About this time, too, a zest was given to her study of the Bible by a contest in one of the church publications. Three questions in Bible history were printed once a month for a year; and Lucy won a prize of five dollars for the best answers.

A widespread revival starting from the Methodist church in Weybridge made a profound impression throughout the community. Night after night the Riders' big sleigh was loaded with members of the family and as many neighbors as could be packed into it, and driven to the church, which was crowded to the doors, Music added its persuasions to the appeals of the evangelist who was "a converted opera singer." As a result of these services which were held nightly for three weeks, the village church received forty new members, among whom were Lucy and Irving Rider; for it was during these meetings that Lucy, at the appeal of her Sunday school teacher, gave her heart to God and consecrated her life to His service. It is characteristic that when the question of baptism came up it was her own decision that it should be by immersion. This was probably less from an intellectual conviction of its necessity, than from an unreasoned instinct that impelled her to reach for the extreme point in a given proposition. Always it was the farthest reach, the most difficult phase of a situation that challenged her.

It is in regard to Lucy's higher education that we first become aware of limitations in the family income. It may have been more limited all along than was apparent. Such trifles as a shortage of funds do not impress children, and it has been the child's impressions of life that we have been following, for the most part. Every country dweller knows moreover that an otherwise prosperous farmer may not have at command ready money though there be an affluence of such things as the farm produces. There was a large family and Lucy came far down the line. One of the older boys had already finished a college course at Middlebury, and four boys yet remained to be educated. The prevailing sentiment was that a higher education was not desirable for girls, but the mother, at all events, was determined that Lucy should have a college education if she desired it. But whatever the conditions the financial burden of Lucy's further education fell chiefly upon her own shoulders.

The *Gray Genealogy,* a history of a branch of the Child family, contains the following:

> Lucy Jane Rider was a child equally fond of study and of play, which developed a woman strong in health and mental vigor. Her young life was spent in studying and teaching. She earned $2,000 by teaching, which she expended on her education.

In later life she read this comment with amused surprise. "I did not know," she said, "that I earned so much. I only know that I taught school and went to school alternately for years, as many another New England girl did."

After Lucy and her brother had been a year or two in the Weybridge School, Norman who had

just finished his college course decided to open a "select school" in Addison, a town a few miles west of the Riders, and near Lake Champlain. This was conducted in the basement of a Baptist church, and could not have been a permanent success. Whether from family loyalty or a still deeper feeling that the brother's teaching would be of a superior quality, it was decided that Irving and Lucy should attend this school. A small cottage was rented, furnished simply with the few things that could be spared from home, and the brothers and sister kept house, bringing most of their supplies from the farm. This arrangement continued for only a few months.

After this Lucy attended school at Middlebury for a time, boarding herself. This was seven miles from home, and she managed to spend her Saturdays and Sundays with the family. It was finally decided that the Upham Theological Seminary, afterwards New Hampton Institute, situated in Fairfax, Vermont, was the school best suited to their circumstances, and that both Lucy and Irving should enter this school at the opening of the fall term. Before their plans were completed three other young people of the neighborhood decided to enter the same school and arrangements were made for a sort of co-operative club, to include the group.

For this purpose Mr. Rider bought a house conveniently situated, with a small garden attached. This was furnished, as at Addison, with "beds and tables, stools and candlesticks" sufficient for their needs, taken from home. The first year was a disastrous one, for an epidemic of diphtheria broke out among the students. Death claimed many victims, and among them were two of this little group

of five. When we remember that the contagious nature of this disease had not yet been recognized, and that antitoxin was unknown, the wonder is that any escaped. The shock of this tragedy, though severe, did not break seriously into the plans of the survivors, and they returned to school the ensuing year. Irving remembers with pride that his sister sang at the commencement exercises that first year. The second year passed quietly enough and Lucy was graduated at its close. She was eighteen years of age.

Some time during these "teen" years Lucy taught one year in the High School of Brandon. If it was before she went to Fairfax, it must have been during her fifteenth and sixteenth years. While it was not impossible at that time for a girl of fifteen to teach school, a position in a high school at that early age argues an unusual development of character, in addition to the needful scholarship.

Following her graduation in Fairfax, Lucy spent a year with a French family in Canada, and brought back a practical knowledge of French that was of use to her in later life.

It must be assumed that her sojourn among the French Canadians, where so many runaway slaves had found refuge, produced in this Vermont girl a sympathetic interest in the fortunes of the colored race. The war for the Union had been fought and the slaves emancipated; but the tremendous problems of their educational and cultural development were just beginning to be realized by Church and State. Somewhere, too, Lucy had come in contact with the Quaker Society of Friends, and must have been deeply impressed with their practical spiritual-

ity. As a result the next year of her life was spent in Greensborough, North Carolina, teaching a school for freedmen under the auspices of the Quaker Society.

It was her first long flight from home and meant entire separation from friends and relatives, in a totally new environment. It was motivated by a missionary spirit. The deep tragedy of a people so circumstanced made its appeal to a heart already sensitized, and strengthened the impulse to consecrate her life to service. Her sense of humor was also caught by the grotesquerie of a race at once so sophisticated and so childlike. Her pupils, ranging from four to seventy years of age, gave ample opportunity for a study of race characteristics. One result of these sympathetic contacts may be seen in her "Negro Spirituals" written years after as a relaxation from days of incessant toil. These spirituals have won wide appreciation among lovers of literature for their pathos and sympathetic interpretation of the negro character.

One event is recorded of this period which a woman rarely forgets—her first serious proposal. Many years afterward Mrs. Meyer refers to it in a letter to her sister, as follows:

Memory tonight goes back to a beautiful Thanksgiving that I spent in North Carolina, the year that I taught there. A young man—afterwards a doctor—a fine young Quaker, asked me to marry him. I really liked him—I liked him immensely, but not quite in that way. He gave his life afterwards helping to fight a yellow fever epidemic in New Orleans. To-night I am wondering what my life would have been if I had married him.

When Lucy returned to her Vermont home she brought with her two young colored girls. For one of these she found employment in the home of a relative and the other remained in her own home for several years. Both won the respect of the community, and after a few years of service married and went into homes of their own. These were perhaps the first fruits of her missionary impulses.

If we could but know the inner history of these springtime years with their swift growth and unfoldments we might discern that neither its social interests nor its financial and educational problems told the real story of Lucy Rider's life. Rather would it be found in the development of the inner life—the growing pains of a sensitive and vitalized soul. With the religious bent she had received from a long line of ancestors, and her implicit acceptance of the faith of her fathers in its entirety she combined an intelligence that literally hungered and thirsted for truth. With growing knowledge would come a continual readjustment of childish beliefs each one a matter of poignant interest. Many are the problems that must have been beating at the bulwarks of her childhood's faith. Trifling they may seem in this sophisticated age, but not trifling to a young girl meeting them for the first time, alone and singlehanded in the solitude of her soul. It is one of the passionately accepted creeds of adolescence that one's experience is a unique possession—that one is different—quite different—from all other people who have ever lived, and that her problems cannot possibly be understood by her elders, no matter how sincerely she may love or respect them.

The differing articles of the Baptist and Metho-

dist creeds must have caused a tumult in her mind from the beginning; for it will be remembered that the first church she attended was Baptist, and she came into church membership through the doors of a Methodist revival. The preaching of those days was much more theological than at present. We have seen how she settled the question of baptism, but not all questions would be settled so simply. She could not fail to have met the arguments of Calvinism, and must reconcile, as best she could, the doctrine of free will with the eternal decrees. The Millerite teachings had a strong following in that part of the country, and at least one neighboring church had been torn asunder by the question of the impending "second coming" of Christ. When the railroad was built through Addison County, and the long-drawn whistle of the first train screamed over the fields and reverberated from the granite sides of the mountains, there were hundreds whose hearts trembled, believing it the voice of the last trump. The Adventist faith, both of the "First Day" and the "Seventh Day" variety had a strong foothold in the community. Brother Irving became a convert to that faith while still in his teens, and from then to the day of her death, it was an open subject for debate between him and his sister. When, late in life, he was still unable to convince her of the necessity for a bodily resurrection and a literal reappearance of the Saviour in the clouds of heaven, it was his sorrowful conclusion that sister Lucy, after all, "did not know very much about the Bible."

The phenomena of mesmerism were much talked about in New England at this time, though

little understood—all the more gripping to the mystery-loving heart of youth for that reason. Spiritualism, with its bewildering combination of fraud and half-understood facts, challenged her, with its thrill of mingled mystery and fear.

There can be no doubt that Lucy Rider with her daring spirit and her inquisitive mind sought to investigate all these creeds and dip into every mystery with corresponding risk to her own faith. She would try the spirits and do her best toward holding fast that which was good. She speaks in later life of the "spiritual struggles of her adolescent years" though she gives no detailed account of them. But their outcome, on the whole, spelled victory. She kept an unshaken belief in God and his providences that held her to the main tenets of her original faith. She was God's child. He had led and was leading her. But her spiritual life was destined to interminable struggle; for her creed was a living, not a dead thing. And forever and forever, life *is* struggle.

We see her now a young woman of twenty, still eager-eyed, and unafraid. What home and its environment can do for her has been done. She has met some disappointments and shed some tears, but she already is showing traits that characterized her later life. She will play her part, and take what comes without flinching.

She has learned—or perhaps has never needed to learn—how to put first things first. She tells us that she inherited "the New England spirit of economy," and it had doubtless been drilled into her by the exigencies of life. But never had it dimmed her buoyancy of spirit. Somehow, she has been saved

from acknowledging the supremacy of "*things*." Her brother puts it tersely: "Lucy was always a great hand to make the best of things, whatever happened."

Just now the flowery paths of learning open before her. Science, literature, music—all wisdom—all knowledge—intrigue her, and in her dauntless spirit she holds the key that will open their shining ways.

CHAPTER III

Romance

I

One of the practical results of Lucy Rider's latest adventure in teaching was that she was able to enter college the following September, 1870, the dawn of her twenty-first birthday.

A college course would be of itself a romance to one who like her, found nothing in life commonplace. The fulfillment of long cherished dreams, the zestful association with other wide awake young minds, the opening of doors into new realms of truth and the conscious unfoldings of new powers within oneself make of a college course the crown and climax of the adolescent years.

Her choice of Oberlin as her alma mater was almost inevitable. Wellesley, Smith, and Bryn Mawr were not then in existence. Vassar was so young as to be scarcely more than a name. Few of the older colleges had opened their doors to women. In fact, that was the year when Ann Arbor and the University of Wisconsin first admitted women students. Even Oberlin offered an abbreviated course, it being assumed that "young ladies" had neither the intellectual acumen nor the physical stamina to take the same courses as men; while it was quite generally conceded that, at all events, they could have no earthly—nor heavenly—use for such an amount of learning.

Oberlin in its thirty-seven years of existence had survived its early struggles and made good its claim

to sound scholarship. It placed a decided emphasis upon religious culture, yet championed the "fullest freedom of thinking." It was planned to meet the needs of a great body of students who had to take into account limited financial resources. Even had her choice been broader, these considerations would have recommended the school to an ambitious and self-supporting young woman.

In the three years that had passed since her graduation from the preparatory school of Fairfax, in addition to her teaching, Miss Rider had managed by private study to fit herself to enter college in the junior year with "advanced grades."

It may not be supposed that she went care-free through these years of college life. The problem of finances beset her continually, though she had the kind of pride that kept it in its place. Once during the period she was obliged to leave school and teach a few months to earn money for her expenses. But by doing double work she was able to keep her place in college. Inconvenient, of course, but by no means humiliating. She had also assumed the responsibility of bringing with her a younger brother. Eben, a lad of sixteen, had exhausted the possibilities of the district school in Vermont and reached a crisis when he needed an outside stimulus if he were to go farther in achieving an education. Lucy's solution for the situation was to bring him "West" with her and place him in a suitable school, in an entirely new environment. The father was able to furnish needful funds for the boy, and the sister doubtless found pleasure in the companionship, for she was devotedly attached to her kith and kin. Yet the responsibility added appreciably

to her cares. It is gratifying to know, however, that the experiment worked successfully. Eben remained in school during Lucy's college work, and was then in a position, by teaching and going to school alternately, to achieve a collegiate education. Returning to Vermont he married and became a representative citizen of Middlebury, surviving his sister by one year.

II

Lucy Rider appears to have slipped into her place in college "without observation," unless possibly her excellent grades relieved her teachers of immediate anxiety in regard to her progress. It was not long, however, before this wide-awake girl who never put herself forward, yet never missed a question when one was asked of her, began to attract attention from both teachers and students.

"Who is she?" would be asked.

"A Miss Rider from Vermont. That's all I know."

But other things soon came to be known about her. One was that she had a ready smile, and never rebuffed a timid advance toward friendliness. She had an appreciation of a college joke, and could contribute her part on occasion. In fact, she often seemed to see some hidden amusement in a situation that others regarded seriously. Moreover it became evident that she had in full measure that quality demanded by college youth of every age—designated in modern terms "good sportsmanship."

She lived in the Ladies' Boarding Hall, a three-story brick building the upper floors of which were devoted to the exclusive use of the women. In the dining room on the first floor they were joined at the

table by the young men. There was a large preparatory department at the time, and a younger and cruder element than would be found there a few years later. Miss Rider was democratic to the last fiber. Moreover with her love for out-of-door life and her independent habit of thinking, she might easily have felt more at home in a man's world than in one more typically feminine.

But the newness of the experiment in co-education created an atmosphere of self-consciousness. Mrs. A. A. F. Johnston had just been installed as "Principal of the Ladies' Department." This woman, whose vibrant personality permeated the School for the next forty years, scored many points for educated womanhood. But because of the anxious concern with which the problems of co-education were regarded at that time she began her administration with regulations concerning the conduct of the young men and maidens under her care based on the most rigid ideas of propriety. They were to give no possible opportunity to contumacious tongues. Lucy Rider had scarcely known the touch of control, other than her own high sense of right so one can conceive of her chafing a little over petty restrictions that seemed artificial and uncalled for. It is remembered that on one or two occasions she was known to speak disapprovingly of the discipline of the College, even to the extent of referring to some regulation as "an Oberlin notion"!

The first impressions of her among her college mates seem to have been of perfect scholarship and exceptional dignity and forcefulness of character, changing with better acquaintance into something warmer and stronger. "At first I stood in awe of

her," writes one; "she seemed so far above me. But as I came closer I learned to love her dearly." Her associations with the young men were frank and friendly. "I loved her, and so did every one else in the class," asserts one roundly. "She was to me like a sister," writes another.

A religious sentiment among the students was taken for granted. The president was the distinguished and saintly Fairchild. His immediate predecessor had been the evangelist Charles H. Finney, and the stamp of his flaming personality, which had stirred a nation, was still felt in both town and college. Every class was opened with a brief religious exercise. Revivals among the students were of frequent occurrence. Miss Rider became the leader of a large group of the more religious of the students. She was neither self-assertive nor aggressive. "I never knew her to intrude her religious views anywhere," writes a classmate; "but her very bearing seemed to radiate a spiritual enthusiasm." In the students' meetings her prayers and testimonies, simply and naturally given, thrilled with spiritual fervor, and she became like a strong tower to the weaker and more timid souls.

A group of students and townspeople with headquarters at "Miss Rawson's Cottage" were emphasizing a type of religious expression known as Holiness and it was supposed by many that Miss Rider would affiliate herself with this group. Her attitude was characteristic. She was naturally attracted by the high standard set for consecration and experience and gave the teachings serious thought and many of them a cordial endorsement. But she may have seen, or fancied she saw, a tend-

ency to divorce religion from the higher learning or to restrict the search for new truths. Any creed that shackled the steps of her free spirit was not for her. To her God was truth, and in so far as one had found truth he had found God. The fine balance of her intellectual and spiritual nature demanded breadth as well as height. Whatever the inner reason, she was not able to commit herself unreservedly to this cult; though she vigorously defended them from unfavorable criticism whenever occasion arose.

How sincere and unsparing she was in her moral discriminations is shown in an incident, trifling in itself, yet illuminating as an exponent of character. Problems of ethics were in the very air. One day Miss Rider had chosen to leave uneaten the rim of her piece of pie, and as she talked was breaking it into small bits. Suddenly she paused and said with an expression half-laughing, half-rueful, "Here we are discussing 'What is truth?' while I am in the very act of trying to deceive by breaking up my pie-crust so no one will notice that I left it!"

On another occasion at the table the discussion had turned upon the doctrine of the "perseverance of the saints." Arminianism seemed to lack defenders and much Scripture was quoted in defense of the Calvinistic teachings of the grace of perseverance. Miss Rider defended her Methodist faith by quoting Hebrews 6:16. "It is impossible . . . *if they shall fall away,* to renew them again unto repentance." There seemed no answer ready for this, and someone piped up waggishly:

> "I'll tell you who I like the best,
> It is the shouting Methodists."

Miss Rider joined in the laugh and the battle clouds cleared away.

In trying to estimate the influence of a character like Lucy Rider's it is interesting to note the words used by her classmates in recalling their impressions of her. "Dignified," "modest," "scholarly," "independent," "ambitious," "forceful," are the adjectives used. Her recitations were "clear cut and definite," her essays "brilliant." Regarding her character the most ready response is "always noble." Even in her early twenties she had achieved that attitude toward life that made pettiness and small resentments impossible. She knew the fret of daily toil and the annoyance of small economies yet they did not hamper her freedom of spirit. She seemed to walk in an atmosphere of serene influences, as if already she had learned "the secret of His Presence."

Her high standards of conduct and her easy handling of tasks that others labored through or failed in altogether could not have made her other than a joy to her teachers. The natural sciences were to her as full of fascination as a fairy tale. When the professor of chemistry had gone up and down the class seeking for a correct answer and finding none he was wont to say, a little caustically, "Well, Miss Rider, as usual we must come to you for the correct answer." And it is not recorded that the answer ever failed. Yet it would be given with such a lack of self-consciousness that it caused no sting of envy or irritation.

Her theological studies were also of the keenest interest and brought her into the departments taught by President Fairchild. He had an engag-

ing way of opening up a subject on which there might be a variety of opinions and then drawing out the views of the students. On one of these occasions the subject in question was the power of the human mind to know God, and Miss Rider quite casually quoted an opinion of Sir William Hamilton with respect to our nescience. Turning a pair of benign but rather astonished eyes upon her the President inquired where she obtained her information and was told that it was so stated in Hamilton's "Philosophy of the Conditioned." With growing curiosity he pressed his questions until satisfied that she had not only read the work, but so read it as to make the doctrine a part of her own thinking. He took issues strongly with Hamilton's position, going more deeply into the argument for knowing that he had at least one listener who would follow both sides with eager interest. It is tolerably certain that, out of this class which has given the world a governor, a senator, a member of congress, and a number of distinguished educators, there was not another—man or woman—who had made the acquaintance of this abstruse book.

It may have been a matter of some small disappointment to her that she was not able at this time to take up work in Greek. But entering in the junior year the course would not have been possible. French she read offhand, and was fairly at home in Latin. Probably the omission meant less to her because of her broad conception of an education. As for Greek or any other study she wanted, if she could not take it at one time she would at another, and she did. In her lectures to her own Training School girls years after, she was heard to urge her

students to get some knowledge of Greek because of the help it afforded in understanding the New Testament, adding lightly, "Neither Greek nor Hebrew is hard to learn."

The college degree comes to be so easily accepted as the end and aim of a college course that it seems worth while to notice Miss Rider's attitude, as recognized by her associates. One of her classmates was Edward S. Steele of Washington, a scholar and critic in both scientific and philosophical fields. Steele sums up her character as follows:

Her strong personality made her an outstanding figure among her fellows. Not by self-assertion, certainly, but simply by her being what she was. Intellectually, she ranked among the best. I regarded her as the most philosophically-minded woman of my acquaintance. Yet the epithet, "good scholar," taken alone, would not describe her.

Education with her could never have meant the mere acquisition of knowledge. Neither was it exactly what is meant by mental discipline, though doubtless it included both. But from her very nature, education must have meant the development of an efficient personality, a getting possession of her own self-hood, and an intelligent relation with the environing world. It is remarkable how, even then, her mind thirsted for a tenable theory of the universe. Some correspondence I had with her in 1880 showed me that she was still working on analytical questions, and that it was with her a matter of personal orientation.

Still it is true that by the spirit of her life and the nature of her work, her rightful place is among those who have devoted their lives to disinterested service for humanity.

Though her character must have been fairly settled when she entered college, it is impossible that



At the Age of Twenty-three

she should not have found her intellectual powers strengthened, her purposes steadied, and her consecration deepened by the associations of these years.

Commencement Days, with their thrills and their flurries, their triumphs, their disappointments and their leave-takings, engrossed a class of girl graduates, their youthful charms set off by elaborately "frizzed" hair, dainty laces and beruffled gowns with trains, as was the fashion in that day. One, however, wore a plain white dress, untrimmed and untrained. But she had eyes that sparkled, a broad brow, and masses of fair, silken hair which she wore unbound, falling in waves to her waist—as was also the fashion in those days. It cannot be supposed that in this Lucy Rider aimed at distinction. Yet she achieved distinction. On this occasion it was no doubt a simple question of finance. Her college funds were exhausted. She would not go in debt. After all, what did it matter? The real thing was that she had added to her moral and mental stature two years of college training.

III

As for romance, Oberlin was steeped in it. Founded with the high purpose of "Glorifying God and doing good to men" it had not yet outgrown the glamour of its Age of Heroes. Then youth brings its own atmosphere of poesy. Wherever men and maidens meet and life is young, there will be ineffable joys, and tragedies that leave no trace. Visions of a glorious future hang so thick about that one has only to put out his hand to gather its golden fruitage. Any morning may usher in a

great adventure. As the Lady of Shalot wove into her web the pictures reflected in her magic mirror, so maidenhood weaves her dreams into the web of life, and smiles to think that at any unforeseen moment Sir Launcelot may come riding into the picture.

Through these years of Lucy Rider's life-history runs the hidden thread of a romance which must be read chiefly in its effect upon her life. Its events could soon be told. Such histories are not written in books. They are written upon hearts and hidden in the deep wells of memory.

Of the hero of her romance but little is known; but that little is meaningful. Sometime during these last glowing years he had come into her life, and they had known each other as kindred souls. This fact alone should speak for his nobility, his worth. Lovers she had had before, but she had not known love. And like other deep experiences it seemed to add new faculties and powers to a nature already rich in values.

Also, it is known that like Miss Rider the accepted lover had devoted his life to high aims, but unlike her, he had received his commission and knew definitely what he purposed to do. He was already fitting himself to go to India as a medical missionary. We can imagine how this situation swept Lucy Rider into a decision. She had her own visions of a life of service, and was seeking the best that could be attained in the way of equipment. Now with the coming of love into her life, everything was made plain.

In the high soul love and religion go hand in hand. In accepting her lover she accepted the call

to service with him, believing it was also God's call to her. She would fit herself to stand by his side, a true helpmate. With this purpose in view she entered the Woman's Medical School in Philadelphia.

The work at the Medical School was different and in some respects more trying than at Oberlin. If woman's pursuit of a classical education was regarded as a questionable adventure, her entrance into the medical profession was looked upon as an unholy intrusion into fields not intended for her, either by nature or grace. Still, the rising tide of interest in missions brought to the attention of Christendom the desperate need for women practitioners in foreign fields; and by furnishing this incentive for medical training for women it opened doors that otherwise would have remained long closed. None the less, the comparatively small group of women students had need of all their resources in meeting conditions, both within and without college walls.

Lucy Rider had character and poise. Fine, modest, womanly, with high spirits and superb physical health she carried with her a radiance that disarmed criticism and won friends, even in an environment more or less hostile. Among her fellow students she found one especially congenial and the two formed a friendship that added much to the joy of living during the months they were together.

Miss Green, had she lived, might have given us coveted glimpses into the inner history of a life which during this period must have been so rich in its unfoldings. But she herself was a candidate for the mission field, and shortly after beginning her work in India fell a victim to a scourge of cholera.

The months passed happily for the most part while Miss Rider pressed her work with enthusiasm, until the winter of the second year in school. Then, in the fatal illness of her lover, came the catastrophe that changed the whole course of her life from its intended channels.

Only in imagination can we follow her through those days of trial: the alternations of hope and fear; the clinging, because one must, to a hope so frail that it crumbles even as it is grasped; the darkness, as one goes down into the Valley of the Shadow with the loved one, and comes back bruised, stunned, and *alone;* the biting pain that creeps in with the returning processes of life; the certainty that it will not *go,* that it has come to stay; that we may build around it; may cover it from sight as best we can; that we may make of it either a clod or a stepping stone—but that forever and forever more, that experience will have its place in life, until it becomes a part of the man or woman that shall be.

Once only in her after life does Mrs. Meyer make reference in any public way to this crucial event in her history. In writing of the experiences through which she felt that God had led her she says: "There came a winter when all my plans were frustrated and my future was a blank."

A rustic philosopher has said: "When the song has gone out o' your life you can't start another wi' that still ringin' in your ears; but it's best to have a bit o' silence, and out o' that, mayhap, a psalm will come in by and by."

The song had gone out of Lucy Rider's life and in the utter confusion of her hopes she could start

no other. It was her first great sorrow. A "bit o' silence" seemed the only refuge to which her heart could turn in its pain.

"Back home!" Where else could the stricken soul turn in its trouble? Back to the green fields, the deep woodland paths, the rugged mountains! To that which is steady, and still, and strong—like God Himself!

Among Mrs. Meyer's private papers, after her death, was found this poem—her own expression of this experience, which has never before been given to the public.

Somewhere upon this broad earth's face
  Is a grave o'er which the grass grows green.
No glittering marble marks its place;
  No stately granite is near it seen.
'Twas years ago that they made it: all
  These years I've wandered o'er land and sea;
But that one mound so low and small
  Covers the broad round earth for me.

Somewhere, far back in my inmost heart,
  Is a darkened room and a bolted door;
And there in the silence lies apart
  The broken stalk of a hyacinth flower.
The dust of years on the threshold lies;
  The door is closed for aye. And the bloom—
Its beauty is withered to human eyes;
  But—my heart is faint with its sweet perfume.

Somewhere in the limitless realms of space,
  A soul flies far as a ray of light.
I strive to reach it with tear-wet face,
  I stretch my arms through the mist and night.
It is far—so far! Not to hear me call!
  I do not know where heaven may be;
But that one soul of my friend fills all
  The measureless realms of space for me.

CHAPTER IV

Adventuring

I

A TIME OF SILENCE—even of darkness—need not mean a time of doing nothing. Nature though silent is never idle. She begins at once to cover the rents made by flood or fire or earthquake with her mantle of green. She works steadily in the dark as in the light, and makes no noise. So the God of nature and of healing weans the sore heart from useless brooding by inviting to new interests and new activities.

The years had brought changes to the Rider homestead. One by one the older children had married and slipped away from the home nest. The last to go was Irving, who had been married during Lucy's first year in college. Eben was still pursuing his adventures in the west. Age and failing health had made it necessary for the father to give up the care of the farm. Accordingly a new house was built for the "old folk," just across the way, and a married son occupied the big farmhouse—the third generation of Riders to live and rear his family in "Stephen Rider's Inn." The new house, though smaller, was amply large for what remained of the family. Until Lucy's return there were only the father and mother and the youngest son, Ellsworth, a lad of thirteen. The parents welcomed their daughter with tearful joy and with her presence the burdens of age and care seemed to slip from their shoulders.

In addition to the task of making a readjustment of her own life, it was evident that a new duty awaited the daughter in the care of these loved ones. The time of girlhood's visions and dreams had passed and the heritage of woman was upon her. A weak woman at this crisis would have settled into a morbid and helpless melancholy. This girl eased the pain in her own heart by service to others and achieved the deep content that comes from peace with God and good will toward all his creatures. Nature was to her like a strong mother, and she opened her heart to its sweet influences. As in her childhood days, she watched the sun rise behind the distant mountains, lighting up peak after peak in stately procession. She climbed again the rocky way up Old Pinnacle, and found its woodland paths still fragrant with balsam, and gemmed with arbutus and violets and all the familiar shy, wild flowers in their season. She renewed old comradeships. Married brothers and sisters were still within visiting distances, and there was a new generation of wee toddlers and sturdy lads and lassies learning to say "Aunt Lucy" and trudging along the paths she had travelled just a few years before. There was healing in the air and comfort in the love of kindred. She closed the door of the "darkened room" and turning a smiling face to kinsfolk and friends found this was after all a good and a pleasant world.

To the rural and village folk she was a welcome adventurer from the great wide world. She had not only achieved a college education, but had studied in Philadelphia, and taught the freedmen in the far-away Southland. Surely she would visit the Sunday School, and "talk to the children." So she

stood before them and smiled into the serious little upturned faces. She told them a fascinating story out of the Book which they had always considered a solemn depository of unrelated matters. In her hands it seemed altogether enchanting.

"How many have brought your Bibles with you today?" she asked. "Raise your hands. Let me see them. One, two, three, —six, seven—Ah! There's my mother holding up a hymn book!" And the gray-haired little lady blushed like a mischievous child. The children laughed, and Lucy laughed, too, almost as in olden days.

Soon she was teaching a class of big, shy boys just approaching manhood. "Won't you take our class, reg'lar?" they asked. "We'll get the other fellows and have a big class."

Teaching was her natural element. She loved it, and whether she taught six or sixty made little difference. She put originality and vigor into her work simply because she could not help it. She was soon preparing Bible readings for her class of young men and writing out lists of questions to lead them in their search for truth.

Then the thought came to her that if she had the gift to make the Bible vital and interesting to these young men, why not to hundreds and thousands of others like them?

There are dreamers in the world whose inhibitions seem always to prevent them from putting their dreams into practice. Their lives are wistful and unfulfilled visions of what might have been. There are others whose motivation drives them into endless activities. But having no purpose except the urge to be doing something, they produce no

results—beyond the fact that there is no repose of soul for saint or sinner in their company.

It was Lucy Rider's good fortune that while she saw visions and dreamed dreams she had also a certain promptness of spirit which impelled her to try them out in practice. While the mere visionary would be halting miserably between "I would" and "I would not," she had briskly put her dream to the test. So it was quite the natural thing for her to send a few of her "quizzes" and a Bible reading or two to the editor of a Sunday school publication. Half to her own surprise, they were accepted and a check sent in payment. Small though it was, it had a value that only the aspiring young author knows.

But the really important and far-reaching result of this little venture was that her attention was turned to literary work. Within the next few months she had become a regular contributor to Sunday school periodicals, preparing both lessons and music for children, teaching points for adults, and frequently contributing other articles. Thus in congenial work and without interfering with other duties she was able to earn what she herself called "a very acceptable income."

Furthermore, these literary ventures brought contacts with the leaders of religious thought in that day—contacts that were destined to have much to do in shaping her future career. Doctor—afterward Bishop—John H. Vincent, leading editor of Sunday school literature, was at this time engaged in launching the Chautauqua movement, which in a few years would sweep the country with a tide of enthusiasm, and help to lay the foundations for the

great educational movements of the present century. Nothing could be more congenial to Miss Rider than a movement such as this, and her active interest and co-operation resulted in a lifelong friendship—one of many that added grace and glory to her career. It was inevitable, considering the times and the woman, that she should become one of the pioneers in such a movement, for religion and education were the twin passions of her life.

But for the period which we are considering her duties were primarily in her home, and especially with her invalid father. As summer approached the heat made serious drafts upon his strength. Lucy thinking the sea air might prove a tonic took him to the nearest beach. But he longed for home and its accustomed ways, and they returned after an absence of only three weeks. With the cooler weather he rallied but summer brought another relapse. The time had come for the sturdy old pioneer to pay the universal debt to nature, and on the twentieth of July, 1876, he passed away, his years lacking but a few months of the allotted three score and ten.

The death of her father caused another rift in the life of Lucy Rider, though not with the shock of the unforeseen. Once again she was foot-free with "all the world before her, where to choose." But now she felt a certain pressure of family cares. With the passing of the head of the family, the husband—the "house-band"—had been loosed, and the tendency to form new and independent units would naturally be increased. Lucy felt a special responsibility for her mother—step-mother to the older children, it must be remembered—also for

Ellsworth who needed guardianship, and whose education was still to be provided for.

However it seemed necessary that she should resume her work of teaching, and it was arranged for the mother and young brother to remain on the farm. A few weeks after her father's death she took a position as "Lady Principal" in Troy Conference Academy, Poultney, Vermont.

No very momentous events appear to be connected with this year of teaching. The principal of the school, Martin E. Cady, afterward became a distinguished member of the Rock River Conference. In a conversation in later years he said that he believed even then that she was a woman called to some definite work which she herself had not yet discovered. Idealist as she was, she "loved a fact" and always found a fascination in the natural sciences. They were her special department here. But her deeply religious nature was not finding full expression in secular teaching. So far in advance of her time was she that there was no place in church polity that demanded her talents. Would she make a place for herself, or find one, perhaps outside the fold of the church, as Anna Shaw and Frances Willard were already doing? Or, remaining loyal to tradition, would she be herself forever unsatisfied? It was a question which only the years could answer.

The tireless industry which characterized her can be seen in the work accomplished during this period. While performing the duties of daughter and nurse, and later holding a responsible position in the Academy, she was making her signature "Lucy J. Rider" a familiar name in church and Sunday school pe-

riodicals. In one year she prepared over four thousand questions on the Bible and related topics for Dr. Vincent's Berean question book. What study and research must have gone into the preparation of those questions! Her original and sparkling discussions of methods in teaching would safely bear comparison with present day theories. Take these extracts from a bundle of time-yellowed clippings:

You say you failed to hold the attention of your class "even while you were talking to them." How would it have been if you had let them talk to you? By the way, you speak of "*only* half-a-dozen girls" as if that were the easiest possible class to teach. If your girls are like those of my acquaintance you will find no more difficult problem in the whole school.

I had a class of girls once—such a race as they led me! Did I succeed? Not the first time trying, nor the second, though I always had the lesson—story, illustration, application and all—at my tongue's end. A book would fall, or a door open and around would bob a frivolous head. Annoyed by this, wits and words would fail me. I would feel my face flushing and in my panic-stricken pause the rest of the heads would turn, and the day was lost!

What did I do? I conquered myself and my girls, my panic and their inattention, with an avalanche of questions. Questions of time, place and incident. Questions of "How do you know this?" and "Why do you think that?" It worked like a charm.

Don't preach, but teach. And remember "Never tell a pupil anything he can tell you."

This same bundle of clippings, preserved from 1876-7 contains upwards of twenty copyrighted "Whisper Songs" for children, words and music bearing the initials "L.J.R." She was also frequently called upon for a "talk" to a Sunday school, or an

address at a convention, and demonstrated remarkable aptness for public speaking—so unusual for a woman at that time as to be almost a nine days' wonder.

Her first book, "The Fairy Land of Chemistry," also belongs to this period. Of this she said: "It was the 'first fruit' of my pen, and I dedicated it to the Lord. Every bit of profit accruing was to be used in His work." Years afterward she said to a friend: "Of all my literary ventures thus far this has been the most successful. Even now, after almost twenty years it is bringing me quite a little sum annually; and every dollar of it is used for charitable purposes. And," she added a bit ruefully, "it's little enough I should have had to give if it hadn't been for that blessed book!"

Beloved by students and faculty alike, she was urged to remain at Troy Conference Academy on her own terms, but decided to leave at the end of the year.

Still with the purpose of specializing in science, she spent the next year in the Boston School of Technology. She seems to have definitely settled upon the career of a teacher—for which she was so eminently suited—and had chosen the special department of science which was most attractive to her. Yet, studying the meager chronicles of her life at this time, one can almost feel the urge of imperfectly satisfied desires. One theme, and only one, could command the perfect allegiance of her nature—education along distinctively religious lines.

Psychology was then the youngest of the sciences, and its application to the art of teaching was so apparent that she turned to it eagerly, both for its

inherent interest and as a practical asset in her work. She was already considering a position in McKendree College in Lebanon, Illinois, but before entering upon her duties there she decided to take a few months' work in the Cook County Normal, studying methods of teaching. She always regarded this period as of very special value in the work of the Training School to which she was later called. The following year, September, 1879, she entered McKendree College as Professor of Chemistry.

With this arrangement the time seemed to have come when she could take a more active part in the education of her young brother to whom she was deeply attached. He was now a handsome and spirited boy of sixteen or seventeen. She brought him with her to Lebanon where he entered college as a student. Already he was causing his family some anxiety. The death of his father occurring just as he entered the stormy period of adolescence, it can scarcely be wondered at if he had the impulse of youth to take the reins of his life in his own hands. Brilliant, sensitive and high-strung, he was peculiarly open to the temptations of a life of pleasure. Lucy hoped by pitting a sister's influence against the seductions of his gay companions to tide him over the dangerous period and win him to her own high standards of life. For the ensuing years the situation with its experiences and its anxieties brought a tragic note into her life, of which few knew except those most intimately associated with her.

The year in McKendree College was also marked by a growing interest in Sunday school work, and

an increasing recognition of her talents as an organizer, and of her power of swaying masses of people in lecture and platform work. It was not an unusual thing for her to leave her school room on Friday afternoon, pack her travelling bag and catch the train for a distant city, spend a strenuous Saturday and Sunday in conventions—perhaps in two or three different towns—speaking or teaching as occasion demanded—reach home at eleven or twelve o'clock at night and appear, serene and unruffled, before her classes at nine on Monday morning—this with no loss of efficiency in her work as a teacher. The year closed with Miss Rider engaged to return to her post the following September.

II

Toward the close of the school year came the thrilling announcement that she had been chosen a delegate to the World's Sunday School Convention to be held in London, beginning the twenty-sixth of June.

Other important events occurred in Mrs. Meyer's life. Other European tours even, and honors of various kinds came her way, but it is doubtful if any later or earlier event ever brought just the thrill of pure, adventurous joy that did this—having had in it the freshness of youth, the tang of novelty, the freedom of spirit that can only exist before the responsibilities of a great cause have fastened themselves heavily upon one's shoulders. Moreover, Miss Rider has herself accorded to this event a distinction given to no other adventure—glad or sorry—of her whole life. She has immortalized it in a carefully-

kept, morocco-covered journal of over a hundred pages, complemented by numerous letters written for, and published by, periodicals of the day.

The plan contemplated, after the close of the Convention, a few weeks' brisk travel through Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, France, and a return to London—less than three months from start to finish—but a most portentous and history-making journey, nevertheless. Every hour was crowded with vivid experiences, and the volume in which she recorded them, taken from cover to cover, would make a charming book of travel. But in these later days every one "crosses the pond," and nearly everyone writes of his experiences. In making extracts from this Journal we have regard, not so much to the countries and peoples visited, as to their reactions upon the writer. We would see Lucy Rider herself, pencil in hand, gathering to herself, the majesty of the mountains, the beauty of the cathedrals, the treasures of the museums, and the influences of world-renowned personalities. We should observe, that wherever she goes, her heart is anchored to the homeland, and to those she loves. She thinks of her mother "all the time"; in Naples she is reminded that it is the anniversary of "dear father's birthday"; in Paris she is thinking of her brother Ellsworth, and takes time from sight-seeing to write to a trusted student friend and ask if he will not take the wayward youngster under his own wing as roommate for the coming year.

We would not fail to consider the stately roster of other friends—begun it is true, during the years just passed—but greatly augmented during this pilgrimage. A time-yellowed, old-fashioned "Album"

accompanies the Journal, and in it are stored tokens of these friendships. Not the formal collections of the professional autograph hunter, but concluding lines from friendly little notes and letters, taken from their setting and pasted into this book of happy memories. These amputated signatures with disrupted sentences clinging to them are tantalizingly suggestive of things we should like to know —hints of dinner engagements, social courtesies, gossipy bits of information about the great and near great—vividly interesting in the day of them, but forgotten long ago, except for this ambitious collection of autographs.

Here are the names of Mary Lathbury, Dwight L. Moody, Sankey his "sweet singer," Dio Lewis, William Booth, veteran of the Salvation Army, Mary Mapes Dodge, John Wanamaker, Emily Huntington Miller. A thick sheet stamped with the embossed seal of the House of Lords, bears a signature of most distinguished illegibility—"Shaftsbury." It is that of the famous philanthropist, Earl Shaftsbury. There are a score of others, world-famous in their generation, and some of whom even today it would be gross ignorance not to know. The "school teacher from Illinois" was adding to her own personality the gracious influence of great friendships.

Still another consideration makes this European trip a mile-stone in Lucy Rider's life. This entire period—following as it does the confusion wrought by her lover's death, appears to be a vague and somewhat restless search for a supreme good, which in her case meant a vocation which should fill her life to the full, and challenge every resource of her

nature. On her return to the homeland she was offered a work which seemed so much nearer an approach to this undiscovered vocation, that she resigned from McKendree College to accept this new and somewhat unique position.

JOURNAL

I know how the companions of Columbus felt as they sailed from the beautiful and friendly land. I don't believe their mothers were living or they wouldn't have gone. They believed too, in a jumping-off place which can't be true since the earth is round. Still—one never can tell.

Going to Europe must be a little like falling in love—exceedingly interesting to the parties concerned, but rather stupid to their friends.

I donated my hat (unwillingly) to Father Neptune as we steamed gaily out of New York harbor. We are likely to have plenty of some things on the voyage—plenty of water, such as it is; plenty of air with a minimum of CO_2; plenty of time—a most astonishing experience—and plenty of babies—God bless them!

There is a preternatural lightness about one's feet and a heaviness about one's head and a general demoralization midway. One wants one's mother terribly when one is sick. I want mine all the time, though.

My roommate is a young English woman who has done America in four days, and isn't "prepossessed with it."

Nights bring tribulation on board ship. You stay on deck to the last possible minute, then say good-night and rush desperately down stairs and along the narrow passage, pulling out pins and hairpins as you go. You continue operations as best

you can with your feet firmly planted and your back against the wall. But suddenly the wall gives way, and you are flung violently against the washstand. You think of the bottle of Jamaica ginger in the bottom of your trunk, but it might as well be in the bottom of the sea. You can't find your nightdress and feel certain you haven't a friend in the world. At last with one more thump for your poor head you reach your upper berth and sink down exhausted. You wouldn't lift a hand to save the whole ship, cargo and passengers, from going to the bottom.

You are just sinking into merciful unconsciousness when your roommate comes in. Something seems to be wrong and she talks miscellaneously, but you feel with personal implications.

"Beastly business, this! To take my pillow!" Your conscience is clear and you remain fast asleep while her remarks sink to vindictive sniffs.

In the middle of the night you awake. Timbers creak. Your great cradle swings fifteen feet at a sweep. A big wave washes over the deck above you. Splash! Splash! It all seems like a dream. Maybe it is a dream! But, no! A sailor runs along the deck overhead. Is anything wrong? You raise yourself on your elbow to listen. It is no dream. Nothing is wrong. Everything is right. You—Lucy Rider—are on your way to Europe!

The colors of the ocean are indescribable! Imagine a mountain of living, transparent blue lifting itself before you until it shuts out the horizon! It is the brightest, light blue, changing to blue-green. like a copper-sulphate solution. I have admired it often in a little test tube, but to see oceans—mountains of it! I never dreamed of anything in the way of color so exquisite.

Cheapside is so named because it is the dearest section in London in which to trade. I am so con-

vinced after a morning shopping. By the way, there isn't a store in London. They are "shops." The street cars are "trams," the elevators "lifts," pies are "tarts" and trunks "boxes." Clerks are clerks, but you pronounce it "clark." And why not?

Having lost my hat on the start I was obliged to buy a new one. I went into a Cheapside shop and asked the "clark" if they could provide me with the simplest kind of a black hat for about sixteen shillings—four dollars—and was promptly told that they could *not*. I walked out with my head very high. I asked a Bobby (which is a policeman) where I could find a milliner's shop. He looked at me blankly, and I explained that I wanted to buy a hat.

"A hat, 'm? O yes, 'm. Right over here, 'm, in the churchyard."

I didn't find the milliner's shop, but I did stumble, as it were, right onto St. Paul's! I forgot that I needed a hat. I just stood and gazed. Then it began to rain and I started for home but lost my way, and it was a very wet and bedraggled creature who entered the hotel an hour later. But in ten minutes more the sun was shining, and in a dry suit I was marching gaily off to the Conference.

This is a huge meeting of the most earnest Christian workers I have ever met. At first there seemed to be standing room only, but we whispered that we were friends of Mr. Moody's, and with no other introduction, we were speedily offered seats. The addresses were good—splendid. But to us they seemed a little logy.

I get confused as to dates. Perhaps because of the general confusion in which we live. After all, dates do not matter so much. I get lost, too, a dozen times a day. But the policemen are very attentive and kind. I almost feel that they are personal friends of mine. Occasionally my friends see me

walking cosily across the street on the arm of one, and then I catch it.

This morning I went alone to hear Dr. Parker at the City Temple. I was seated well up in front in a pew whose books bore the name of Lathbury. Of course, I couldn't keep my hands from the books, but had scarcely opened one when the usher came flying up and asked me to sit along. (The seat was empty, and I had moved from where I was placed up into the corner.) Then he collected the books and piled them up in the corner and said very reprovingly, that if I would only wait I should be given books in time. I moved down meekly and soon, sure enough, along came Mr. Lathbury and settled himself with great complacency in the corner. Then unlocking a little cupboard built in the front, he took out a dozen smaller and less aristocratic-looking anthem and hymn books and distributed them benignantly to all the needy in his neighborhood.

In the afternoon we went to Westminster to hear Canon Farrar. That was a service never to be forgotten. How the music floated down through the aisles, and about the statues and tablets. We were in "Poets' Corner." Oh, those solemn, beautiful faces! Those arches and windows! They cannot be described by my poor pen.

Rushed home by railway and bus just in time to eat a bite of supper, comb my hair, don the best excuse for a concert dress that I could find and rode gaily off in a "four-wheeler" with the Brud's to a grand operatic concert at Royal Albert Hall. This magnificent Hall alone is worth a pilgrimage to see.

Another red letter day! I have heard Dr. John Hall for the first time, and also Huxley. Hall spoke at the Convention. He was magnificent, especially

when he talked of science in relation to the Bible. Dr. Vincent sat next to me and seemed disturbed over the story of the inaugural meeting. Mr. Wanamaker sat just behind, and between us we managed to keep him quiet.

After the session closed and I had written a little explanatory note to Dr. Vincent, three of us hastened by underground railroad to the Zoölogical Gardens to hear Huxley. I expected a great treat, but I could not hear half he said. I curved my hand behind one ear and then the other, but it was of no use. The effort was so great that my headache became blinding and after three-quarters of an hour —must I confess it—I rose and tiptoed my way out. I couldn't help saying to the guard as I passed, that I was leaving *only* because I couldn't hear, and I hope—*I do*—that remark reached the great man's ears.

This is my last afternoon in London, and I went alone to the British Museum. After a run through the Zoölogical, Greek and Roman departments, I settled down for two solid hours with the books and old manuscripts below. Luther, Knox, Henry VIII, Catherine of Arragon, Bonaparte, Jeremy Taylor, Goethe, a scrap of music by Beethoven—how much one can live in two hours!

The half-deaf old man in attendance at Melrose Abbey gave me—they could not be bought—two lovely pansies. Leaving the beautiful and romantic ruin we drove to Abbottsford in a wicker phaeton with a son of Walter Scott's own gardener for a driver. He told us a funny story about Thomas Purdie—the servant whose grave we saw at Melrose—how he had "defected" to do something on an important occasion and his "canny" way of defending himself to his master. We had only a hurried run through the fascinating old place. I remember little except the view from the library window and the monument to Scott's beloved dog.

At "Bingen on the Rhine" we made the acquaintance of a real, old castle. A lad of about ten led us around the stone-floored piazza, which on one side was nearly level with the ground, but on the other overlooked a sheer precipice. The lad's father threw him a formidable bunch of keys, and he led us to the entrance of the castle, through massive doors. It was grand—like a romance! The old frescoing and dark wood-carving were in perfect preservation. I could fancy fair ladies trailing their silks and velvets across those stone floors with mailed knights at their sides. Oh, if those stones could talk! They have seen things!

We were taken up the high thick-walled prison and tower, separate from the house proper. Up one flight of stairs was a room where Henry IV was once confined. Up, and *up,* and *up* we went till we were at the very top, and the view—the "castled Rhine" with blue mountains in the distance, the village below, the terraced slopes—was simply magnificent!

(Verona, Italy.) After dinner, which was served with as much ceremony for us three as though we had been three hundred, we found a piano in the empty *salle de lecture,* and there we sat and sang gospel songs for an hour. The waiters gathered at the door behind the screens. The cook in his white cap and apron laid down his fork and listened at the opposite window. Several soldiers halted, or walked slowly past the curtained door. They could not understand, of course, but something in the music or in our voices must have conveyed a feeling of seriousness or thoughtfulness. My heart seemed to go out in longing that we might at least sing a message of friendliness and good-will.

(Rome.) We spent a few hours in the Vatican, then had a long walk around St. Peter's to the library on the other side. We hastened past the Apollo Belvedere and the Laocoon, hoping to get a

glimpse of the library before the hour for closing. It lacked but a few minutes and the young custodian shook his head. I looked so disappointed, I suppose, and entreated so pathetically that I might be shown just one thing, that he relented and led us to it himself—and we glimpsed many other interesting things on the way. The thing I had begged to see was the Vatican Codex. The wonderful old manuscript is beautifully preserved and plainly written. I copied a few lines.

(On board ship.) I learned to-day through the merest accident that Mr. Jacobs has published my Decatur Sunday school address in tract form, and that it has been quite widely circulated.

I am glad, I am sure, if it has been doing any good.

CHAPTER V

In Sight of the Goal

I

When Miss Rider on her return from Europe, resigned the position of Professor of Chemistry in McKendree College to accept that of Field Secretary of the Illinois State Sunday School Association, she might have adapted to herself the words of Margaret Widdemer in her Woman's Hymn:

> God hath not told me whither I am going,
> Only the seed my heart holds is His sowing,
> Only I follow in His strong wind blowing.

The salary offered her was probably the largest she had ever received, even in college work. This would naturally be gratifying. For years she had observed a rigid economy for the sake of an education, and a larger freedom in the way of creature comforts would be appreciated. But the appeal of the work itself without doubt was the winning argument in her decision. It was an unusual position for a woman to fill, and she had proved herself possessed of unusual talents, adapted to the occasion and the needs. Looking backward, after her life work had taken definite shape, she saw this as the last necessary stage of the journey along which she had been led from the very beginning. This confidence she had inherited from her ancestors, and questions of increasing knowledge and of broadening creeds had not as yet attacked this citadel of her childhood's faith.

She saw the beginnings of her destiny "a hundred years before she was born" in the fact of her Puritan ancestry. She saw it continued in the turn for Bible study given her by her father, and in the passion for all learning bequeathed her by an ambitious and book-loving mother. She traced it through the blighted romance of her girlhood, sublimating her grief into definite religious channels; and through all the widening experiences and contacts of life she followed it up to this Mount of Vision, where the impalpable urge that had possessed her began to take definite form and shape, and she heard "a voice behind her saying, 'This is the way; walk ye in it.'"

The new position brought her more than ever into contact with Sunday school workers and religious educators of national reputation. A very large part of her work centered in the effort to raise the standards of Sunday school instruction. This involved addresses, lectures at conventions and associations, Bible readings and practical demonstrations in the way of normal instruction and model classes. But as she herself says, "There was scarcely any kind of detail or general work that did not at some time fall to my share." She prepared a book on Children's Meetings which was published in 1883 and republished the following year. This book had a large sale for many years and has only recently gone out of print.

Her life now was one of almost constant travel and ceaseless activity. She has often spoken complacently of the vigorous constitution bequeathed to her from her forebears and established by the out-of-door life of her childhood; but she made un-

limited and reckless demands upon it. Adventures incident to that early day and the emergencies of an undeveloped work are often more attractive as reminiscences than as experiences. One evening she arrived in a small town late and unlooked-for, because of a misunderstanding in regard to trains. She went to the parsonage and was told that the house was full, and turned away, alone and a stranger, at eleven o'clock at night. A horse race near the town had called together a large number of the racing fraternity, and every hotel was full. At last she found shelter "in a horrible room over a saloon." Miserably she wrapped herself in her cloak and laid down, falling asleep in utter exhaustion only to be awakened in an hour by the sound of drunken revelry in the room below.

Very much of her effort was real pioneer work. Precedents were lacking and books which would serve as guides to improved methods were exceedingly scarce. But in the popular mind was a "strong wind blowing" and Miss Rider found ready response to her appeals for new and often original ideas which her active mind evolved. Many are still living who remember the enthusiastic Sunday school conventions of the eighties and the young woman whose presence could make of any of them a notable event.

"Lucy Rider? Oh, yes; she's here. That's Miss Rider now. Over there, talking to the chairman."

And one would look, expecting to see an impressive, fashionably attired woman with a rather self-conscious air, as befitted a "woman speaker." But instead one saw a plainly dressed but alert young person with apparently no consciousness of herself

at all; but with an air of something important about to be said or done. A something so important that such matters as powder and rouge, "frizzes," ribbons and laces would have seemed foreign and unbecoming to her.

But when she came upon the platform to talk—ah, when she talked! She sparkled and glowed! She smiled and became radiant! Then people sat up and listened. Sometimes they smiled, sometimes they winked away an intrusive tear, sometimes they laughed and cheered. But always they went away convinced that the little lady was right—dead right—and that the cause for which she was pleading was the one thing on earth worth living or dying for.

And it was a glorious age in which to be alive—those years of the eighties—the stirring years of the great social awakening. It is safe to say that more books and articles were written on social problems, more societies started for social reform, more institutions begun in the hope of making the world better in those and the few succeeding years, than in any previous period of the world's history. And of these movements Lucy Rider naturally became a part. "Naturally" because she was in its finest sense a world-woman. Not a worldly woman, by any means, but one of such native greatness of heart and soul that through her very being pulsed these world movements in resistless tides.

II

Quite naturally too, she found her friendships among those starry-eyed reformers, and was at home in their company; with Frances Willard who,

somewhat older than herself, had already found her "place in the sun" and was engaged in making the Woman's Christian Temperance Union a force to be reckoned with in America and in Europe: with Jane Addams, a few years younger, who had become interested in the yet vague and unformed ideals of the social settlement. A tie of real friendship existed between these two women, one obsessed with the religious and one with the social passion, yet both intent upon a life devoted to the service of humanity. Miss Addams still speaks with deep feeling of Mrs. Meyer's loyal defense of the "settlement position" when Hull House called down upon itself the anathemas of orthodox religionists for its omission of religious instruction.

Mr. Moody, too, was absorbed in visions regarding the Institute which later was christened with his name. With her deep spirituality, Miss Rider found much in common with him, and they had many a friendly discussion as to what form of work, educational or inspirational, would best meet the needs of the hour. A brief entry among some of Mrs. Meyer's scrappy "notes" implies that at one time she was considering a fellowship in the Institute, which eventually she felt compelled to decline. Notwithstanding her staunch and outspoken friendliness for Mr. Moody and his ideals, one knowing both parties well would see where their views must diverge.

It is a testimony to Mrs. Meyer's clearness of vision and her sweetness of spirit that—differing essentially from these reformers as she did—she was able to preserve such an attitude of understanding and sympathy toward both. To the end of her

career she held toward each a cordial spirit and a charity that never failed. She believed that the world was big enough and needy enough to afford room for every institution of whatever name or creed that could engage in the warfare for righteousness under the banner of the "Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man."

III

The dominant note in Miss Rider's thinking during these four years with the Association was the idea of a permanent school for the purpose of training young women for leadership in Christian work. The dawn of the new day for womanhood had come, but as women pressed forward into church and social activities their limitations became more and more apparent. At every public gathering young girls and women came to Miss Rider with ardent faces, asking for "something to do"; but to her question, "What are you prepared to do?" the answer would almost invariably be "Nothing!" Plenty of general intelligence and personal qualities, plenty of latent power, and plenty of work to be done, but no machinery for developing the power and making it effective!

Most of the colleges had by this time opened their doors to women, but comparatively few were ready for college training. And even a college course did not guarantee a knowledge of the Book of Books. It was a college graduate who asked, "Why are the Psalms called the Songs of Solomon if they were written by David?" And no one of her class of young people volunteered a reply. Sunday school teachers might be found looking for the book of

Ecclesiastes in the New Testament or for Jude in the Old. One was detected hopefully searching for the story of Jonah in the book of Revelation. Many could not have told whether the Passover was a religious festival or a bridge over the Red Sea.

How were these eager but undeveloped faculties to be made available for the work of the Kingdom? With Miss Rider a problem was always a challenge which her ready mind was eager to accept. She talked of this in public addresses and in private conversations. She discussed it with every one who would talk with her about it—with Dr. Vincent, with Mr. Moody, with leading pastors of the Rock River Conference, and workers in the missionary societies. Many were interested in the need; many agreed that something ought to be done about it. As early as 1882 in a public address Miss Rider outlined a plan for a school for religious instruction in all essential respects a prototype of the one actually started three years later. Dr. M. M. Parkhurst went so far as to say, after listening to her impassioned address, "We must have a school of this kind, and that is the woman to be at the head of it." The Woman's Home Missionary Society, then the youngest society of the Methodist Church, and one of the most enterprising, celebrated its second anniversary by passing a resolution that a training school for Christian workers should be established and appointing a committee to consider some such plan.

IV

It is not known why, just at this time, Miss Rider should have given up the work of the Sunday School

Association in which she was such a signal success and accepted a call to the Northfield Schools for the winter of 1884 and 1885. It may well be that she was weary with the stress and strain of constant travel and the demands of public work, though she was never known to make weariness an excuse for change in any plan or purpose of hers. It may be that she was desirous of getting a more intimate knowledge of this unique institution. At all events it was but a temporary arrangement, for she had other plans for the coming spring. She confesses to a feeling of disappointment that all the talking about a training school had failed to materialize in any tangible form, and it was with something of this feeling that she prepared to leave Chicago for Northfield.

V

Meantime there had come a day—whether dark or fair is not recorded—when a man and a woman sat each alone in an unromantic Chicago restaurant. Whether they had ever met before or not is likewise unknown. But, whatever messages may have been transmitted by wireless and wordless communication, they were strangers according to the rites of formal society. Nevertheless, a card was passed from the man to the woman. Probably she frowned a little doubtfully as she read it. Possibly she blushed. Almost certainly she smiled, for presently the man and the woman were talking amiably together, no longer alone. And this was the beginning of an acquaintance that flourished inconspicuously for months, and culminated betimes in an engagement between Lucy Jane Rider and Josiah Shelley Meyer.

Other explanations have been advanced as to the beginnings of this presageful acquaintance. Des Plaines Camp Ground, the scene of so many notable events, has been pointed out as the place, and a Methodist camp meeting as the occasion of their first meeting. Even the individual has been quoted whose subtlety and foresight contrived the introduction. These traditions may all be true. They do not invalidate the authenticity of this bit of private history, which stands on the best possible authority.

The little card found a hiding place between the leaves of Lucy Rider's Bible for many years. Not the handsome book used for formal occasions, but the comfortable, every-day Bible, bearing copious notes scribbled by her active pen.

One smiles over the romantic indiscretions of these young people of mature years, but should conservative age frown upon its unconventionality, or recalcitrant youth claim it as a precedent and an example, let it also be taken into account that the little token of the event was kept in a Bible over which one might at any time fold one's hands and pray.

VI

Considered simply as an event, the fact that Lucy Rider spent a few months in the Northfield School might pass with a mere mention. But as an experience it made a deep impression on her life, and was at least a mile-stone on the way to the goal of her desires. Moreover it was a happy memory to look back upon. The atmosphere of the School was peculiarly congenial. Her subjects—departments of

Bible study and music—were those into which she could pour her happiest emotions and her most natural and unrestrained efforts. A number of her musical compositions were produced in the congenial atmosphere of this place. One of them, the "Northfield Benediction" is still loved and used on all suitable occasions.

Altogether this winter spent at Northfield seems to stand as a glowing experience in a life that had none too much of sunshine. As for her influence in the School and its lasting results, the Northfield students speak for themselves.

(From the Northfield Alumnae Chronicle, 1926)

My senior term at Northfield was full of pleasant happenings, but the outstanding event was the celebration of "Grandma Moody's" eightieth birthday, which was also Mr. Moody's anniversary and the first meeting in our new Marquand Hall. We sang a song set to music by Miss Lucy Rider. She had been giving us a special Bible course that year. She was a wonderfully inspiring woman. We were sorry she did not stay longer.

The lovely strains of the "Northfield Benediction" have been forever associated with the life of our School. She who gave this lovely setting to the gracious and familiar words never knew what it had come to mean in the life of Northfield. Many a student recalls Miss Rider's dynamic personality and the inspiration of her classroom work. As a teacher she could only be compared with Mary Lyon.

Letters

She was so brisk, so energetic, and she had *such* a smile! She seemed to pass her enthusiasm over to her pupils. Somehow she seemed always to inspire us to do a little better than our best.

I remember her as a calm, strong personality with wonderful gray eyes. I was younger than the average girl at Northfield, just entering the stormy period of adolescence. I used to be greatly troubled as to whether I was really converted. I have just taken down my old Bible and turned to some words underlined. *"God is my salvation. I will trust and not be afraid."* In the margin is written, *"Motto for 1885. L. J. R."*

Lucy Rider was one of the big inspirations of my girlhood. She made the Bible all over new to me. I have used her methods all my life, even among the women of China. She was so vivid! I remember she told us once to divide a particular chapter of Joshua into three heads. Mine were: "I. On this side Jordan: II. In the midst of Jordan: III. On the other side of Jordan." I felt rather pleased with myself—still more so when my paper was returned with Miss Rider's approval. But she had suggested changing the third heading to "Clean over Jordan." I shall never forget my joy on discovering how that little touch added to its vividness and strength.

Seldom does a face reveal so perfectly the inner life. Sometimes it seemed as if she came from a different world and could not be subject to the same moods as the rest of us. It was certainly an event when she spent several months at Northfield with us.

"He Whom a Dream Hath Possessed"

He whom a dream hath possessed knoweth no more
of doubting;
For mist and the blowing of winds and the mouthing
of words he scorns.
Not the sinuous speech of schools he hears, but a
knightly shouting;
And never comes darkness down—yet he greeteth a
million morns.

He whom a dream hath possessed treads the im-
palpable marches;
From the dust of the day's long road he leaps to a
laughing star;
And the ruin of worlds that fall he views from eter-
nal arches,
And rides God's battlefield in a flashing and golden
car.

—*Shaemas O'Sheel*

Taken from "The World's Greatest Religious Poetry" with permission of the original publisher, Mitchell Kennerley.

CHAPTER VI

"He Whom a Dream Hath Possessed"

I

Miss Rider's plans on leaving Northfield were of such a nature as might have excused any young woman for a degree of self-absorption. But, even at this crisis in her life, her training school project occupied a large place in her thoughts, and in a measure directed her ways.

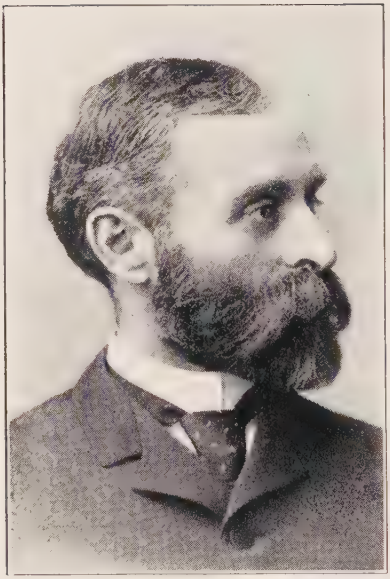
Though disappointed that interest in the enterprise had failed to crystallize into definite action, she had never entertained a thought of giving it up. The purpose, to use her own words, "colored her dreams and mingled with her prayers." She had written letters about it to her friends, and to any others whom she could hope to interest. She had spun articles and stories about it for any periodical that could be induced to give space to her productions. Instead of giving up her dream when she found the public cold, her enthusiasm rose the higher for she felt that responsibility declined by others rested the more heavily upon her.

She probably entertained a hope that what Chicago Methodism was not prepared to do might be taken up in New York: for, before returning to Chicago, she took occasion to spend a few days in that city, where she went straight to the home of Bishop and Mrs. McCabe and unfolded to them her hopes and plans. She had long held a warm place in their hearts and they listened with sympathy and

attention. What could they do to help? The only practicable thing that suggested itself was to enlist a larger group. Mrs. McCabe took Miss Rider in her carriage to call upon a number of representative women of her acquaintance.

The whole thing was so simple. The missionary spirit was awakening in the churches as never before. Workers would be needed to carry on all sorts of religious enterprises. Women were waiting to be set to work; but they were wholly unprepared. They had no working knowledge of social conditions, either at home or abroad. They were woefully ignorant of the Bible, and wholly unfitted for teaching or leadership. Consequently much missionary effort was wasted, being vague in its purpose, indefinite as to method, and often futile as to results. Trained women were needed, women who were not only good, but good for something. A school for such training—what could be simpler?

But the walls of conservatism were not ready to fall at the first onslaught, nor the second. As Miss Rider evolved her scheme in glowing colors, she anxiously scanned the faces of her listeners for any token of interest. Some were polite, but impassive; some sympathetic, but dubious. The project was so new—so disturbing. "Our Church" had never done anything of this sort before, why now? One woman listened patiently until it was explained that the proposed school was to train women for both home and foreign work, and that both missionary societies were to be interested in it. At this she lifted her hand in absolute dissent. "My dear!" she said impressively, "that idea alone"—and pen cannot express the flat finality of the word—"that





Mr. and Mrs. Meyer
at the time of the founding of the School
1885

idea *alone* proves the absolute impracticability of your plan."

It is significant that Mrs. Meyer never mentioned in any public way the disappointment of these interviews until she could put over against it the note of ultimate success. So now, thrown back upon her own resources again, she laid aside her project with the mental reservation *"to be continued,"* and went on her way to Chicago and her waiting bridegroom.

II

The wedding ceremony of itself was as simple as such a service could be. It occurred the twenty-first of May at Arlington Heights in the home of Dr. J. E. Best, whose wife was a cousin of some degree of Miss Rider's. Dr. Best was wont to boast that he had the honor of giving the bride away. One may if one chooses imagine her in a brown silk dress—matching, perhaps, her pretty hair. The newly wedded couple went quietly to housekeeping in a cottage in Oak Park, one of the Chicago suburbs.

In the long ago it was said that marriages were "made in heaven"; and few had likelier claim to a place in the councils of the heavenly powers than this, if the fortunes of the future training school are to be taken into account. It needed the passion of a life aflame with enthusiasm and consecrated to this ideal alone. Nothing less than a life would do. It needed also the business ability, the patience, the practical sagacity and experience in business affairs, for which Mr. Meyer was distinguished. If Mrs. Meyer was the prophetic woman for the

enterprise, no less was Mr. Meyer the indispensable man. Above all it required that these two people, so different in type, should be alike in consecration to the cause. From the first they stood shoulder to shoulder, one in purpose, one in devotion, one in untiring industry. If Mrs. Meyer saw visions and dreamed dreams, Mr. Meyer builded the dreams into realities.

III

In that eventful year of 1849—the same year when Lucy Rider was born in the little Vermont town—another promising infant came to a farm home near Quakertown in eastern Pennsylvania. His parents, in moderate circumstances financially, were rich in consecration, in faith and sturdy industry. The boy's early recollections are of open skies and green fields. He was not a sturdy child, and the years that he should have spent uninterruptedly in school were broken into and shortened by frequent illnesses. For some cause the parents elected to give up the farm and move into Philadelphia. They found a new home in a rather congested part of the city. Soon after, young Josiah, now fifteen years of age, went into a store as clerk and errand boy. Forty-three years after, a gray-haired, worldly-wise man, he stood on the sidewalk at 134 Second Street and looked at this building with its one show window, remembering how for three years it had been his duty, every Friday morning, to wash that window and decorate it tastefully with new hats.

For the next few years the lad lived the usual life of an ambitious American youth with a deter-

mination to "get on"; but he held staunchly to the ideals of a Christian home, and, though his tastes as well as his necessities led him into the world of commerce and business, the religious motive was always the dominant one in his life.

He managed through his own efforts to take a course in the Bryant and Stratton Commercial college and soon went to New York where he held a position as bookkeeper. At twenty-one he found himself in Chicago where he secured a business position. Then followed a year's work in Park College, Missouri, where he had charge of the college paper, and thus obtained some insight into the details of publishing—an experience he was to find peculiarly valuable. In fact, all his contacts with business affairs seemed such as to afford the especial preparation for the unique venture. He always took a peculiar satisfaction in pointing out these providential "leadings" which seemed to converge upon the great enterprise to which he so cheerfully devoted his riper years.

Like Mrs. Meyer he was possessed of a religious enthusiasm which prevented his finding complete satisfaction in any purely secular or money-making enterprise. With him the problem was how to combine his religious passion with business affairs and the making and handling of money. For a time he was secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association in Elgin. In 1882 he became assistant secretary of the Association in Chicago. In 1884, still feeling the need of better educational equipment, he entered McCormick Theological Seminary, though he was too much a man of affairs to take kindly to a purely ministerial career. In connection with his

college work he took a student pastorate of a mission which afterwards developed into Arnold Memorial Church. He was approaching the same problems that were stirring the heart of Miss Rider, though from a different direction. She met potential workers and found them eager but unprepared. He saw the untilled fields of city streets, and his heart was impressed by the need of workers.

His work for the mission church as well as his own inclination brought him much into the unchurched regions of the city. In a certain locality it occurred to him that in the absence of other religious services it would be a good idea to initiate a cottage or neighborhood prayer meeting. He found a family that consented to give him the use of their parlor for an evening service. Feeling that his greatest difficulty had been met he announced a prayer meeting for Tuesday evening at eight. Arriving a little before eight he found the house open and lighted, but not a soul in sight. He walked through the halls and called but no one replied. He waited twenty minutes, half an hour, and then went out on the street, but not a person could he find who had any inclination toward a prayer meeting. It was a terrible disappointment, but he says that as he went home he stopped on a corner under a street lamp and "held a prayer meeting" all by himself. The experiment convinced him, however, that methods of approach to social and religious problems might require study and acquired skill as well as good intentions.

IV

A serious, a portentous, a responsible honeymoon was that which awaited the newly-married couple. From May to October events fairly crowded upon one another; and, making all allowance for the dynamic energy of one woman, backed by a loyal and devoted husband, it still requires faith in an overruling Intelligence to account for the co-ordination of so many significant events.

Mrs. Meyer had enjoyed her new estate of wifehood but a few days, when an invitation came for her to present her plan for a Training School before the Chicago Preachers' Meeting. The matter had not gone by default altogether during the past months, and the return of the woman who was recognized as its chief champion renewed the flagging interest of its supporters. Mrs. Meyer accepted the invitation as a heaven-sent challenge and she concentrated all her energies upon this paper, every sentence of which was, as she declares, "saturated with prayer."

She realized that in the last analysis the problem was one of finance. There must be money in sight for buildings, for equipment, for teachers and employees. Unless she had some solution for the question where this money was to come from, her arguments would avail little.

In Mrs. Meyer's own consciousness money was never the last word. In her thinking it was neither a fundamental necessity nor a supreme goal. She recognized its power, but never its mastery. Once a question was settled on its merits, a matter of dollars could take care of itself. It could be ad-

justed—or ignored. She approached the subject now in her own convincing way. Since capital held aloof, and givers hesitated to risk their thousands in an untried experiment, she attacked the mountain of difficulty barehanded with her little pick and shovel.

"Can a twenty-five thousand dollar house be built out of nickels?" she demanded, and proceeded to prove that it could.

There are one million women in the Methodist Episcopal church of the United States alone. Someone pleads for a penny a day from each of these women for the cause of missions. I would not ask so much as that—three hundred and sixty-five cents every year—but five cents from each, not once a day —not once a year—but *once in a lifetime.* Five cents! the despised nickel that we hand out so readily for a street carfare or the daily paper—and fifty thousand dollars, twice the amount asked for, would be in our hands for this building.

When the Tabernacle was built, thirty-four centuries ago, the people came "As many as were willing hearted, and brought bracelets, and ear-rings, and rings, all jewels of gold." "And they made the laver of brass of the looking-glasses of the women assembling." Oh, for some such wave of willing-heartedness to sweep over Christendom today! If the bushels of unused jewelry belonging to the women of our church—the surplus, cast-off trinkets laid away in jewel cases—if only these could be brought, how quickly could the foundation of the building be laid in them! If everyone would give something, no matter how little, there would be money enough and to spare.

Then, reasoning by a carefully worked out plan, she showed that once the School was provided with a building, a very moderate sum paid by the stu-

dents for board would provide for running expenses, and a co-operative plan for the work would obviate extravagant bills for service. The plan left apparently but one item unprovided for—the salaries of the teachers. But as the school would need at first but one or two, she still had faith that this need would be met, and the school given at least a chance to prove itself. She spoke with a radiant enthusiasm, putting her whole soul into the message, and the tense faces of her audience showed that it was reaching their hearts. Their outburst of applause could scarcely wait her closing words.

Compliments, congratulations and hand shaking followed, and a committee was appointed. That much was tangible. Mr. and Mrs. Meyer congratulated themselves, upon a day's work done, and—could they have foreseen it—a life work begun. The committee reported favorably and a permanent committee was appointed on which the Preachers' Meeting and also the two women's missionary societies were represented, with a view to enlisting the classes of people most interested.

V

But a committee, left to itself, is liable to prove innocuous, and Mrs. Meyer soon realized there could be no relaxing of her own efforts. It was the season for vacations. Several members of the committee had been appointed without their knowledge or consent, and to them Mrs. Meyer went in person, and communicated as much as possible of the enthusiasm engendered in the Preachers' Meeting. Some were not at home, and could not be seen before

fall. Meetings, formal and informal, were held whenever two or three could be gotten together, meetings at which there was "endless talk" and little definite result. It was far into August before Mrs. Meyer could get together anything like a representative gathering and this meeting amounted to but little. A resolution or two was passed, and another meeting was appointed for the following week. "The simple fact was that not half a dozen persons, even at that time, really believed in the necessity of the school, or the practicability of the plan."

The first really significant meeting was held on the day of the Anniversary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in Lake Bluff, and it was hoped that some of the enthusiasm of the Missionary meeting might be carried over to the committee. The chief speaker at the Anniversary was Dr. William Butler. Mrs. Meyer had previously interviewed him, secured his interest in her project, and his promise to remain and "say whatever might be in his heart" to the committee. In spite of all this Mrs. Meyer insisted that it was a thunder shower which insured the success of this meeting, and possibly, the fate of the future school.

The committee had been requested to meet on the platform immediately after the close of the missionary meeting. There seemed little interest and an inclination to avoid responsibility. Some who should have stayed were preparing to leave when suddenly the heavens gathered darkness, and rain fell in torrents. To leave the place was impossible, and as the committee gathered on the platform a number of other persons interested in missionary work gath-

ered around them. The plans for a school were again presented by their ardent champion. As the members of the committee hesitated and wavered, Mrs. Meyer asked Dr. Butler for his opinion. His previous address had stirred the audience deeply, and its power was still felt. His words carried the weight of years and experience. He spoke earnestly in favor of the plan. Eyes began to sparkle, spines to straighten, and heads to nod approval, and when the white-haired veteran said earnestly: "I assure you, friends, your missionaries in foreign fields need training before they go. I cannot find words to express the desire of my heart that this plan shall go through. You could well afford to establish the school and pay all the expense yourselves. It would save you money in the end in the increased efficiency of your workers"—the day was won. The committee passed the needful resolutions and advised that the school be opened as early as practicable in the fall.

One difficulty remained over which the committee hesitated before taking the irretrievable step. The school might be desirable and necessary, as Dr. Butler had said; a house might be "built out of nickels," as Mrs. Meyer had so deftly proved; but the question of salaries remained. Mrs. Meyer's own salary, as some of them knew, had reached an impressive figure, and there would be others. They shrank from committing themselves to a responsibility whose outcome they could not foresee.

Mrs. Meyer herself was not oblivious to this situation. She assumed that a teacher must have a salary. No other idea had thus far suggested itself. But the necessity for the school was so overwhelm-

ing she had no doubt that some person or persons of means would come forward to provide for this emergency, once the way was opened. For her part, she was willing to work for very little; a third off her former salary—one-half—two-thirds—off, what did it matter? Anything that could be dignified by the name of salary!

Still not the ghost of an assurance for even the smallest salary appeared on the horizon. They talked it over between themselves—she and Mr. Meyer—in fact they talked of little else, so eager were they both for the success of the plan. Mr. Meyer had accumulated a small sum looking toward a "home of his own" and he was drawing a moderate salary. They agreed that this would be sufficient for two people of not very extravagant tastes. The essential thing was that the school should have its opportunity. At a meeting on the twenty-eighth of August, while the committee still hesitated, Mrs. Meyer rose and stated that, with the approval of her husband, she would give her services without salary to the proposed school for one year. The last apprehension was removed. A motion was made that they take steps at once to secure a house, promising responsibility for one month's rent.

Before the final vote was taken, it was suggested that instead of discussing the question they pray over it. They suspended business for five minutes and resolved themselves into a prayer meeting. Rising from their knees the motion was formally passed. Its two promoters were authorized to go forward and launch the enterprise, *at their own risks.*

VI

Volumes would be needed to tell of the busy activity of those succeeding weeks. New friends were to be won to the undertaking and old friends strengthened in the faith. A revolutionary idea had come to take its place among the accepted tenets of church going people. Conservatism was all arrayed against it. Woman's place was in the home. Missionaries? Oh, well—a few perhaps. But they were doing very well without "training." Let well enough alone.

Never had Mrs. Meyer's busy pen flown so fast. She was like one inspired. Leaflets, letters, newspaper articles flowed from under her hand in a tireless stream. Among those won to enthusiasm by Mrs. Meyer's address at the Preachers' Meeting had been the corresponding secretary of the Woman's Home Missionary Society, Mrs. E. E. Marcy. She caught the vision of a house built of nickels, and even before the company had left the church she was collecting nickels for the new building, among her friends, and making a list of their names. It was easily done—almost like a game. Mr. Meyer's quick mind caught the idea and saw how it could be improved upon. He had Mrs. Meyer's vivid little paragraph printed—a thousand slips or more. Then buying a quantity of small blank books he pasted the slips inside the cover and began distributing them on every public occasion, and through the mails. It entailed a vast amount of work in proportion to the size of the gifts, but three thousand dollars came back from these little messengers alone, while the advertising value of the scheme was im-

mense. For a year or two the "Nickel Fund" was one of the recognized features of the new enterprise, and though it never quite fulfilled Mrs. Meyer's dream, it proved a very material help and won thousands of new friends, when friends were so greatly needed.

Seriously as this great commission was undertaken, it must not be supposed that there was anything solemn or martyr-like in the spirit which these two knights-errant brought to the task. Mrs. Meyer was never lacking in a sense of humor, and it would be a serious situation indeed from which Mr. Meyer could not extract a joke. The dauntless and gallant spirit they brought to the work won them friends and was no small factor in their success.

An incident of this eventful summer is recorded in Mr. Meyer's personal memoirs. Both had been engaged to speak on the program of a summer Chautauqua held in Ottawa, Kansas, quite early in the season. One morning Mrs. Meyer had been speaking for several minutes when Mr. Meyer entered, and seeing the tent well filled found a seat near the rear. He recalls pridefully with what a "vivid and charming manner" Mrs. Meyer was speaking on the first chapter of Genesis. Presently Mr. Meyer's neighbor, a tall and rugged Kansan, turned to him and asked if he knew the woman who was speaking. He replied that it was Mrs. Meyer from Chicago, and admitted that the words gave him a little thrill, for she had been Mrs. Meyer such a very short time.

"Well, do you know anything about this new business of hers?" was the next inquiry; and it transpired that she had prefaced her address with a brief

outline of her plans for the school—a subject "she could never resist talking about, night or day." The ease and fluency with which Mr. Meyer answered this question must have impressed his listener, for his next inquiry was, "Well, who be you?" and blushingly Mr. Meyer admitted his relationship to the gifted speaker, wondering what might be coming next.

"All right," said the man. "Then I'll tell *you*. We've got an organ at our house, and a right good piano. Our children are all married and gone away from home and the organ'll do for all the singing we have. If that woman gets her school started she's talking about, she's welcome to our piano." And with a hand shake that made the bones of Mr. Meyer's fingers crack the man bade him good-bye.

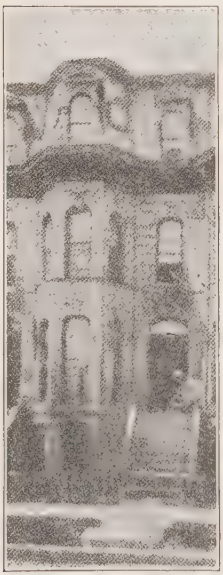
Later, when the success of the school was assured, Mrs. Meyer wrote to the Kansas friend that if he was still of the same mind they were ready for the piano. It came promptly, a fine instrument, and became the initial equipment of a department of music in the new school.

CHAPTER VII

A Broom and Some Matches

I

After several house-hunting expeditions, a three-story residence at No. 19 West Park Avenue was settled upon as suitable for the "Experiment," which Mrs. Meyer already insisted upon speaking of as "The School." The building was high and narrow, after the fashion of city houses, and was built solidly into a block of houses, all very much alike.



19 West Park Avenue

Saturday afternoon, October 6, 1885, the two adventurers arrived, bag and baggage, to take possession of their castle. They had fixed upon Saturday simply because it was the earliest practicable date. Naturally they expected to move early in the day, and be nicely settled in time for the evening meal. But—naturally, too— there were a thousand and one unexpected delays, and so it befell that it was late in the afternoon when the express wagon loaded with household goods, drew up before the empty house—and it was beginning to rain! Not a brisk shower that spurs one to action, but a damp, depressing drizzle that has no beginning and no end. Mr. Meyer

who had been seated beside the driver, sprang lightly to the ground and walked with brisk steps up to the door, which he unlocked and entered. It was the work of but a few minutes for the two men to bestow the goods inside. The wagon rumbled away, and Mr. Meyer was left alone. Gloom, emptiness, dust! He rapidly diagnosed the situation, decided that a broom and some matches were the first things needed and started out to find them. He had scarcely disappeared before Mrs. Meyer alighted from a street car a block away and approached, her arms full of articles that had resisted packing. Among them was a kerosene lamp, and a bottle containing a "slip" which she confesses was a souvenir of the wedding that had taken place so short a time before. It was already anchored to life by its white rootlets, and she looked forward hopefully to the time when it would adorn with lusty blossoms the windows of the training school that was to be. She, in turn, entered the empty house. It was even darker now, but exploring the gloom she perceived what was demanded for first aid, and sped away—for a broom and some matches.

Ten minutes later they met, coming from opposite directions, each armed with a new broom and a generous supply of matches and, laughing they entered the house together. There were no buttons to press for illumination, but a lamp and a few candles did very well. They fell to with a will to prepare at least a small place in which to spend the Sabbath. The back parlor was made as clean as time and circumstances would permit. The corner where the small rug lay should be their parlor. A table on which were a few dishes indicated the din-

ing room. The bedroom-corner presented difficulties, for in unloading the expressman had broken the castings of the bedstead. But Mr. Meyer was the man for emergencies. Fitting the parts together as best he could he presently found himself the sole support of a disabled bedstead, which, should he let go his hold a moment, would fall back dismembered upon the floor. With a bit of rope and a stout nail he could solve the difficulty. Rope was within the possibilities, but a nail! Dismally he pictured another trip out into the rain in search of a hardware store. Just then Mrs. Meyer, looking about for a suitable bit of rope, threw the rays of her candle directly upon a fine large nail, perfectly adequate to the occasion. Pulling off his shoe and using the heel for a hammer, the necessary repair was accomplished.

"Storm and wet, confusion and weariness—there was nothing in any or all of this to cast a shadow on our absolute contentment," writes Mrs. Meyer of this experience. "I remember wondering in some of those exalted moments whether anything could ever make me really unhappy again. Were we not actually in the house—the very house—in which our School was to be started?"

Could they ever forget that first Sunday in the new home? The morning prayer in which they consecrated its rooms and themselves anew to the cause so near their hearts! The dutiful pilgrimage to the nearest church! The midday lunch of bread and butter and canned chicken, eaten cold in a cold room. The pearl-handled pen knife, wrecked in the effort to open the can of chicken! The cat that mewed at the alley door for a share of the feast!

Early Monday morning Mr. Meyer started out to see what could be done toward providing a family hearthstone. He returned with the best that circumstances afforded, a small oil stove. It would take several days to repair the furnace and have coal delivered, so for a week or more the oil stove, carried down stairs for cooking and up stairs for warming the "parlor," did duty for the entire plant. True, it deposited drops of oil along the way, imposed soot upon Mrs. Meyer's hands, and betrayed its presence by an unsanctified odor, but these were minor matters.

Returning with the stove, Mr. Meyer found his wife occupied in writing an article which she had begun Saturday night, on "Missionary Training Schools for Women." She was using a pad and writing on her knee. Clearly, an office and a desk were the next requirements. The back parlor was dedicated to this purpose, and while they were about it they might as well have two desks—one for each. Two large packing boxes were installed and neatly covered with newspapers. Pigeon holes and ingenious recesses and drawers were made by fitting in smaller boxes as needed, and they adapted themselves marvelously to the needs of the growing business. There was no need for intricate combinations of locks and keys, for there would be no laying up of treasures on earth.

II

The vital question now was, will students come? A great body of good and well-meaning people—such as made up the world and a large part of the church—said they would not. More than that, they

said they did not need to come; that the Sunday school and the church would fit young women for anything they needed to do in missionary lines. Even yet, there were some who said that young women could not be trained to the exacting duties of a missionary's life. It was the old theory of woman's physical and mental incapacity, not yet exploded.

But people must be informed that the School was open and ready for business. Mrs. Meyer worked incessantly, and Mr. Meyer used every spare moment for helping. Letters and circulars flowed from the packing box desks in a steady stream. October 20 was set for the opening. Would there be students? Or were all their hopes and efforts to end in an empty dream?

Meantime, in those two intervening weeks, the house must be set in order and furnished. Mrs. Meyer had gained some ideas in regard to boarding schools during her sojourn at Northfield, and Mr. Meyer had a store of experience in business affairs. Since the budding enterprise had survived the first shock of circumstance without discouragement, the original committee resolved itself into a Board of Managers, and decided to hold a meeting at the embryonic "School." Mrs. Meyer, without chairs or tables, with only an oil stove and no dishes to speak of, rose gallantly to the occasion, and decided to serve a supper. The Board as now organized consisted of fourteen members, including the Hobbs, the Blackstones and other persons of distinction in Church and social life.

A dining table, some chairs, and a set of dishes were ordered on a "hurry call," and arrived only a

few hours before the guests. Napkins and silver were borrowed for the occasion. The capacity of the oil stove would not admit of an elaborate menu, but it was decided that oysters and coffee would be within its possibilities. True, there would be—in addition to one's duties as hostess—some anxiety about having both dishes hot at the proper moment; and there was also an uncomfortable realization that the borrowed silver did not cover the contingency of *every* member of the Board being present. But when did such a thing ever happen?

Both Mr. and Mrs. Meyer were the soul of unpretentious hospitality, and the company, appreciating the situation, were soon cheerfully discussing ways and means over their coffee.

Perhaps there are few subjects of more unqualified appeal to a group of householders than that of furnishing a house. One after another remembered some piece of useful furniture that could be spared, or some friend whose interest could be secured. Room after room was provided for—with paper and pencils—and enthusiasm grew until soon they were promising money to buy what could not be contributed. When the company departed in a pleasant little bustle of politeness and promises, and Mr. and Mrs. Meyer were alone, they regarded each other joyfully over a table full of unwashed dishes in a crumby and disordered room. They forgot their tiredness in the knowledge that the big, empty house was practically equipped for business. At least seven hundred dollars' worth of furnishings had been pledged, and the members of the Board were more interested than ever before. They felt they could count their first social venture a success.

During the next few days the express wagon made frequent visits, and empty rooms, one by one, took on an air of life and expectancy. Tired backs, blistered hands, dust, smudges, accidents—what were they but incidents of the passing moment? The real thing, the substantial thing, was the School that, day by day, was becoming a visible reality.

III

Ah, the wonderful first days of a great enterprise! They hold the joy of the explorer, threading new paths to be beaten broad by the myriad feet of the future; the exultation of the master builder, as he sees the creation of his brain taking shape in arch and dome. One is in league with the heavenly powers and counts not pain or sacrifice in the joy of achievement. He rides the crest of the billows. His head is among the clouds. He reads the mystic writing of the stars, and all signs say "Go on and prosper." He does the impossible day by day, and rejoices in the doing.

The enthusiasm may remain, but it becomes an established, a familiar enthusiasm. Never again comes quite that thrill of wonder in answered prayer, new every morning and fresh every evening, while the soul dwells in the very presence of the Invisible. How shall the mere historian catch the glory of those golden days when the dreams and visions of years were taking material form? How express the uplift of soul that made of humble toil a sacrament, and of self-denial a joy?

Mrs. Meyer had hoped for a dozen students, at least, with which to open the School. The front parlor was set aside for a school room, and Mr.

Meyer painted the floor one evening. It was furnished with a blackboard, a plain table, and a dozen straight-backed wooden chairs.

On the night of the opening, October twentieth, the back parlor, or "office" was thrown open and every chair in the building assembled for the expected crowd. But only four students had put in an appearance, and the evening program was attended by only three guests beside the speaker and the family! It was a chilling disappointment, but Mrs. Meyer maintained her poise, and Mr. Meyer his smile. It was only after the guests were gone and the four girls had vanished to the rooms above that Mrs. Meyer's brave spirit faltered, and she became for the moment just a tired and discouraged woman. But Mr. Meyer's cheerful optimism was simply invincible.

"There now, Jennie, no need to feel disappointed! The only wonder is that there was anybody here at all," he comforted. "We'll go right ahead"—and they did.

The next morning four students assembled in the class room, and the Chicago Training School was in operation.

Many years afterward Mrs. Meyer confessed that two of these four girls were under the desired age, and one was an invalid! One can only be amazed at the compelling faith of this woman who might have been holding an assured position in any college in the land, but who faced this little unpromising group without salary, with less equipment than was afforded by the "little red schoolhouse," without a dollar of financial backing, with practically nothing but faith in God and her destiny.

One can afford to smile at those early discomfitures, but no one can fail to wonder at the faith and courage that would not recognize failure, and could wrest victory from the very jaws of defeat.

Within a week three more students were added to the little group. They came dropping in, day by day, week by week, hopefully, cautiously, wonderingly, fearfully, and each yielded to the glowing atmosphere of the place, and the inspiration of the leaders. It was one of that early group who confided to Mrs. Meyer after a few weeks at the School that her people had permitted her to come with fear and trembling. That her brother, especially, had used all his efforts to dissuade her, insisting that it was but a plot laid for her destruction in the great wicked city. And warning her, in case she should be locked in her room, to have a letter ready stamped and addressed to throw out of the window. Somebody would find and mail it, and he would immediately come to her rescue!

Three weeks after the opening of the School, another attempt was made to inveigle within its walls an indifferent public. Mrs. Meyer ambitiously announced their "First Annual Reception," for November twelfth. Her ambition visualized two hundred guests for this function, and light refreshments were provided for this number. She secured her old-time friend and staunch supporter, Dr. John H. Vincent, for the principal address, and other distinguished names graced the program. But now even the weather took a reactionary hand in the form of a heavy rain, and the guests numbered only twelve. But Mr. Meyer pointed out that the attendance was just four times that of the former

occasion. And Mrs. Meyer found comfort in the fact that only the day before she had recorded in the School journal: "Another student arrived today, This makes eleven."

The times demanded rigid economy of resources and the "light refreshments" became a heavy burden before they were finally disposed of. "We had sandwiches cold and sandwiches hot," laments Mrs. Meyer, "and sandwiches steamed and fried and hashed." The disappearance of the last one heralded the approach of Thanksgiving Day.

Mrs. Meyer's mother, Mrs. Rider, had been much with her daughter during the past four or five years, and now became an active and useful member of the new household, her housewifely skill supplementing Mrs. Meyer's shortcomings in that line. Many a student speaks affectionately of the "little mother" whose quaint personality and helpful ways endeared her to their hearts.

Very early in the history of the School came Elizabeth Holding, an old and dear friend of Mrs. Meyer's. This talented woman, lately returned from missionary work in South America, caught the spirit of self-forgetful adventure and became an invaluable helper in laying the foundations of the new School. With unusual literary gifts she combined practical qualities that were greatly needed at this crisis. She relieved Mrs. Meyer of the care of buying supplies and ordering the meals. She taught classes, helped in preparing and mailing literature, and with her ready pen supplemented every plan for the promotion of the work. She was the first of a large number of women that Mrs. Meyer was able to gather around her—women of genius who found

in their hearts a response to the splendor of her idealism, and who carried the influence of her dynamic leadership into every part of the homeland, and to continents beyond the sea.

Mrs. Meyer's ambition to do whatever fell to her lot in her new undertaking knew no bounds. Her daily schedule included, beside the duties of administration and teaching, publicity work, endless personal interviews, and a wide variety of household duties. Nearly all the house work was done by the students, who paid but a minimum price for board and no tuition. Mrs. Meyer had a particular aversion for the task of making out the "work list," especially when it came to assigning the heavier and more difficult parts of the work. To relieve her embarrassment over this she resolved that she would not assign any task to a student which she did not share herself. Consequently she scrambled out of bed cold winter mornings and went down to the dark kitchen to prepare breakfasts, and tried her hand at about everything that needed to be done. But after scalding herself with dishwater and achieving only indifferent results for her supreme efforts at window washing, she decided that there was doubtless a "diversity of gifts," and as there were duties falling to her which could not be shared by anyone else, so there might be other duties in which she herself need not share.

She struggled with the intricacies of bookkeeping until one day—between headache and hurry—it became quite hopeless. Then she gathered up everything, journal, day-book and ledger, carried them to her husband and laying them down before him she said with emphasis: "There! If you'll *take*

them, and *do* them, I promise I'll never *look* at them again!" And after many years she could add, "I've kept my promise."

As it became apparent that there was a future for the School the problem of a permanent house for it was impending, and it was equally evident that it would require all of Mr. Meyer's efforts as well as her own, for the work to go on. Mr. Meyer had already made the cause his own to the extent that there seemed no other way for him to "go" but "on"; so, with scarcely a thought of anything but the future of the cause, he freed himself from other obligations, and devoted his time wholly to the interests of the School.

JOURNAL

October 20, 1885.

Our house is very homelike and comfortable. We use the sunny front parlor for classroom, and Bro. S. has furnished it for us with good chairs, table and blackboard. Up stairs Mrs. H. has furnished the large front room and alcove. The region down stairs is cheerful with pretty crockery, new silver and a generous range—all given.

October 30.

Our first family prayer meeting! Some of the girls are very naturally homesick, but we could see their faces grow bright during the short service.

November 4.

Good news from two directions! Miss Lathbury writes from the east that the Woman's Home Missionary Society passed a resolution of sympathy and encouragement at Philadelphia last week. And we are thankful to learn that the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society has taken the same action at

Evanston. We celebrated the good news by visiting Evanston in a body. The girls are very enthusiastic, and we have gained new inspiration from this day of "communion with saints."

We fear the health of one of the girls will not be sufficient for missionary work. We are sorry, but this is one of the objects of the School, to test the girls physically as well as mentally and spiritually.

November 6.

At the home prayer-meeting this evening one of the girls told us how in gratitude for the school she has been especially praying for large gifts of money to come to us, and that she might be frequently reminded of it she promised that whenever she heard the door bell ring she would send up a prayer for this one thing. The door bell has rung a great many times this week. We should not have been so impatient with all these pedlars and tramps if we had known that every jingle of the bell sent a prayer flying heavenward.

November 12.

We have been very busy all these weeks getting the "Nickel Fund" started for we must have a building or a larger house next year. Miss Holding has written hundreds of letters. Surely, the Lord sent her to us.

But the writing is not so formidable as the postage bill. Forty dollars for postage in two short months! But it will not be quite so much again soon. The books must bring us some hundreds, if not thousands, of dollars. This cannot be used for current expenses, however, as it is pledged for a building.

November 25.

The girls are full of pleasant bustle about our Thanksgiving celebration tomorrow. Dear Mrs. H. sent a two dollar bill as a beginning for the dinner. Our other Mrs. H. has sent us a package of groceries. Miss Holding has set her heart on a turkey—but

after waiting till late in the afternoon her faith failed. Then after tea came a smiling expressman—who, by the way, would take nothing for his services—with a barrel of apples, a great bunch of celery, a bag of cranberries and a Turkey that must be spelled with a capital, for as he held it up it was as long as he was. Dr. P. and Mr. B. had sent them with a pleasant note.

November 27.

The first Thanksgiving day in the School! We attended church in the morning and later sat down to the dinner that our own hands had prepared. It adds wonderfully to the home feeling that we have no servant, but do our own work. It is doubtful if fourteen happier or more grateful hearts exist today than those that surrounded our Thanksgiving board. Nearly every one felt that, next to personal salvation, the thing to be most grateful for was the establishment of this School—it is so manifestly "the Lord's doing"!

We were just finishing our dinner when a wagon loaded with vegetables and provisions drove up to the door. We thought it was a huckster. But, no! The whole load was for us—a gift from the Oak Park people. May the Lord bless them!

November 28.

We opened a new industrial school today at Douglas Park mission with thirty-six in attendance. The children came with little thimbles, and needles stuck into the edge of their aprons, just as directed. The calico we had for them to piece up was printed with heads of dogs and kittens, and interested them vastly. We are arranging kindergarten occupations for the tiniest boys and girls next Saturday.

December 6.

Very cold. Miss L. quite sick. But though confined to her bed she declares she is not *home*sick at all, and is glad she came to us. Miss B., also, who

works for her board, and whom we have almost pitied, warmed our hearts today by exclaiming: "Oh, I'm so glad I'm here! I should want to stay even if I had to work twice as hard!"

Mrs. Marcy began her course of lectures today on the field for missionary work that our own country presents. Dr. Brown is drilling the girls on poultices and baths. She insists that every one of the girls shall make a mustard paste and a flax-seed poultice in her presence.

And the girls enjoy it.

CHAPTER VIII

"From Hand To Mouth"

Speaking of a Deaconess Home for crippled children, Mrs. Meyer once said, *"They live from hand to mouth—from God's hand to their mouths."*

No words could more keenly express the sense of immediate relationship between demand and supply that existed throughout all those years of "first things." Never were leaders more surely convinced that God had led and was leading them. Believing that the enterprise to which they were committed was for the promotion of the Kingdom, they could reasonably look for divine co-operation. Partnership between divine wisdom and human effort was a real and practical thing. This attitude of mind was so habitual with Mrs. Meyer, and her relations with her small family so intimate that quite naturally it was carried over into the School, and financial problems as well as moral ones became a matter of general concern. Take this from the School Journal when the infant enterprise was but a few days old:

October 25.

A friend sent fifty dollars for the School. Just enough for November's rent. This is as unexpected as the one hundred dollars from the Ann Arbor lady just before School opened.

November 6.

The morning mail brought an encouraging letter from Mrs. F. enclosing a check for one hundred dollars. This is a deliverance. Bills have been accumulating for printing, postage and incidentals to just about one hundred dollars, and only last night

we had reluctantly concluded that they must be presented to our treasurer at Oak Park. They were in an envelope all addressed, when this letter came, with the money to pay them. We enclosed the check, and sent it along with the bills. If this is a "co-incidence" it is one of God's own co-incidences.

November 27.

Sunday school lesson hour, and other classes as usual today. Strangely enough, we have begun to pray about the rent money. We have hardly mentioned money matters to the Lord for weeks, except to pray that He would open the way for some poor students to come to us.

November 28.

A letter came from our treasurer asking us to pray for the rent money, which is nine dollars short. We had already been doing so.

November 30.

Mr. B., the treasurer, called today, and we had a long talk about the rent money—fifty dollars, due tomorrow. A week ago we had thirty-six dollars in the treasury. Then came ten dollars from the ladies of Freeport and five dollars from Mrs. D., fifty-one dollars in all. We were rejoicing over this when a letter came from Freeport saying that their ten dollars was given for furniture. It will come in providentially for L's room, but it leaves the rent money nine dollars short. It was suggested that we apply to friends for it. But no! We asked the Lord and we will not ask anybody else. So the matter rests.

December 1.

This afternoon the pastor of Western Avenue Church called and handed us twenty-one dollars and eight cents, the proceeds of a collection taken for us on Thanksgiving day. We had looked for money in the morning mail, but it had not occurred to us that it might come by special messenger. A

peculiar sense of the nearness of God came over us. Mr. Meyer said laughingly that we must not show so much emotion or people would see how little faith we had that our prayers would be answered.

The good news spread over the house, and as the door closed on the pastor we faced a troop of rejoicing girls. They, too, had been praying for it.

This money is enough, not only for rent, but for gas and water bills, which are also due. We still need money for coal; and especially for girls who want to come to us, but who cannot pay their way. Our faith is strengthened to ask the Lord for all this. How easily he could move upon a hundred hearts to send us a dollar each, or one man to send us a hundred dollars! Or a thousand, for that matter!

But the problem of preserving a balance between incomes and outgoes, absorbing as it was, was only incidental to the one of blazing a trail for the future policy of the School. In this, too, Mrs. Meyer recognized the leading of Supreme Wisdom. But she had not thought and prayed about it for more than three years without an inner conviction that the plan as it had developed in her mind was the God-given one for her to follow. With all her mysticism, Mrs. Meyer's religion was modern, even futuristic in its applications. It was instinctive for her to reach for the highest experience, the broadest outlook within her powers. So as she marked out the policy for the infant institution she had in mind not only a comprehensive study of the Bible but studies in hygiene, in citizenship, in social and family relations, in everything that could help or hinder in the establishment of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. Limited she might be by financial restrictions; she

would not be circumscribed by ancient interpretations and conventions. There should be room to grow. She welcomed new theories and would give each a fair testing. She feared nothing, shrank from nothing, hated nothing but ignorance and ineptitude. Her own outlook had changed much since she sat in the big farmhouse kitchen and listened to wonder stories from her father's lips. But in her broadening horizon she saw divinity not only in the infinitely great but the infinitely little, and found no reason for giving up her faith in an intelligent direction of worldly affairs.

From the first Mrs. Meyer had little difficulty in securing outside lecturers of the highest standing even while the School was still small. Bishops, Doctors of Divinity and professors in colleges, were already interested in her experiment. The fact of her medical training gave her a standing with that profession. Doctors and nurses figured on her lecture lists from the beginning. Kindergarten workers and specialists in every field of social and religious progress came at her invitation and freely gave of their best to this small but venturesome enterprise. It is wonderful how many great and generous souls can be discovered in this world by people who are themselves generous and willing hearted.

The atmosphere of the School, as created in those germinal days, was as unique as the course of study, though less easily described. If institutions are "the lengthened shadow of an individual" Mr. and Mrs. Meyer walked so closely together that their shadows fell as one. In that indefinable thing called "atmosphere" there might be traced the personali-

ties of both its founders. Genial, tender, humorous, matter-of-fact, yet intensely devout. The newcomer, after a few mystified days, adjusted herself to it and entered upon a new life in a new world—a world small in dimension but great in its horizons. It was a world where people made merry on the slightest occasions, yet without malice. A world where trifles—such as going without butter when the exchequer was low—were passed over with a jest; yet a world of glorious ideals, where people talked of Paul and Moses, and even Christ as though they were real persons whom one might meet in a day's journey. A world where a prayer and a laugh might crowd upon each other's heels, and no one be shocked, because each was equally innocent and devoid of guile. The students of those days could scarcely have realized their privileges in the close and familiar contacts with their teachers—contacts that were physically impossible in later and more prosperous years. Mrs. Meyer speaks almost wonderingly of the transformations wrought in the conduct and aspirations—even in the faces and bearing of the girls after a few weeks in the School. It was the contagion of strong and consecrated personalities.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Meyer realized that success depended upon their ability to build up and educate a wide constituency. They were not offering the world a product for which it already hungered and thirsted. Any one can do that and succeed. Their task consisted not only in offering opportunity for religious training and culture, but in cultivating a demand for it. If God had not in the beginning breathed into human clay something of the

glory of his own nature, their task—like that of all other reformers—would have been a hopeless one. But Divinity lies hidden in human nature, though often inert and impalpable. When Mrs. Meyer sent out into the world of men and women one of her little written or printed messages it was like casting a white thread into a prepared solution, and around it gathered and crystallized the better impulses of our human nature. Never could the extent of her influence have been measured by its visible results. It affected the lives of thousands who never saw her face, and of whom she never heard.

Early in January, 1886, when the school had been opened but two months, a little messenger was sent out on its first journey. This was a two-leaved sheet, seven by ten inches in size—a "trifle too large for a tract, and hardly large enough for a journal," as some one said of it. Under the title of *The Message,* it introduced itself as the organ of the "Chicago Training School for Christian Women," and assumed a future, being "Volume I, No. I" of a quarterly, price, twenty-five cents a year. It displayed a slogan *"Lo, I have set before thee an open door"* and gave the three-fold purpose of the School—to give instruction in the Bible, to afford "lady missionaries" preparation for their work, and to encourage and develop city missionary work.

It carried a list of officers and directors, from which Mr. Meyer in his excitement had inadvertently omitted his own name. Mrs. Meyer's commission—*Go forth, little "Message," through the open door which Jesus sets before thee! Carry only God's truth. Tell only of God's work. And may he give thee an open door into many homes and many*

hearts!"—gives the keynote to its four pages of contents. A copy of this historical document carefully preserved contains the story of the School for the first two months; has much to say of the Nickel Fund, and the "new building"—still a castle in the air; acknowledges gifts to the amount of nearly four hundred dollars, in amounts from a hundred dollars to five cents, and pleads for scholarships for girls who cannot pay their own way through the School. In its columns Mrs. Meyer in a natural and winsome way takes the world into her confidence, and pours out all her enthusiasms and her dreams for the future. A contemporary called it "the daintiest, most compact, most comprehensive bit of journalism imaginable."

The small adventurer proved a success and was self-supporting almost from the start. It carried a heartsome message, and twenty-five cents was a small sum to pay for so much. With the second issue it doubled its pages and bustled with advertisements. It began its second year as a monthly, but without increasing its price. Mrs. Meyer filled its columns with her outpourings, and Mr. Meyer managed the printing, advertising and mailing with wonderful economy and success. For thirty years it was a most important accessory to the expanding work, besides carrying its own inspiration, and giving breadth and vision to thousands of lives. "I'm not a very good man," wrote a subscriber, "but every time I read that little paper I want to be better." It had an intimacy of approach—a heart touch—that few other publications achieved. The people loved it and mourned its loss, when, in the

mad tumult of the World War, it went out of existence.

"*The God of Heaven, He will prosper us: Therefore we, His servants, will arise and build.*" This was Mrs. Meyer's greeting to the public in the April issue of *The Message*. As the lease of the building in which the School was operating expired the first of May, the problem of a house for the coming year was imminent as soon as the first dozen students had settled the question as to whether or not there should be any house at all. The Board of Managers suggested renting a larger building, but no ready-made house could meet the demand for a large number of small rooms, with space for assembly and class rooms; and it was decided to buy a lot and erect a building which should provide for *fifty students*. This seemed a magnificent provision for an indefinite term of years. After much looking about, it was decided to purchase a corner lot chosen by Mr. Meyer at Dearborn and Ohio Streets. "We must begin building at once," continues Mrs. Meyer, "in order to have the house in readiness for the beginning of the fall term, September sixth." But alas for enthusiasm when brought face to face with hard and stubborn facts! With the Nickel Fund, still coming in slowly, and a few promised gifts, the lot was practically provided for, but there remained an estimated cost of sixteen thousand dollars for the house and furnishing, no dollar of which was really in sight. Waiting was a difficult experience for both Mr. and Mrs. Meyer. Thirty years after, Mr. Meyer admitted that at this time they "had no sense of proportion—just enthusiasm."

School closed on the twenty-ninth of April. As

it had been in existence only six months, there was no question of graduates, but Mrs. Meyer determined to make as much of the event as possible. Bishop Bowman was the leading speaker, and gave a message "full of hope and inspiration." He was followed by Mr. W. E. Blackstone, a gentleman whose long and significant connection with the School is of more than passing interest. For many years he had been a generous giver to the cause of foreign missions. The prospect of a course of training for foreign missionaries enlisted his interest, and he became one of the most faithful friends of the work.

At the opening of the School he volunteered his services as a lecturer on foreign missions, a subject on which he had a vast store of information. He delivered his messages with an intensity of appeal which completely swept the sensitized hearts of his listeners. Mrs. Meyer was used to say, that when Mr. Blackstone's lecture was on India every student came forthwith and offered herself for the work in India. When he lectured on Africa or Japan or Korea the result was the same; and it was only after the entire course was finished that they could hope for any thoughtful and dispassionate discussion of fields of labor. On the occasion of the Commencement his fiery appeal, following Bishop Bowman's inspiring address was singularly effective.

Mrs. Meyer in giving her report of the School, at this time pointed out that, in addition to their studies and their "home work" the students had made over six hundred calls, started three industrial schools in neglected districts, and helped materially

in two more, besides helping in various capacities in eight different churches and missions. She illustrated her report with a touching incident or two, told as only she could tell it. This brought the School to public attention in a new light—that of a possible asset, as well as an expense, and enlisted the interest of preachers who were struggling with the difficult conditions of a rapidly growing city.

On closing the School Mr. and Mrs. Meyer stored their goods and with Mrs. Rider moved into a rented flat in Lake View for the summer, and prepared to devote their united energies toward forwarding the new building. But against their impetuous enthusiasm the Board imposed its counsels of caution. The first considerable gift toward the new building came from the family of Mr. Blackstone. It was announced in one of the meetings of the Board that Mrs. Blackstone would give two thousand dollars, and her mother three thousand more. This was to be the "last five thousand" however, and contingent on the raising of the entire amount. None the less, it was a wonderful encouragement, and when Mrs. Marcy agreed to become responsible for another thousand it seemed an occasion for singing the doxology. Still, even this was not "cash in hand" and the Board after mature deliberation decided that they would not let the contract for the building "until some considerable gift of ready cash seemed to warrant their doing so." Mr. and Mrs. Meyer had been feverishly counting the spring days as they slipped away, realizing that each one put the possible opening of the School in the fall farther and farther off; and this decision sent them back to their little home in Lake View discouraged and sick

at heart. It was late when they reached home and they were tired and hungry. The mother met them with a letter delivered by the postman after they had left home in the morning. It contained a check for one thousand dollars "for the new building"! The sender, a young Chicago woman of some wealth, wrote briefly that she had been intending to send them a contribution for some time, but was "impressed" that she "ought to send it at once."

There it was, "cash in hand"! They looked at each other and laughed through their tears. They were neither hungry nor tired. Disregarding the mother's entreaties that they would, at least, stop for supper, they took the next car back to the city, transferred for Oak Park, and presented themselves at the home of the treasurer with the glad news. Another meeting of the Board was called for the very next day. The contract was let, and work was to begin immediately. Following this, came pledges of one thousand dollars each from Mr. William Deering and some others, which with the small amounts coming in from the Nickel Fund and elsewhere served to keep the work moving throughout the summer.

Nevertheless, it was a trying time. The famous Haymarket riots had occurred in May, and labor disturbances continued to seethe. There were difficulties with the contractor and misunderstandings with the building committee, and vexatious and unavoidable delays of every sort. July had arrived when the first spade was put into the ground, and the corner stone had not yet been laid on the sixth of September, the date when the School was supposed to open. This burden was carried chiefly by

Mr. Meyer, but Mrs. Meyer was by no means idle. Writing for the July *Message* she says: "Our faith has indeed been sorely tested. Our outlook at one time narrowed down until it was hardly larger than Carlyle's back yard, 'a few feet long, a few feet wide, but amazingly *high*.' We need ten or twelve thousand dollars more to complete the building, and we need it at once. We do not know where this money is, but there is One who does. He will touch the hearts of men to give us what we need."

In August Mrs. Meyer went East in the interest of the School and the missionary societies. She made addresses at several missionary conventions, entering her plea for the School whenever the opportunity was offered her, which was practically at every place she went. She writes of her trip: "Great interest was manifest in the School, and more than deserved kindness was shown to its representative." She speaks of "timidly presenting her Nickel Fund book" to a distinguished lady and receiving from her and her daughter a hundred and sixty dollars as a single gift. This and other gifts were hurried back to pay carpenters and masons and bricklayers. Mr. Meyer sent her a bit of sandstone to prove that "there really were walls," and she carried it about, displaying it as a precious souvenir. She spent some time in New England addressing missionary conventions and holding special conferences with young women, leaving behind her a trail of quickened consciences, higher ideals, and finer standards of living. From New England, she went to the Thousand Islands, where she addressed an International Missionary Convention. She was made happy by the cordial indorsement of

about fifty returned missionaries assembled there. She returned, much exhilarated with the trip. It had been but a year and a half since she left New England for Chicago, but she could recognize the rising tide of interest in missionary effort, and a growing sense of the need of the best possible preparation for so responsible a vocation.

Mrs. Meyer returned from her eastern trip just in time to make preparations for the laying of the corner stone which took place September thirteenth. For the two who were pouring their lives into the cause the occasion was of itself sufficiently impressive, but they realized the desirability of keeping the public in touch with the enterprise. A bishop was none too good to be summoned for the ceremony, and Bishop Foster gallantly responded to the call, as Bishop Bowman and Bishop Vincent (not yet a bishop) had done on previous occasions. Again it rained; but this time the weather did not prevent the gathering of a "respectable company" of friends. Dr. Parkhurst gave a brief résumé of the work thus far, and Mr. Blackstone deposited the sealed tin box which still lies hidden in the walls of the narrow red brick building at the corner of Dearborn and Ohio streets. It contains a Bible, copies of the four existing numbers of the little *Message,* and documents telling of the plans and purposes of the School. Bishop Foster in his address, realizing there was little to tell in the way of history, "revelled in prophecy." "This School is a growth," he said. "It has arisen to meet an absolute necessity. I do not imagine any one of us can conceive what it may become. It is not impossible

that in a few years' time *this School will be sending out scores of workers"!*

Who would have dared foretell that in two short years the school would be sighing for more room, and that in ten years the house, which then seemed such a magnificent venture, would be entirely outgrown!

Meanwhile Mrs. Meyer was in correspondence with anywhere from twenty to fifty girls and young women, with reference to entering the School. These must all be notified of the postponement of the opening from September to October; then the further postponement to November, and then to December. These successive postponements must be communicated so tactfully and so hopefully as to counteract the very human tendency to become disinterested and detached. And this when her own soul was sick with hope deferred!

At last, the walls being up and the roof on, it was announced that the School would open on December the ninth, "whether the building was finished or not." The builders protested that much inside work remained to be done. The trustees protested that the building, especially the plaster, would be too damp. The doctor gravely shook his head and talked of pneumonia.

On the fifth Mr. Meyer, without consulting anyone, unless, perchance his wife, took a laborer and went into the building. With their own hands they cleared the rooms of rubbish, swept up shavings, and varnished floors. That night Mr. Meyer slept on a cot which they had put up in the room intended for the library. After repeating this for a night or two he displayed himself to the Board, sound in life



First Building, 1886 (Now the Pasadena Hotel)

and limb, and won their reluctant consent to open on the ninth.

The ninth came, and also the students. There was not a knob or a lock on any door, and much painting and finishing remained to be done. When the first dinner was served to the incoming family, history records that they were given canned soup and no spoons. Someone had blundered! Still they were possessed of more resources than the stork in the fable, and there are more ways of eating soup than the conventional one. But posterity will never know just how that meal of soup was disposed of.

School opened under difficulties. Painters, calciminers and plumbers struggled for possession with teachers and lecturers. The sound of saw and hammer mingled with song and prayer, and odors of fresh paint were more tangible than the odor of sanctity. One day Mrs. Meyer was teaching her class about heaven when her voice was suddenly drowned in a terrific outburst of hammering from the next room. One of the students ventured the pious hope that their heavenly mansions would be finished before they got there. "How we lived through those days I hardly know," said Mr. Meyer, "but," he added naively, "we seemed always to be having a good time."

From first to last it was a "hand-to-mouth" problem. They seldom saw one step ahead; they only knew the step was there to be taken. During Mrs. Meyer's eastern trip she had talked with many young women regarding their own personal problems. At Ocean Grove she met a young widow, in deep sorrow over the recent loss of a little daughter. She gently suggested to her that she might fill her

empty life with service to others. At the opening of the School Mrs. Christine Dickinson was present, and enrolled as a student. Her maturity of character and sweetness of spirit made her also a valued assistant to Mr. and Mrs. Meyer, and she remained for many years as a friend and co-worker in the School.

Each new student as she arrived brought afresh the problem of finding for her a finished room, and seeing that it was at least passably furnished. Emergencies were met from day to day. One day Mrs. Dickinson appeared at the office with an anxious look on her lovely face. A new student had just arrived, and there was only a bare and empty room in which to bestow her.

"Give her a seat in the parlor, and we'll see what can be done," said Mr. Meyer suavely, and he started on a tour over the house to see if, by any process of elimination or substitution, at least a chair, a bed, and a bureau could be collected for the unsuspecting last arrival.

In the midst of his efforts the door bell rang again. This time it was an expressman. "Miss Brown," he said, was moving, and had "sent over some furniture that she hadn't no use for." There was enough for two rooms!

Through all the confusion a wonderful spirit of harmony pervaded the School; yet it occasionally happened that there were "diversities of administration." While the building was still unfinished a colony of rats took advantage of the unprotected condition of the windows and set up housekeeping in the basement. Accustomed to act promptly in an emergency, Mr. Meyer found a deep stone jar

and putting a little glucose in the bottom of it, congratulated himself that he had set a clever trap to catch the invaders. But Mrs. Meyer, coming down late into the kitchen on some errand, discovered the jar with two or three young rats in it, looking up at her with terrified eyes. She did not want her dreams disturbed by those pleading eyes, neither did she care to enter into a personal controversy with the unpleasant "beasties." So she carefully turned the jar on its side, and hastily concluded her business in the kitchen. The next morning all that remained to tell the story was a trail of glucose over floor and tables. The marauders, disturbed, perhaps, by the urgency of the invitation to remain, left for other quarters, and Mrs. Meyer maintained a discreet silence.

The middle of February, 1887, came before it was possible to invite the public to the formal dedicatory opening. Again they planned for a great occasion to occupy both afternoon and evening. Bishop Thoburn, just home from Calcutta, gladly consented to give the evening address, and there was a full program for the afternoon, representing city, home, and foreign missionary interests, and stressing the need of medical service and nursing among the poor. They had planned with high hopes for this gathering, but rain began with the arrival of the first guests, fell steadily throughout the afternoon and culminated in terrific thunder-storms in the evening. But this time the weather recorded not defeat but victory. In spite of the rain, guests continued to come. They filled the class room, the parlor, the hall, the stairway, and standing room was at a premium through all the long program.

When evening came it was evident that even the new building could not provide for the increasing company, and all adjourned to Grace Church for the Bishop's address. He declared he had never faced a more inspiring audience in such inclement weather. The season of small things was passing and the Training School had come to its own.

"Salaries?" Oh, no; not yet. There was still a debt to be raised on the building. Scholarships must be provided for poor students. Let the School become more firmly established. Then they might talk of salaries.

CHAPTER IX

Opening Doors

I

Could either Mr. or Mrs. Meyer have foreseen in one mountain-top vision the institutions then unthought of, with their problems and responsibilities, following in the wake of that Training School for Christian workers, mere flesh might have fainted in dismay. But "God had not told them whither they were going—." Day by day they "followed the gleam" trusting it was his guidance.

It began with the field work of the students. These women were for the most part from country or small town homes. They had no experience with the city wilderness. Books describing the city as a social menace were just beginning to be written and read. Its unparalleled growth was a challenge. Its congested foreign quarters, its areas of hopeless poverty, its hidden haunts of sin were mysterious regions which these students were expected to explore and whose conditions, so far as in them lay, they were to relieve. Little wonder if they started out with a certain shrinking, and often returned appalled with what they had discovered.

Friday was "field-work" day. Mrs. Meyer would meet the visiting group for a few minutes in the class room and with words of encouragement and a brief prayer send them out feeling that they were going on divine errands, panoplied with divine protection. Nevertheless, girls were sometimes found in the cloak room hiding tear-wet faces and making

hysterical little supplications of their own for strength and courage. And many would come back in the evening, their faces radiant because of some wonderful experience.

Then would come the Friday evening prayer meeting, when they gathered like one big family and talked over their experiences, sometimes pathetic, often absurd, sometimes tragic, and listened to Mrs. Meyer's words of sympathy and advice—tender, humorous, but always inspiring. Then they took their problems in prayer to the Throne, and went to their rooms counting it all joy that they were thought worthy to "endure hardness" in so great a cause.

As the second year of School drew to a close many and anxious were the consultations among students and teachers as to the work they were leaving. Who was to take their sewing schools? Who would look after poor Mrs. McClosky, and keep Jimmie in the straight and narrow way?

"Who will take my Sunday School class when I am gone?" asked one. "I gathered those boys in off the street, every one. There's ten of them, we've only just started. If someone doesn't look after them—*sharp*—they'll all be back in the alley worse than ever. There *must* be someone!" But Mrs. Meyer could only say doubtfully, "I do not know. We hope there will be someone."

Mr. and Mrs. Meyer, too, were having their own trying experiences. Mr. Meyer says of that time, "We felt as if we had broken through into a new world" and "It seemed as if the Lord had opened a door and was thrusting us through!" Perhaps for the first time, they were realizing acutely that

here, at their very doors, lay a field of labor appalling in its need and extent;—such labor as Christ had distinctly and definitely laid before his people, and which the church was scarcely touching—which it was not even organized to touch effectively. And still more poignantly were they becoming aware that in the School which was then just finding itself, there existed the possibilities of an organization by which thousands of workers might be put into this field, "quickly, cheaply, and with marvellous efficiency."

II

Meanwhile, other minds and hearts were at work on the same problem. In the spring of 1887 a significant article appeared in one of the church papers calling attention to the School, and its relation to the city problem. The author, Rev. J. C. Jackson, said:

> The problem of problems before the church today is how to reach the ungospeled masses. In what form shall we embody religion so that by its sweet charities, its self-sacrificing labors, its self-renunciation, it can overcome the antipathy of these hostile millions? In such schools as that organized by Pastor Fliedner in Germany and this by Lucy Rider Meyer of Chicago, we have a large part of the answer.

Very definitely here the Church was laying at the door of the School a responsibility for this form of work. It opened an endless vista of responsibilities. But here were two souls whom God could trust with hard tasks. Confronted with increasing labors they only nerved themselves to greater ef-

fort. They knew no impossibilities. They took the next step.

Fifteen students would finish their course when School closed. Several of them were under appointment to various foreign fields, a few to the home land, but not one to the purlieus of Chicago. But something was abroad in the air. Much had been said in the class room and out about "Phoebe," Paul's "helper of many," and the deaconesses of the early church. In the *Message* of June, 1887, Mrs. Meyer said for all to read:

> The opportunities for work in a large city are often better in summer than in winter. This fact, together with the desire we have that our building, which would otherwise be vacant for months, may be used for the advance of the Kingdom, has determined us upon opening a Deaconess Home during the summer months.
>
> Into this Home we purpose to receive such ladies as shall be approved, who wish to devote their time to City Missionary Work. . . . We believe this thought of a headquarters for missionaries and an organization of their work may be a seed with a life-germ in it. It is very small, but so was the mustard seed. We will plant it and wait for the showers from heaven and the shining of the sun.

At the last Friday night prayer meeting Mr. Meyer presented the plan definitely to the entire group of students. Those who were willing to stay through the summer, and continue their field work were told they could remain as a part of the family, receiving room, board, and their necessary carfare. Further than that they could promise them nothing; but they "would all work hard and share and share alike" in what the Lord through his people should



Students and Faculty Group, Dearborn and Ohio Streets, 1886

send toward their necessary expenses. They were not asked to decide at once, but by the time school closed eight students had accepted the challenge.

Commencement this second year was a notable event. Mrs. Meyer reported forty-three students enrolled, and an average attendance of thirty. Fifteen were ready for the "testimonials" that they had completed the course. Already the School was represented by missionaries in Africa, India and China. People in the audience looked at each other and whispered, "Wonderful!"

But the vital message was given in the commencement address by Prof. C. F. Bradley of Garrett Biblical Institute. In unmistakable language he made an appeal for an organization of women to do missionary work in the cities and elsewhere, suggested the name, "Deaconess," and the wearing of a simple costume "for economy and protection" and closed with a strong appeal for the purchase of a Home and the immediate recognition of such a plan by the Church.

"And so," said Mrs. Meyer, "our Home was actually begun!" She was always one who could see the bird while it was still in the egg shell. Her eager spirit outran the event.

III

Mr. Meyer, upon whose shoulders rested most of the financial responsibility confesses: "It took all the faith I had to believe that we should get through the summer successfully, when at the beginning of the vacation a dozen people sat down to breakfast in the dining room, and I realized that I had not a dollar in sight for our support."

But if his faith faltered he only worked the harder. "We sometimes went without butter," he owns, "but we never stinted the advertising." With keen business acumen he set himself to working up a mailing list by writing to school boards in three states for addresses of teachers, hoping from this class to draw students for the coming years. He evolved an advertising system that would have done credit to the publicity manager of any business firm in the country.

Meanwhile Mrs. Meyer was pouring her life into the work of the School. She counseled the girls, advised and prayed with them, shared their burdens, and identified herself with their cares. They caught her spirit and their uplifted souls found a way to other hearts. Often they ministered to the sick. More than once they found the dead or dying in homes where a helping hand was desperately needed. That summer was said to have been the hottest in many years, but only one day out of all the months was the work suspended on account of the heat. In the August number of the *Message* Mrs. Meyer says:

> Never have we sent out an issue of the *Message* in greater weakness than this. Perhaps never one so freighted with prayer. Physical strength flags but like a salt breeze from the sea comes the assurance, "He shall not fail nor be discouraged," and believing the work is His, our hearts grow strong again.

Mr. Meyer, too, with all his cheerful optimism, was having his own season of discouragement. He had been offered a position with a good salary, and had made up his mind that he would take it, giving

his evenings to work for the school. He started out with this decision. He says: "I was under a terrible strain. As I walked down the street I found my face was wet with tears. When I reached the door I felt that I simply could not enter. I hastened back home and went to work under the conviction that we could not fail, trusting our Heavenly Father." The needed support came in, sometimes scarcely a day ahead, but sufficient for their needs, though Mr. Meyer tells of one dark day near the end of the summer when he realized that they were three hundred dollars behind with their expenses. Dreading the thought of having to face the Board with a deficit he walked along the street, praying as he went, "telling the Lord" that they had tried to serve him—that the enterprise was his anyway—and that it did not seem that they ought to have to begin school with a summer's debt still on their hands.

But the answer was already on the way. The morning mail brought a check from a friend in Pittsburgh for three hundred dollars. The sender was a Presbyterian whose Methodist wife was a friend of Mrs. Meyer. But he averred that his wife in no way influenced him to send the money. In fact she did not know he had done so until the letter of thanks came. He was simply "impressed with the thought" that he ought to send it and sat down and wrote the check.

To their joy and surprise the summer bills for current expenses were all met and Mr. Meyer could take back what he had invested of his personal resources. Mrs. Meyer specifies that they had also

"a balance of six dollars and fifty-five cents" in the treasury.

IV

As summer drew to a close Mrs. Meyer made this appeal for the future of the "little mustard seed":

What shall we do? If ever the writer prayed she prays as she asks this question. It must be answered by you, Reader, before the School opens in September.

All this hot summer, when pastors have been out of the city on needed vacations, but when pestilence and fever and death have invaded the homes of the poor who could not go—when dirty streets have swarmed with pale-faced children and their hopeless mothers, and the saloons have been in full blast—all these months six or eight of our earnest workers have been going quietly about, helping mothers, comforting the mourning, and pointing the dying to the Lamb of God.

Feeble as our attempt may be, it is the only one we know of in our church to organize woman's loving heart and willing hands for the needy masses in our great city. Our women have worked without salary, choosing this hard toil because God has put it in their hearts to feel as He does—"not willing that any shall perish" if in any way they may help to save.

But our building must now be given up to the School, and this work must cease unless some one will buy or rent a house for our workers. We can buy a suitable house for twelve thousand dollars. Will some one invest this money for the Lord? We *can* wait and not utterly give up. But, alas! The devil's work never stops, and while we wait souls are being lost.

What shall we do?

V

School was announced to open September fifteenth but ten days before the coming of the students occurred another and more distinguished arrival, who was thus heralded.

Almost with the coming of the students a strange little applicant came to our doors. He patronized no earthly line of railroads or steamboats. He came straight from heaven by special express. Very little he was, very undisciplined, with pink morsels of fists doubled up belligerently. He had no letters of recommendations, and marched straight over all our "conditions of admission," yet never was a guest more welcome to our home and hearts. In a single day he established his autocratic rule over the house. Fortunate is that one of his willing subjects who can win from him his rare smile of approval.

We ask you to rejoice with us over this miracle of blessing, and to pray for us, that in the difficulties of the semi-public life we live, we may have wisdom according to our need. He was the Lord's before he was ours. We steady our trembling hearts and commit him to the One who said, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

But the joy of the miracle of birth was dimmed with suspense and fear, for the messenger of death came too, and hovered for days in the darkened room. Love and life conquered, but there were long months when the mother remained, a prisoner of pain, in her room. The School was opened by Mr. Meyer and his faithful assistants, Mrs. Dickinson and Miss Holding. But authority and influence emanated from "Room Number One," where in spite of weakness and pain the presiding genius of the School and her little princeling held humble court.

Weighty conferences were held at her bedside, and her written messages continued to go out in the pages of the paper, while teachers and students assisted gallantly in the editorial work.

Mrs. Meyer's nurse during her long period of illness, was Helen May Bacon, one of the students who had formed that first class of four. Miss Bacon had graduated in June, but was still too young for appointment to the foreign field, being but twenty-one, but with a passion for service and a personal devotion to Mrs. Meyer that knew no bounds she came back and took charge of the sick room. After weeks of faithful and devoted service a sudden illness ended her own beautiful life. Mrs. Meyer says of the event: "As my own boat crept painfully and heavily back to the hither shore of the river, her light bark swept swiftly over to the other side." It was a painful blow to her large circle of friends, but especially to Mrs. Meyer, who loved her almost as her own child.

When the day came for naming the baby, "Shelley Rider" seemed the logical choice. Mrs. Meyer seems not to have admired the name "Josiah" and never spoke of her husband otherwise than as "Mr. Meyer." What terms she used for the home and fireside are no concern of ours, though "Papa" did sometimes slip the leash of proprieties, and from a woman of such dignity and reserve had a quality singularly appealing. "Lucy" was likewise out of favor with Mr. Meyer and he formed his own diminutive from his wife's second name. "Jennie" she was for him to the end of the chapter. Mrs. Meyer records with some amusement that when Shelley had reached an age where he resented being called

"Little son" he accepted his father's pet name "Babekins" with complacency. After all, "What's *in* a name?" matters less than what's behind it.

VI

To the sick room was brought the welcome news that the Rock River Conference in its October session had passed strong resolutions commending the School, and making special mention of the work of its summer visitors. The invalid shared also in the anxiety regarding the continuance of the work of these visitors, and especially providing a home for them. The School Board had voted guardedly to "continue the work as long as the Lord sends us means for doing so." But thus far the "means" were not forthcoming, and it was already evident that all the space in the School building would be needed for the incoming students. It was at length decided to rent a flat within a few minutes' walk of the School for their use.

In the meantime some of the original eight had re-entered school to finish their work; one or two had been appointed to other fields, and only two remained to take possession. One of these was Isabelle Reeves, and the other, was May Hilton, who afterward, as May Hilton-Hoover, was for many years a missionary to South America. In a very few days they were joined by Mary Jefferson, and a little later by Isabella Thoburn, sister of Bishop Thoburn. A distinguished quartette to stand as the vanguard of a great movement, for this was the first Deaconess Home in American Methodism.

When Mrs. Meyer knew that these women were established in their "own hired house," she sat up

in bed and penned the following article, for the October *Message*. It has in it so much of the spirit of high adventure which inspired the taking of each forward step that we give it as typical of the entire movement.

The favorite motto of the Training School has been the words of Abner to the Elders of Israel: "*Now then, do it.*" And we have done it!

The money did not come to buy the home for our city missionary workers; nor even for renting the house that our hearts longed for. We might have considered this an indication that we were not to continue this branch of the work.

But when every room of our school building was filled, we still had on our hands some of these "deaconesses" ready and anxious to work. We also had this great needy city all about us. We could not believe that the work should be stopped.

We remember how, time and again in our history, we have seen the work before us without the means for doing it. Nevertheless, when we have moved forward boldly in the name of the Lord the money that was necessary has always arrived, but never until it was actually needed.

So from lack of funds we have gathered courage rather than despair, and gone ahead. We have rented a flat large enough for eight persons, and moved this department of our work to that place. It seems like a small beginning, but not smaller than the beginning of the Training School, two years ago—a rented house and four students.

The first month's rent has been paid: but we were obliged to incur a debt of eighty-one dollars to begin housekeeping. Most of the furnishings were given, but much more is needed—bedding, carpeting, etc. The fact is, we have had no outlook at all for any of these things. We have had only uplook. But we have concluded that is the best way to look.

For several months Mrs. Meyer had headed her column of acknowledgments in the *Message* with the significant question asked by the Master of his disciples: *"When I sent you out without purse, lacked ye anything?"* and their answer, *"Nothing."*

These lists of donations for the work are fascinating in themselves, so alive are they with human interest. Money gifts were not mere "filthy lucre." They came ennobled by sacrifice and folded in letters breathing sympathy—letters over whose pages tears fell as they were read at the office desks. And there were other offerings—queer, useful, useless, pathetic things—rings, bracelets, old coins that had lain for years in treasure boxes, sewing machines, pianos, soap, and postage stamps, toothpicks, wash tubs and cows, everything that might be, or ever had been useful or valued. The first gift toward the first Deaconess Home was five dollars brought to Mr. Meyer by Isabelle Reeves who gave up her vacation and a salaried position to stay through that memorable summer, and became one of the first group of licensed deaconesses.

With the approach of spring and the convening of the General Conference in New York City, the question of official recognition of the new movement became acute. A memorial setting forth the work of the Training School and also of the Deaconess Home—for by this time it was freely spoken of as such—was approved by the Chicago Preachers' Meeting, which was equivalent to an indorsement by the Rock River Conference. This was intrusted to the elected delegates to be presented to General Conference. Its fate in that great law-making body was precarious, and at one time seemed to hang by

a thread. Bishop Hurst frankly said: "We didn't know what to do with it," and there were others quite as perplexed.

Dr. James M. Thoburn, at that same Conference made Missionary Bishop for India, was present with a memorial from the Bengal Conference asking for the recognition of an order of women to minister to the secluded zenana women of India. Knowing that a memorial had been sent by the Rock River Conference he made inquiries and found it was still reposing in the pocket of one of the delegates, though the time for its presentation had passed. He was able, however, to secure its consideration by the committee, and to have it brought in due form before the General Conference. A satisfactory majority saw in the movement the release of a vast potentiality for good. The desired action was taken, and in May, 1888, deaconess work became a recognized part of church polity.

VII

The question of a permanent home for the deaconess workers already at work in Chicago however could not wait the action of General Conference. Their numbers had increased to twelve. The School was already outgrowing its quarters—considered ample only two years before. Mr. Meyer had set his heart upon the building adjoining the School on the west, a three-story brick residence for sale at twelve thousand dollars. Every student and worker felt a personal interest in the outcome. In one of the Friday evening prayer meetings Mr. Meyer told how only two years before he had watched the walls

of the Training School go up brick by brick, and felt that once they were finished he should be perfectly content. "But now," he added, "it seems to me I never wanted anything so much in my life as I want the house and lot next to it." And of course they all laughed, but they "prayed too"! Mrs. Meyer avers that she once heard Mr. Meyer praying: "O Lord, we believe you could give us the whole block if we needed it!"

A day or two later Mr. Meyer came home from a weary but triumphant day with a wonderful story of providential meetings with committees, and real estate men, with the result that the purchase had been made, and the property was theirs. Mrs. A. M. Smith of Oak Park, who had made the School building possible by her initial gift of five thousand dollars had now warranted the purchase of a building for a Deaconess Home by another gift of the same amount.

It was the hour for the evening meal. The last dishes were being placed on the table, and Mrs. Meyer, as she moved among the students whispered the good news to one or two as they bustled about. An atmosphere of expectancy prevailed and when, at the close of the meal the good news was announced it was greeted with an outburst of clapping hands, which Mrs. Meyer remembers as "the first time the girls had ever said 'Amen' in just that irrepressible fashion."

CHAPTER X

Hospital Doors

I

THE JOY of achievement was a little dimmed by the fact that there was still due on the newly acquired property for a Deaconess Home a debt of some seven thousand dollars, to be added to the old debt on the School building. Moreover, they could not take possession of their new house for nearly a year, while both School and Home seemed to be growing irrepressibly from day to day. In view of the situation Mr. Meyer worked out a plan for building on an "Annex" at the rear of the School building which would provide for the deaconess family until they could have possession of the new Home. This was done during the summer of 1888 and it was ready for occupancy when the fall term of School opened. But the added expense brought their total indebtedness to about sixteen thousand dollars, and Mr. and Mrs. Meyer felt that some effective means for raising money must be found at once. They had their usual resource, prayer, but their faith was severely tested as morning after morning their mail yielded nothing of financial moment, while bills were coming in promptly and regularly. They had reached a state of almost sickening anxiety, when someone brought to Mrs. Meyer's attention a new and wonderful plan for raising a large amount of money by very small gifts. It was the "chain letter," since relegated to the backyard of unwise adventures in philanthropy. But

her imagination leaped to the possibilities suggested in the plan. She began figuring and covered the backs of several envelopes with the marvellous results. It had the charm of the Nickel Fund plan—with even more of adventure. She saw thousands of dollars coming in, and no one asked for more than a dime! She prepared a form letter and submitted it to the family for their criticisms. To her great surprise no one was favorably impressed with the plan. But she reflected that they had not her source of inspiration on the backs of those envelopes. Seeing that she was determined to try it out, the family council offered suggestions until they decided they had a form letter as nearly perfect as it could be made. The recipient was asked to return ten cents —only ten cents—and also to make three copies of the letter and mail them to three of her friends. Who would not do that for so worthy a cause! Thus the plan would perpetuate itself to infinity with ever increasing returns!

The experiment must be counted a success from the standpoint of financial returns. The treasurer's report for the ensuing year shows an item of $10,032.80 received from "Dime letters," and between one and two thousand more was added during the next few months, while their advertising value was beyond computation. Thousands heard of the work for the first time through one of these winsome and appealing little missives. A Michigan school teacher received one, and compared the contribution asked for with the outlay in postage stamps. Then she wrote disapprovingly to Mrs. Meyer saying that she enclosed a remittance, as the enterprise seemed "a worthy one" but that she

should not write the three letters, because it seemed unethical and extravagant to invest so large a percentage of the receipts in expense. Nevertheless, a few years later this same woman entered the ranks of deaconesses and gave twenty-seven years of service to the cause. And this was but one of many. "More than the money," said Mrs. Meyer, "was the offering in consecrated lives."

The reverse side of the picture, however, forms a chapter in Mr. Meyer's experience. He says:

I did not relish the idea from the first, for I had read of objections to the scheme by post office officials; but there seemed no other way.

When the circulation was at its height so many letters of protest were sent to the Chief of Police at the City Hall in Chicago that he made a careful—though quiet—investigation of our institutions. He had detectives watching us for a week, and was convinced that the work we were carrying on was a perfectly legitimate one, however troublesome our methods. But the burden of replying to all those protesting letters was more than he could attend to. Therefore he asked me to prepare a letter of explanation and send him several hundred copies together with our booklets describing the work, so that he could mail these in answer to the letters. I had to engage two additional women to open our letters, and some mornings the post office would notify us to send for the bag of mail ourselves. We had over two hundred thousand letters, and received nine thousand dollars above all expenses.

About half the money received was in two-cent postage stamps. These the post office refused to purchase of us, and there was nothing for me to do but to dispose of them as best I could to such friends as we had in the city. We put them up in little envelopes, fifty stamps in an envelope. This became such a nuisance to bank clerks, that I had

to discount them—two cents on the dollar. Some of the bank clerks fairly hated me, because they said they could attach stamps from the sheet in half the time.

II

Over and above a house to live in the work of the deaconesses offered new and unlimited uses for money among the sick, the friendless, the destitute. Mrs. Meyer was always depressed with the thought of wasted or carelessly used money. She saw millions of dollars squandered in trifles, or worse, that might be used in saving lives from disaster, and set herself again to discover some plan of small gifts which might be turned to account in helping on the self-denying work of the deaconesses. This time the result was a "Do-without Band," which for many years stood as an exponent of "the deaconess spirit" both within and without the order. It was a "Society with no meetings, no officers, and no fees." There was a pledge—"I will look about for opportunities to do without 'for Jesus sake.'" This was later condensed into the simple slogan, "For Jesus' sake," which became for many years the loved motto of the deaconesses themselves. The plan was perfected by the issuing of a handy envelope for the reception of the "mites," and a little silver badge formed by a monogram of the letters F. J. S. It was given ample space in the *Message;* appealing little tracts were sent broadcast over the country concerning it; while stories, whether true or spun from fancy found ready acceptance in the columns of the religious, and frequently of the secular press.

The response far exceeded the hopes of the author herself. The simplicity and directness of the appeal,

and the fact that it had its origin with those who were themselves "doing without for Jesus' sake" gave it favor, and the Band soon numbered thousands. Constantly inspired by her ardent words, it was one of those channels through which the influence of Mrs. Meyer's consecrated life touched thousands of other hearts, far and wide. Letters that came to her desk by the hundreds, and over which she sometimes wept and sometimes smiled, show the intimate contacts she established with those who knew her only through the printed word.

The Message, about this time changed its name to *The Message and Deaconess Advocate,* adding to its functions that of explaining and advocating the work of this new department of service. The growing little paper was the pride and joy of both editor and publisher. Mr. Meyer's pet name for it, "The Great Promulgator," became as familiar to those about the buildings as its official title.

III

It had been assumed from the first that the deaconess would wear a distinctive costume. The Board were agreed as to this. Mrs. Meyer set forth her reasons for a costume as follows: "It would be a distinctive sign, giving the wearer the protection and recognition extended to the Sister of Charity, serving also to bind the members together in sisterly union. No other dress could possibly be so economical—both as to money, and that which is worth more than money—time and thought. It would also promote equality among the workers and prevent embarrassment on the part of those who were poor."



Early Deaconesses in Costume
Mary Jefferson, Ellen Hibbard, Isabelle Reeves
1889

But of what kind, cut, or color the costume should be was a troublesome question. On one thing all were agreed. It should be Protestant, not Romish in character. There should be no bands, no enshrouding veils or other burdensome and unnecessary draperies. Color and style were gravely discussed by dignified boards and committees. As to color, black came through the discussions with fewer objectors than gray, blue or brown. As to cut, the prevailing style of dress was recognized with the elimination of everything purely decorative or unnecessary. With it was to be worn a white collar and cuffs, and a plain black silk bonnet— not so small as it afterwards became—fastened with white muslin or silk ties. Mrs. Meyer who was nearly worn out with the worry of it all, and trying on the various styles—was the first to wear the approved costume, appearing in it at Grace Methodist Church, one Sunday morning in the early fall. There was plenty of criticism of course, more or less caustic; many felt we were going straight back to the fold of Rome; but among friends of the movement, who were growing more numerous all the time, the costume was generally approved.

IV

People had scarcely time to recover their lost breath over the innovation of the costumed deaconess before a new adventure followed close upon its heels. Perhaps the hospital was as inevitable as the deaconess herself had been. At all events it seemed to Mr. and Mrs. Meyer the inevitable "next step." From the first day of the School, it will be remembered the program had included lectures by physi-

cians and nurses, to prepare the students for such simple emergencies as they might meet in their work. Mrs. Meyer saw how helpless were the poor when sickness came. In her own long illness and the loss of her beloved nurse she recognized suffering and loss that might have been avoided with well-equipped service and professional care.

The students were constantly finding cases that overtaxed their resources. Sometimes two or three people would be found sick in one home with no care save such as a work-worn mother or a distracted father could give. Such a thing as a district nurse was not yet even thought of. To find places in hospitals was difficult, especially when the patient was too poor to pay. Many died for lack of ordinary care. When the deaconess entered the field and more money was given for charity work, it became possible in extreme cases to appropriate money for a trained nurse. But "to their amazement" they found "trained nurses refusing to remain in very poor homes." There was no decent food, they said, nor any suitable place for them to sleep. They positively could not care for patients under such conditions. "We were already convinced that we should eventually have to provide for the homeless children that our workers were finding," said Mr. Meyer, speaking of this time, "but that we should also have to assume the responsibility of caring for the sick seemed impossible. Yet trained nurses possessed of 'the deaconess spirit' we felt we must have, even if the task of training them devolved upon ourselves."

One evening one of the young workers brought home with her in a hired carriage an aged woman.

"She is sick, she is hungry, and she has no place to stay. I had to bring her here," she explained. The poor creature was really more than half starved. A room was found for her; she was fed and put to bed in one of the cots in general use.

With warmth and food she was soon able to give an account of herself, an account amply verified. She was the widow of a man who had been a wealthy merchant in an eastern city. Both were influential members of a Methodist church. A dissipated son squandered the father's fortune, and dragged his widowed mother to the direst poverty. At last he had pawned her gold-bowed spectacles for drink, leaving her half blind and helpless. The visitor had found her at first in a cold room with no fire, and nothing to eat. She refused to be moved, for she was looking for the return of her son with "something to eat." Going again, the deaconess found her about to be turned out of even that poor lodging, and brought her to the only shelter she knew aside from the county house. This woman was cared for until the end came, and decently buried from the institution that had given her a safe harbor at the last.

Movements looking toward a Methodist Hospital at some future time had been discussed elsewhere. But events would not wait. Always the exhortation of General Abner, *"Now then, do it!"* was the inspiring motive of both Mr. and Mrs. Meyer. Again without financial backing, with no "outlook," but an "uplook," they went ahead. When the deaconesses were able to take possession of the new Home adjoining the School, there was left in the School "Annex" a little space—two or three rooms. About

the middle of November, 1889, twenty reputable physicians in the "loop district" of Chicago received a post card with this message:

In order to have better facilities for training our women in nursing, rooms have been set aside for patients in our Training School building at 114 Dearborn Avenue. Some free patients can be received.

Respectfully,
J. S. MEYER, *Superintendent.*

On Thanksgiving day, just as the family were finishing their dinner the first patient arrived, sent by Dr. Danforth. And as Mr. Meyer half carried, half led her to a room, the students nodded and said to one another, "This means a hospital *soon!*"

In a few weeks the last possible inch of space had been given up to the "Hospital." Then meetings were called, a charter obtained, an organization formed and a three-story brick house was rented on Ohio street, a few blocks east of the School. The residents of that quarter were greatly surprised one morning to see the sign "Wesley Hospital" over the door.

A member of the family at that time says:

The Hospital was one of our pet institutions from the first. The short distance between it and the School was traversed many times a day by nurses, officers and managers; for at first the two institutions were as one. Mr. Meyer was superintendent of both, every nurse was secured through the energy of Mrs. Meyer, every servant was hired—and a hospital needs many servants—the accounts were kept, and other duties performed by deaconess helpers.

The rented building sufficed for only a short time and then a more commodious building was erected

on the corner of Dearborn Avenue and Twenty-fifth Street, at a cost of six thousand dollars. For some years more this remained under the direct personal superintendency of Mr. Meyer, and was closely affiliated with the Training School. Later in the exuberance of its growth it became independent and started on a career of its own. But built into the imposing pile of brick and stone that now occupies the corner are the walls of the original Wesley Hospital, the first Methodist hospital in the west, the second on the continent, a direct result of the self-sacrificing labors of Mr. and Mrs. Meyer.

V

No sooner had the General Conference set its stamp of approval upon the Deaconess than new centers of work sprang up in various cities throughout the country, and Mr. and Mrs. Meyer were called upon to give up some of their most valued workers, to begin work in new fields. The first call came from Cincinnati, where the Gambles had made a magnificent gift toward a Home, and Isabella Thoburn went to be its superintendent, while Mary Jefferson took her place in the Chicago Home. A Home was opened in New York in May, 1889, and a few months later Homes were established in Boston and Minneapolis. The Woman's Home Missionary Society at their annual meeting in 1889 resolved to assume the charge of deaconess homes "as fast as their means would allow." In January, 1890, a Home was opened in Detroit and Lucretia Gaddis was sent as superintendent, with two other workers from the Chicago Home. Mrs. Jane Bancroft Robinson and her sister Henrietta Bancroft devoted

themselves to promoting the deaconess work through the organization of the Home Missionary Society with splendid zeal and efficiency.

One of the first problems to be solved in the deaconess movement which was fast becoming national, was the "course of study." The first little group of deaconesses who sought recognition from the General Conference, were all students of the Chicago Training School. Naturally the committees appointed to consider the subject had the Training School course of study under consideration in ruling that the deaconess should pass two years of probation in preparation for her work. The "Board of Nine" appointed by the Rock River Conference was the first to elaborate a special course of study which was based on that pursued by the Training School students. Frances Willard was an active member of this Board and her approval with that of Mrs. Meyer herself went far with the committee. This course was in substance adopted by other conferences and stood until the spring of 1897 when the "Bishops' Course of Study," ordered by the General Conference of 1896, was published.

In regard to costume and support, the plan originating with the Chicago work and included in the General Conference legislation, was quite generally followed, except that in costume there was always a tendency for each center of work, and frequently for each individual worker to indulge in certain variations to suit local tastes and conditions. The "plan of support," was that of board, including room, laundry, and other privileges of a "Home" with an "allowance" for clothing and personal expenses of eight dollars a month, afterwards in-

creased to ten, and in a very few localities, even to twelve dollars. This held until disturbed by the fluctuation of prices caused by the World War. In 1920 the "Disciplinary" restrictions as to costume and allowance were removed.

Even before the first steps were taken looking toward a hospital, a gift of ten dollars had been intrusted to Mr. Meyer for a future "Children's Home," and it had been sacredly and safely kept to wait for the appointed time. Every week the dining room and especially the Friday night prayer meeting thrilled to some pitiful story of hapless childhood. One had found a deformed, half-blind baby sitting in a bit of sunshine on a doorstep. A woman standing in the doorway had asked, "Can't you sisters do something for that child? His mother left him six weeks ago and hasn't been heard from since. We've given him a bite now and then, and a bed on the floor, but we've got all we can do to take care of our own." What could the visitor do but bring the puny, half-starved waif home in her arms, trusting that, however impossible it seemed, pitiful hearts would somehow "find a way"?

Elsewhere a sickly, overworked mother was found making her last stand in life's battle, for the sake of her children. Give them up? Not while life lasted! Realizing the emergency, but with no immediate resources, the visitor could only say desperately at leaving, "Here is my card. If anything happens come or send to this address and you will find friends." Not long afterward something did happen. The mother was dying. But she called the older child, and with her last breath bade him go to the address on the card and "ask for Mr.

Meyer." And so at midnight Mr. Meyer was called from his bed to meet a pale, frightened child who could only stammer, "Mother's awful sick. She told me to come and tell you," and darted back through the night. They followed him to a wretched room where two bewildered children were found alone with the body of a dead mother. What would have been their fate had it not been for that chance call from the student visitor? Hearts grew heavy with the accumulating burdens.

In one of their rare hours of quiet Mrs. Meyer told her husband of a bit of experience during a recent trip to New York City. She was waiting at the ferry for a boat to cross the Hudson, when a little creature came shuffling along, and in a hoarse baby voice asked her to buy a daily paper. She watched him take the penny which she gave him and make straight for a booth nearby, his shabby, handed-down clothes flapping about his thin little body. The market woman took the penny and, reaching under the counter, gave him a bun which he snatched and began eating hungrily, as he went on, offering his papers to passers-by. He was "such a little mite," Mrs. Meyer said, and so "blue and cold and hungry," for the wind was blowing across the bay, and how she "wanted to take him home and bathe and feed him, and tuck him into a warm bed—like our boy"—and then her voice broke. They looked into each other's faces, and both pairs of eyes were brimmed with tears.

Mr. Meyer tells of having to wait once for a few minutes in a doctor's office. To pass the time he picked up a magazine from the table and began to read. Turning a page there faced him a picture

of a young lamb "standing on its wobbly legs beside its dead mother-sheep." Suddenly he found his eyes smarting and wondered why he "should be crying over a picture of a dead sheep and a little lamb."

Mr. Meyer in his memoirs confesses that both he and Mrs. Meyer had reached a state of mind at this time which he was unable to analyze. He "thought it possible that the Spirit of God which dwells within us, felt just as we did, yearning for these little creatures—suffering, neglected, and shamefully uncared-for, in a rich and prosperous world." They must go on, and do what they could to provide for these homeless children cast upon their hands. "We certainly worked with a will," he says, "a full day, and often far into the night. Nothing seemed hard to do. Nothing was impossible. The response from the hearts of the people all over the country was instant and wonderful. We felt that we were in partnership with the Divine Spirit of the universe, and that if we did our part—which seemed to be hard work and advertising—we should certainly accomplish what we were after. What this was we scarcely realized ourselves. We seemed led by a kind of a dream or vision. Looking back after thirty years, it seems more of a dream than when we were looking forward. I confess that we did our part poorly and blunderingly, but the results have justified all the sacrifice."

As for Mrs. Meyer, "She seemed like one inspired under the urge of these new ventures." The columns of *The Message and Deaconess Advocate* fairly throbbed with every pulse beat of the work. The church papers readily published articles from

her pen. Even the secular press found material for many a "story" for the daily paper, in the doings of this "new order of missionaries," especially in caring for children, the sick and destitute. Winsome little tracts like "The Do-without Band of Bloomtown," "How There Came to be Eight," and others were sent broadcast over the country. The movement was popular because it was so intensely aggressive and so amazingly practical.

CHAPTER XI

Children's Home and Other Doors

I

One day toward evening Mrs. Dickinson, in charge of the office, was called to the street door. She was confronted by a tiny figure with a round, babyish face, looking solemnly up into her own, saying never a word. At the foot of the steps stood the substantial figure of a working woman, evidently waiting to see what manner of reception awaited the child.

"Is this your child?" demanded the doorkeeper.

"No, Miss. He come in on the train. He was tagged to the Deaconess Home, so I just brought him along"—adding by way of explanation—"I work at the station."

"Tagged?" Sure enough, around the child's neck was tied a card bearing Mrs. Meyer's name and address. He was a handsome, well-set-up little fellow of three or four, bearing himself right manfully under trying circumstances. His name was "Ira," he said, but he seemed too bewildered with the ways of Providence concerning himself to give any explanation of his unceremonious arrival.

With some effort Mr. Meyer was able to find out on what train the child had arrived and to interview the conductor. He said the child had been placed in his charge at a small town in the interior of the state, and that he had understood that someone would be waiting to meet him. Further inquiries revealed little. A woman—the child's mother—had

died. The father had drifted away and no one knew what had become of him. The townspeople had not even troubled themselves enough to know that the father had sent his boy on to Chicago.

Already the deaconesses had several children "stored around" with friends, and they had about exhausted this and other possible resources. It seemed folly to think of taking on any additional responsibilities, yet how could they turn this child into the street?

This seemed the last straw. Mr. Meyer had a long talk with Mrs. J. B. Hobbs, "a woman full of good works and alms deeds which she did"; with the result that a cottage was rented in Lake Bluff large enough to shelter nine or ten children, and Mrs. Hobbs became responsible for the rent at thirty-five dollars a month. A few necessary pieces of furniture were collected, by donation chiefly, and the children were gathered up and placed in this cottage, in charge of two devoted but inexperienced young women. Within a few weeks Mr. and Mrs. Meyer visiting it found "six children and eight barrels of second hand clothing," and concluded that as an institution the Children's Home was being adopted by a sympathetic public.

Within a short time several city lots in Lake Bluff, aggregating an entire block, had been given by N. W. Harris, Robert Fowler, William Deering, G. F. Swift and others, and at the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees in May, 1894, it was announced that Mr. and Mrs. Hobbs stood ready to finance the building of a substantial three-story frame house, with basement and wide, sunny verandas, capable of housing fifty children.

It was wonderful as a fairy tale but it had not "just happened." Behind the obvious event lay hours of planning, of tiresome threading of city streets, of nerve-racking interviews with dollar-driven business men, of peripatetic praying, because, between work and weariness, there seemed time for no other. Of these things only one man could have told, and he said nothing.

One year later, the new building—the first of six—was finished. Bishop Merrill who made the dedicatory address took occasion to suggest that one more task awaited the Deaconess Sisterhood—"that of providing and carrying on an institution for the homeless and aged poor."

For two or three years Mr. Meyer retained his personal supervision of the "Orphanage and Children's Home," and Mrs. Meyer her personal efforts for its support. It still remained to discover among their students the one woman in a thousand who—possessed of administrative ability and a mother heart—had sufficient consecration to undertake the arduous responsibilities of building up this enterprise for the sum of eight dollars a month and board—plus the joy of the service. She was found at last in Lucy J. Judson, a Wisconsin school teacher, a student of the School, who for twenty-eight years thereafter carried the burdens of this work, leaving a record in redeemed lives of which a great church may well be proud.

II

During these years of supreme achievement Mrs. Meyer, whose early life had been gifted with such superb health, became the victim of periods of in-

tense suffering. With her indomitable spirit she scarcely allowed them to interrupt the performance of her daily tasks, but took occasion to consult the best physicians available both in Chicago and New York. Their diagnoses did not agree and none of them seemed to reach the real cause of the difficulty. They did agree that there was "acute stomach trouble" and various experiments in dieting were recommended, with no results except a further weakening of her physical powers.

She was ever a rebel against illness—not merely from a natural aversion to pain, but because to her it meant restraint, limitation, shackles—things that her soul loathed. As long as it was physically possible she was in her place in the school room or at her desk, or travelling in the interests of the work. No one ever saw her idle when she was able to sit up, and many worked beside her day after day and never knew that she was really a sick woman. When compelled to take to her bed she had a tablet and pencil within reach for use between the paroxysms of pain, or a stenographer at her bedside to take dictation. Mr. Meyer interposed his marital authority to prevent such devotion to work, but was not invariably successful. Her brain and spirit seemed tireless and unresting. At last it was suggested that a trip abroad might divert her thoughts and bring relaxation of mind and body. Accordingly during the summer vacation of 1896 Mr. Meyer made arrangements to go with her to England.

At this time they were living in their own home, a little cottage in Oak Park. They had moved out of the school building in 1891, partly to make room

for incoming students, and partly to afford Mrs. Meyer and the child the quiet of a home. Shelley, a promising lad of nine, could now be left in care of his grandmother. Mrs. Meyer's brother, Ellsworth, was also much of the time a member of the home.

The work by this time had been efficiently organized. A devoted and capable corps of teachers had been gathered for the School with Mary Eva Gregg as Assistant Principal and Annie Grace Adams an able second. An associate editor had been secured for the paper, the *Deaconess Advocate*, with a young woman at the head of the mailing department of such enthusiasm that she was heard to declare that when she had put the subscription list up to twenty-five thousand she could "die happy," an ambition which she realized with no fatal consequences. Mary Jefferson was displaying remarkable efficiency as superintendent of the Deaconess Home, and Lucy Judson was handling the work of the Children's Home in a way that guaranteed success. It was not the least of Mr. and Mrs. Meyer's talents, which both shared, that they were able to discern efficient workers and to inspire them with a zeal and devotion equal to their own.

They sailed for England early in the summer of 1896, and on the invitation of Mrs. Sarah H. Knight of Minneapolis, extended their trip through Belgium, Germany, Switzerland and France—a journey very similar to the one Mrs. Meyer had taken sixteen years before as Lucy Rider, except that now, they made a pilgrimage to the village of Kaiserwerth, the home of Pastor Fliedner, and standing in the little "garden house," the first home con-

secrated to the use of the poor and lowly, they renewed their consecration to the cause to which Fliedner had devoted his life.

But to Mr. Meyer's great disappointment he realized that Mrs. Meyer's health was not greatly improving with the trip. He himself had the happy faculty of being able to throw off care in his hours of relaxation, and to enter heart and soul into the joys of the moment. But he complains that Mrs. Meyer's mind was always on the work at home. She preferred visiting libraries to public parks, and seemed always in search of something she could not find. In Paris she became intensely interested in hospitals. He could not persuade her to visit Versailles and other places dear to the tourist heart, because there were important clinics which she wished to attend. Realizing that the journey was primarily for her benefit, he yielded to her wishes at every possible point, and afterward realized that she was quietly studying her own case in the hope of finding a solution and a cure.

Returning to the homeland and Chicago, they lost no time in securing medical advice, this time consulting Dr. Eliza Root. She diagnosed the case as gall stones, and urged an immediate operation. Mrs. Meyer was now having frequent attacks in which she suffered intensely, and which left her almost helplessly weak. She was in no condition for such an ordeal, but improvement could not be looked for without it. She went to her brother Irving in Vermont for a six weeks' visit, feeling perhaps that it might be the last. Then with great fortitude she prepared for the operation—far more serious at that time than it is considered now.

While her beloved family of students and deaconesses prayed at home she went under the anesthetic murmuring, "I will trust and not be afraid." The diagnosis of gallstones was found correct, with conditions even worse than had been anticipated, because of four years of neglect under mistaken theories. Fearing for the endurance of the patient the operation was suspended and the patient was allowed to rest for two days, when the operation was completed. The shock to her system had been severe and her strength seemed unequal to the demand. Weeks passed and she did not rally. Life and spirit seemed to fail and she lay or sat weak, hopeless and uncaring. Mr. Meyer was at the end of his wits. Different doctors were consulted, but the only thing they could advise as a restorative was "out-of-doors and sunshine."

It was then early winter and these requirements were not to be met in Chicago. As speedily as possible Mr. Meyer made arrangements for her to go with a companion to southern California.

As soon as he could be spared, Mr. Meyer hastened west to join her. He found her too near the sea shore, poorly located and uncomfortable. He thought a place farther inland where there was less wind and more sunshine would be better. Without consulting her as to his plans he went into Los Angeles and bought a vacant lot at Forty-sixth Street and Vermont Avenue. Then he had the weeds ploughed up and built upon it a little "tent house" with a good floor and warm siding. He knew her mania for sleeping in a tent, and living as much as possible, out-of-doors. He placed a cot outside the tent in the sunshine, and arranged a

long handled umbrella over it. When all was ready he brought his wife to the place he had prepared. She seemed, as he said, to have "just strength enough to stretch herself out on the cot," and somewhat to his disappointment showed very little enthusiasm. But the next day she crept out-of-doors and sat, poking her fingers into the warm, sandy earth. "If I had seeds," she said in a thin little voice, "I could plant them." It was the first token of any interest she had in living. Mr. Meyer immediately made out a list of all the seeds he could think of and brought her enough to plant a market garden.

Having made her as comfortable as possible, Mr. Meyer returned to his work. Mrs. Meyer planted her seeds and tended them, gaining strength, but very slowly. In May Mr. Meyer went to her again and found her still weak. The question of diet was a difficult one. Mr. Meyer and the doctor were agreed that she needed meats and a nourishing diet, while she was equally sure that such a diet would mean early and painful dissolution. A compromise was effected, and slowly and wearily she once more found herself "inching along toward Wellville."

"Toward," but never quite attaining it. Within two or three years she was suffering again with the old symptoms and from the same cause. Again she went to the hospital, and this time the offending organ was removed entirely. Again there was a long convalescence, another sojourn in California, but a fairly good recovery. Always, however, during the rest of her life diet was a serious problem. She ate little and very circumspectly, and it is quite probable that, as Mr. Meyer insisted, she suffered

from under-nourishment. Her greatness of soul cannot be fully understood without a realization of the weakness of body with which she had in later years to contend.

III

It was while the Training School, still new, was beginning to suffer from "growing pains" that a prosperous banker with his wife was driving from the south side toward Lincoln Park in their family carriage, when they noticed its clean new walls and perky little round tower pointing skyward, and slowed up to read the sign—"Chicago Training School, for City, Home and Foreign Missions." "That looks interesting," they agreed, and halted a few moments while the man went inside, made a few inquiries, looked about, and on leaving received an abundant supply of literature, including copies of *The Message and Deaconess Advocate.* From that time on, Mr. Norman Wait Harris kept a quiet and approving eye on the work, noting its rapid growth, its practical activities, its broadening influences, especially as embodied in the work of the deaconess. During the winter of 1894 Mr. Harris called again at the School, and was shown about by Mr. Meyer himself. On leaving he remarked that he had "been watching the work with interest for some time," and that when he returned from a proposed trip to Europe he hoped to be able to give it more attention.

"Possibly we may not be here when you come back," replied Mr. Meyer. "Our School building is crowded, and we are renting rooms outside. Our friends here do not seem interested in expansion,

while friends in New York are talking to us of larger opportunities there!"

Mr. Harris's protest was prompt and earnest. "At least," he said, "don't make any plans to go before I get back. In the meantime, look about and see if you can find any location here that would answer your purpose."

Mr. Meyer was not one to forget the friendly hint, and when Mr. Harris returned in May he had his site selected—the valuable corner lot on Fiftieth Street and Indiana Avenue. Within three days after his return, Mr. Harris had purchased the property for twenty-two thousand dollars and given it to the School with the condition that they should build on it a house to cost thirty thousand. This was also the beginning of a warm personal friendship. Mr. Harris was a princely giver, and interested in many philanthropies, but especially the School and deaconess work in its diversified forms.

This first splendid gift, however, laid a heavy burden upon the recipients, for it meant raising money and looking after the building by personal efforts. But as usual, their spirits rose to the emergency, and once more, Mrs. Meyer's ardent faith saw the task already accomplished. In announcing the gift through the columns of the *Deaconess Advocate* she said: "We must begin work immediately, that the new building may be ready by fall!" Her quick mind saw a favorable opportunity for launching the movement in an attractive social function. The Rev. T. Bowman Stephenson of London, founder of the Wesleyan Deaconess movement in England, was visiting in this country. He was invited as guest of honor to a reception and banquet at the



Chicago Training School Main Building

Sherman House. It was rather a brilliant affair socially, and through the address of the distinguished guest and other addresses it gave a fresh impetus to deaconess work at large and secured twelve thousand dollars in pledges for the new building.

But times were hard and there was much else to be done, and with their best efforts summer, fall and winter passed before the balance of the required fund could be raised. It was well into 1895 before the financial outlook justified them in even breaking ground for the new building, and it was December when the School—their belongings stored in great vans—moved across the city and took possession of their new and for a time, ample quarters. Five years later, in 1900 Mr. Harris himself gave the cost of a second building, and still later, of the handsome chapel which bears his name. These all stand on the lot which constituted his initial gift.

IV

As no precedents existed for this form of work experiments had to be worked out to get the machinery to running smoothly. A "Deaconess Aid Society" was formed to co-operate with the Chicago Deaconess Home, and this plan was found to work successfully in other places also. A "Methodist Deaconess Society," was organized in 1895 for the purpose of holding property given for the work. One of the first pieces of property held under this charter was The Agard Rest Home in Lake Bluff.

This beautiful Home was the outcome of the generosity of one woman, Mrs. Rosa Agard West, who

foresaw a time when deaconesses and missionaries themselves might be in need of the care they were bestowing upon others. To provide for such emergencies she built in Lake Bluff a Home with rooms for twenty-two or twenty-three women and presented it to the Deaconess Society for this purpose in 1895. The wisdom of such a retreat is being abundantly proved. Many a tired worker has regained, in a few weeks of rest and quiet, strength for years more of service, while others have found it a peaceful harbor at the end of the voyage. It is at present under the efficient management of Miss Mary Anna Taggart.

V

Very near the close of the decade the Deaconess Society was called upon to consider a new and totally unexpected field of opportunity. Jennings Seminary, a Methodist preparatory school situated at Aurora, Illinois, had for years been struggling with unfavorable conditions, and at last decided to close its doors. But this involved the disposal of the valuable property, a five story stone building surrounded by a magnificent campus. The question was discussed by the Rock River Conference in the fall of 1898. Many plans had been proposed but none approved, when someone suggested that it be "given to the deaconesses." It seemed the most practical proposition thus far, and a delegation was sent to Mr. and Mrs. Meyer to ask if they would be willing to accept the gift with the responsibilities involved. Brisk conferences took place and a hasty decision was made. Mrs. Meyer herself, scarcely recovered from her long illness, appeared before

the Conference and told them what the deaconesses might hope to do with the property in case they should take it over, with the result that by a practically unanimous vote the entire plant was made over to the Deaconess Society.

This gift brought new problems into deaconess ranks. Some questioned whether or not secular teaching was within the legitimate field of deaconess activities. But the results of thirty years seem to have justified the experiment.

As in the case of the Hospital and the Children's Home, for the first few years the burdens of the new institution rested primarily upon Mr. and Mrs. Meyer, who had to assume the duties of both superintendent and principal until the work could be organized and suitably manned. Many capable women were coming into the ranks of deaconess workers at this time, but not half as many as responsible positions were calling for. The building was a fine old structure, but sadly out of repair. The three lower stories were refitted and opened for students, and Charlotte Codding installed as acting principal. The enrollment reached thirty the first year, and it was felt that the stamp of Divine approval had been placed upon the work. In 1904 Miss Bertha Barber was placed at the head of the school, and under her guiding hand, it has worked out its problems, and become a first class school, as to its literary qualifications, standing on the accredited University list, while its spiritual atmosphere is inspiring, sunny, and wholesomely religious. Its high-water mark in attendance was about one hundred and twenty.

As the deaconesses prosecuted their work in the

poorer sections of the city, the "boy problem" made its insistent demand upon their attention. Occasionally a woman was found who seemed to have a peculiar fitness for the task of dealing with it. A deaconess, Miss Letitia Hicks, had taken fifteen or twenty homeless boys under her care in a cottage in Harvey, Illinois, and was collecting funds and caring for them almost single handed. At this time the affairs of Chaddock College, another Methodist School, in Quincy, Illinois, had reached a crisis. This school had a history that nearly duplicated that of Jennings Seminary. The rather startling idea of a boarding school under deaconess management having been once accepted, a committee of ministers and business men waited upon the Meyers to know if this school, also, might not be considered a "deaconess case," and taken under their fostering care. So it came to pass that the splendid and historic old Chaddock property, debt and all, came into the hands of the Deaconess Society, and, for the first few months, was under the supervision of Mr. and Mrs. Meyer. As in other cases there were a few years of unrest until workers could be fitted to this difficult and exacting task. The little family of boys from Harvey was transplanted to Chaddock. The debt was lifted and, later, a farm acquired to furnish employment for the boys, and to help in supporting the work. At present a flourishing boys' boarding school is in successful operation under the administration of Mrs. Eva C. Frields.

Toward the close of this prolific decade the "N. A. Mason property" in Normal, Illinois, was given to the Society. After some experimentation this was developed into a "Baby Fold" where scores of

infants deprived of a mother's care are ministered to and mothered by Mrs. T. W. Asher and her assistants.

At the close of the nineteenth century, and only twelve years after deaconess work became a recognized factor in church polity, it was possible for a new-born, motherless baby to be cared for in a deaconess institution during infancy, placed in a deaconess children's home, educated in the primary branches in a deaconess school, then prepared for college—and perhaps for a missionary career—all under the fostering care of the deaconess. Little wonder that Mrs. Meyer was inspired at this time to write one of her most stirring addresses on the theme, "The Mother in the Church"!

VI

One other human relationship remained to be provided for against misfortune—the homeless and aged poor. Already in the Deaconess Home—sharing its privileges with the busy workers—were three old women, "worthy cases," every one, who had been found under the most distressing circumstances and brought to the Home, because there was no other place for them except the poor house.

In the northern part of the city a good woman, not a deaconess, whose heart had been stirred by the hopeless misery of this class of dependents, had gathered six or seven of them under her own roof, and was caring for them, with such help as friends might give her. She was glad to turn over her responsibilities to the deaconesses. Mr. Meyer rented a suitable cottage in Evanston, and placed in it this group of aged women, with the three from

the Deaconess Home. Isabelle Reeves was placed in charge, in the hope that from this little seed, duly tended and watered, would grow a worthy plant. Mr. Meyer shall tell the sequel in his own words.

The time had come when we felt that we must extend this work but how to assume the added responsibility was a problem. One day I received a telephone call from Mr. William Bush, president of the Bush and Gerts Piano Company, asking me to see him at his office before four o'clock that afternoon. He opened the conversation by asking what I would do if I had the money to develop the work for aged people, in which he knew I was interested. I replied that if I had three thousand dollars I would get a building near our Children's Home in Lake Bluff, and enlarge the work we already had in hand.

"Oh," was his prompt and emphatic reply, "I would not be at all interested in anything of that kind," and I saw that he had some more important project in mind.

"Well, what would interest you?" I asked.

"What would you think of a place about half way between Chicago and Evanston?" he inquired.

"That would be ideal," I replied, "but it would cost a good bit of money."

We talked for some time longer when he said, looking at me earnestly, "I will give ten thousand dollars for such a project."

I thought for a moment and replied with decision that I could not touch a proposition of the kind he had in mind with only ten thousand in sight. This surprised him. For an hour more we discussed it, back and forth. He was in dead earnest. So was I. Finally he said, "Well, what do you think is necessary to start with?"

"Not less than twenty thousand dollars could be considered for a moment."

"I'll give it!" he almost shouted. "Now form your organization and get to work!"

I thanked him and went home as fast as street cars could take me. Dinner was over and the tables were being cleared. Mrs. Meyer said, "Sit right down. The girls will bring you your dinner. But what made you so late?"

"I have good news for you," I answered. "Mr. Bush has promised us twenty thousand dollars to start an Old People's Home."

She looked at me with wide eyes. Then she commenced wiping away the tears.

"What in the world are you crying for?" I asked. "Oh," she said softly, "it is too good."

Within ten days I had a charter naming five trustees. Mr. Bush was treasurer. I was president of the Board.

This was in May—the month of good tidings. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kent soon after promised Mr. Meyer another twenty thousand, and ground for the building was broken in the following October, 1899.

Thus in the closing months of the century the cycle of deaconess ministries was complete. The church had placed in her hands the equipment necessary to carry on the work entrusted to her. In accordance with the Discipline she ministered to the sick, cared for the orphan and the aged, comforted the sorrowing, sought the wandering, saved the sinning, and performed such "other forms of Christian labor" as were "suited to her abilities."

With a liberal interpretation of the last clause, deaconesses were not only visiting among the poor, but they were working as evangelists, nurses, secretaries, superintendents, kindergartners, teachers of both religious and secular branches, editors, authors, housekeepers, prison workers, field workers,

bookkeepers—any work looking to the advancement of the Kingdom, for which "willing hands" were needed.

These all from least to greatest, superintendents, probationers, college graduates and tyros alike were receiving their board, washing, and a uniform allowance of eight to ten dollars a month for clothing and other expenses. It is true that even in deaconess ranks there was an "aristocracy of wealth." It consisted of a few who possessed means for self-support and received nothing at all from the church, their reward being the pure joy of serving.

And far up at the front Mrs. Meyer in her deaconess garb with her shining face and her prophet's eye was recognized as the embodiment of that mysterious yet potent thing, "The deaconess spirit."

CHAPTER XII

Rocks and Shoals

I

FEW CONFLICTS have ever been waged between champions of right and of wrong. Ten thousand have been waged between champions of opposing views as to what *was* right or wrong. Even to fight at all every morally responsible human being must have an inner consciousness that he is on the side of right. Neither have conflicts, however sanguinary, ever settled the question as to which side was right. This has to be worked out by patient testing and experience.

The coming of the Training School, followed as it almost immediately was, by the advent of the costumed, unsalaried deaconess, though itself a herald of peace and good-will, brought in its train a multitude of new problems chiefly regarding policies. Some of these were settled readily and with little friction. Some remained for years to fret and worry those most truly devoted to the cause. One resulted in a long and bitter controversy that wrought infinite damage to both parties concerned. Yet the leaders on both sides were no doubt honest in their convictions. Human attainment being slow and toilsome, and human nature so impetuous, disagreement and conflict seem as inevitable as the occasions that lead to them.

Never was there a hurricane that was not heralded by the flutter of a leaf. From the beginning in the history of the Training School occurred oc-

casional slight disturbances of the atmosphere that might be the mere passing of summer zephyrs or might be ominous of serious disturbances in the future. The way of the leaders in this great movement was no path of roses, even aside from the arduousness of daily toil.

With Mrs. Meyer's outlook on life and her diversified interests, she would naturally look upon all related knowledge as a legitimate field for research in the Training School curriculum. So when Jane Addams—as she herself tells us in "Twenty Years at Hull House"—"timidly offered her services" for a course of lectures they were gladly accepted. Miss Addams had but recently returned from Europe where she had spent some time in a study of the Catacombs. It was arranged that she should give a course of six lectures to the graduating class during each spring term. This arrangement had continued for three years when Mrs. Meyer asked Miss Addams to become a member of the Board of Trustees. She accepted the invitation and attended one meeting, but "never another!" Hull House was just then drawing the fire of the churches because it had been thought necessary to eliminate any direct religious teaching from its program, and one or two members of the Training School Board protested against the presence on the Board of the leader of this "unchristian" enterprise. Regarding the educational policies of the School Mrs. Meyer's opinions were authoritative, but within the Board other forces had to be reckoned with, and in extreme embarrassment Mrs. Meyer was compelled to withdraw her invitation to Miss Addams to become a trustee. The friendly understanding between the

two leaders was not impaired by this awkward situation, however, and Miss Addams continued her lectures until compelled by the pressure of her own work to give them up.

In shaping the policy of the school it was Mrs. Meyer's desire to give room to any teaching that promised a true interpretation of Christ's mission, and indicated a real advance in the world's march toward the light. She had to guard against what in her judgment was a misinterpretation of the Word, and especially against such exaggerated emphasis upon certain theories as would present truth in a distorted form, rather than as a consistent whole. In all disagreements arising from a divergence of beliefs, what concerns this biography is not, Which is true? That question each reader will settle for himself. The question which concerns us in a study of character is the spirit which each contestant brings to the controversy. Can cherished beliefs differ radically and hopelessly, and Christian love and charity maintain its sway in the hearts of the contestants? If it can be shown that one may differ from another without personal animosity and wage a warfare, without bitterness, this is enough for the purposes of the present history. In presenting these more turbulent and stormy phases of Mrs. Meyer's career therefore, the question at issue is not so much What was her position—right or wrong?—but What manner of spirit did she bring to the controversy? The answer to this question has been gathered from her own words. Not words studiously prepared for the public eye; but the outgoings of her heart in unguarded speech and in intimate and uncensored letters to personal friends.

One of these differences which must have caused the keenest pain to both parties is indicated in a divergence of beliefs which transpired between Mrs. Meyer and one of the earliest and most valued friends of the work. Mr. W. E. Blackstone will be remembered as a staunch supporter of the School during its early struggles, giving not only money, but his personal service and influence. His lectures on missions were for years a leading feature of the School curriculum. It was only when, with the coming of the World War, he was led to stress intensely his views as to the impending reappearance of Christ in glorified human form that Mrs. Meyer felt obliged to protest, and it was discovered that between their two methods of Scriptural interpretation there was a great gulf fixed—a gulf that could not be bridged by discussion or argument. It was with real pain, though with continued personal regard that they were obliged to recognize an absolute disagreement on this subject, which to Mr. Blackstone had become the most vital thing in life. The ensuing controversy and its ending are indicated in the following letters which form its concluding chapter.

(Mrs. Meyer to Mr. Blackstone, July 11, 1917.)

The most that I can say, dear friend of the olden time, is to express my deep regret that you look at these matters as you do. I believe that your distress is entirely unnecessary, but I can understand that it is very real and deep, and I can only repeat that I am very, very sorry. We can never forget our great debt to you, not only for money but for influence and for help in a thousand ways. . . .

I feel with deep sadness that it is useless to add anything to what I have already written, but while

I am sorry that you seem to doubt my faith and loyalty to God and the Bible, I have the assurance of my own conscience that I am following the truth as I see it. Must not every one do that—even if it runs against the wishes and beliefs of our dearest friends? This I am honestly doing. I cannot do otherwise, God helping me.

(Mr. Blackstone to Mrs. Meyer, July 18, 1917.)

You ask, Has not God put the stamp of approval on your work? I should say, Yes, in many respects, but I do believe that your erroneous views have led you into this unscriptural solicitation of funds for an endowment.

You are mistaken, dear Mrs. Meyer, in presuming that I have always understood your attitude on premillennial matters. Through the earlier days I knew nothing of your broad-gauge teaching. Mr. Meyer has always professed his belief in the literal return of our Lord. I have never heard him profess that he saw it in the anti-slavery or the prohibition movement, nor in the revolution in Russia. . . .

How will it be with you, dear Mrs. Meyer, when the Lord Jesus shall descend from Heaven, as recorded in Scripture, and the dead in Christ be raised in their changed and glorified bodies, and living believers also be changed into their glorious appearance, and all caught away to meet the Lord in the air? Will this really make any difference in your views?

O Mrs. Meyer! With all the intensity of our relationship in Jesus, I do beg of you, heed my admonition, put away your broad-gauge views, and come back to the simple, plain Word of God!

(Mrs. Meyer to Mr. Blackstone, July 25, 1917.)

With this reply, I feel that it will be wise on my part to discontinue further discussion of this matter. This, of course, will not prevent your writing to me whatever you find in your heart to write.

But if I do not reply, you will not misconstrue my silence, I hope, either as a change of view on my part, nor as a lessening of my personal regard for you. Indeed, with my memory of the early days of the School always vivid in my mind, and with the picture of the old home at Oak Park where you and dear Mrs. Blackstone presided so graciously, any change in my attitude toward you does not come within the range of my thought at all. Let this be a fundamental understanding between us.

You ask, "If Jesus should come, are you ready?" In answer I can most humbly but most heartily say, I am ready. However my Lord should come, just because he is my Lord, he would have a welcome from me. If I had a thousand tongues to express my joy at his coming I could use them all. . . . With repeated assurance of my deep personal regard, and with deep regret that anything the School is doing (what it must do if it follows on to know the truth) is giving you pain, I am,

Affectionately yours,

II

When the deaconess in her prim costume made her advent in church affairs there were many to whom she seemed destined to bring the dawn of a better day. But to others she appeared to have opened a Pandora box of troubles; and for all the mischief that was about to ensue from her coming, Mrs. Meyer was held directly responsible. She on her part, took up the cudgel (which in this case meant the pen and the printing press) with promptness and spirit. The discussions, arguments and appeals, that emanated from her brain during those early years would make a ponderous volume of Deaconess Apologia.

Each distinguishing mark of the new candidate for public favor was made the subject of attack and of defense. The world has moved so swiftly during the past fifty years, especially as regards the status of woman, that it is difficult to realize how open to criticism was her appearance at this time in any other than her appointed role of keeper of the domestic hearth. She might properly do dressmaking, devote her time to domestic service or teach school, pending her reception into the sphere to which she was born. Or, if fortune was unkind in exceptional cases, she might conceivably become a missionary. But that a door should be flung wide open into such an unnatural vocation by the formal recognition of a Methodist sisterhood—What was the world coming to? And where would be the end? Entrenched masculine rights and privileges took alarm, and at ministerial conferences one heard dark hints of "hen-preachers," and a general upheaving of ecclesiastical and time-honored customs.

The black costume with its relieving touch of white almost caused a condition of hysteria in some quarters. It could foretell nothing but a secluded and conventual sisterhood under perpetual vows. Mr. Meyer writes in his memoirs of the receipt of threatening letters, accusing them of leading the church straight back into the fold of Rome. After the deaconess had been twenty-five years in the service of the church, occasionally giving up her vocation as she did to be married, a learned western judge was heard to speak in a public meeting of the "vows of celibacy" which the deaconess took upon herself. Misconceptions quite as crude prevailed in regard to the unsalaried feature of the work. In-

deed, so deep-seated in the public mind was the idea of measuring service by the salary received, that there were bitter remarks about "cheap labor" and its unhallowed effects upon salaries in general. Many regarded this feature of the deaconess service as a direct affront to those who were receiving salaries, no matter how unselfish was the service rendered.

But the deaconess continued on her way and the disastrous effects looked for did not occur. Gradually criticism took a new form. The deaconess had come as a "Servant of the Church." A servant, especially if she was willing to work at a low wage, might not come amiss. But her ways should be carefully looked after. Soon she stood at the bar of ministerial judgment and investigation. It was discovered that it was her custom to be calling in her field only in the afternoons. What did she do with her mornings? No account was taken of the evenings, with their endless round of social, business and cultural affairs. It was also noted that she lived in a Home with other workers, and that this was sometimes at quite a distance from her field of labor. It might take her an hour to reach her field, and the same to return—two hours from this previous five which was supposed to constitute her day's work! A working day of three hours! Was this business efficiency?

Mrs. Meyer's method of meeting this situation was original and effective. She did not waste time in words. Purchasing a number of cheap diaries she distributed them among the workers, adjuring them for one month—one month, only—to keep an accurate account as to how every separate hour of

each day was spent, not omitting details. At the end of the month she gathered up the diaries, and their contents made interesting copy for the *Message and Deaconess Advocate* for several issues.

It was shown that, aside from parish calls, such service as the deaconess rendered included an infinite variety of essential but unclassifiable activities such as might fall to the lot of mother, sister, or friend, as well as servant.

Bishop Bashford, who surely lived in a big world, and could think in terms of empires and dynasties as easily as of "cabbages and kings" was once asked what was really the greatest need of China and replied that "China's greatest need was a sheer demonstration of personal goodness." It was this potential yet unclassifiable thing that the deaconesses of that early day were giving to the neglected and unchurched masses. The deaconesses reported forenoons given to selecting and buying material and preparing work for sewing schools, kitchen garden and other classes; ransacking that limbo of old clothes—the "poor closet"—for the selected bundle to eke out the winter wardrobe of a too-large family of children; getting sick or needy persons into suitable institutions; borrowing or begging wheel chairs for invalids; arranging burial services; spending endless gray matter in making plans for people too helpless or too discouraged to make plans for themselves. One deaconess recorded tempestuously that she had devoted precious hours to remembering and writing down the various things she had done through the busy days. But the reports furnished Mrs. Meyer what she needed—the wherewithal to answer the question what the deaconess did with her

forenoons, and to show that it would be as unfair to measure her usefulness by the time spent in making calls as to measure the pastor's by the hours spent in the pulpit.

III

But more serious than all other controversies combined was the "Thirty years' War" which, like its historical prototype of the Middle Ages, ended without victory and little glory to either side, and for a time threatened to wreck the cause for which it was waged. Beginning within a year or two after the inauguration of deaconess work, and continuing through all the remaining years of Mrs. Meyer's life, and affecting her so vitally, it cannot be ignored in the story of her life. Perhaps, since it has ceased to be an issue in the legislative halls, the time has come when it can be discussed without partisanship and simply as a matter of history. As was said of another root of ecclesiastical bitterness, "Let it be talked about until it can be talked about without embarrassment on either side."

The dispute, for such it became, was fundamentally not a moral issue at all—though moral issues speedily became involved in it. The question was simply the relation that the newly created deaconess order should sustain to other branches of church work. From the beginning it was Mr. and Mrs. Meyer's plan that the Training School and also the deaconess work should have no corporate relation to any one of the existing societies. Friendly cooperation with all was expected and for a time existed. Both the Woman's Foreign and the Woman's Home Missionary Societies officially rec-

ognized the newly-organized Training School. The Home Society especially was actively interested, and gave material aid.

This young and vigorous Society under the brilliant leadership of Jane Bancroft Robinson was itself deeply interested in the establishment of a training school. Such a possible school had been discussed in its councils and an appropriation of a thousand dollars had been voted for that purpose whenever the time should seem propitious for its beginning. In this, as in every movement of general interest, many people and many societies were interested, and many possibilities discussed. In the nature of the case it can never be positively shown who was the first to think of any new enterprise, nor who first talked about it, nor even who first intended to begin it. But it can always be proved who first actually accomplished the deed and made the purpose a reality. It is also conceivable that some who had seen the vision, but who knew nothing of the toil and sacrifice through which it had come to pass—seeing the reality—should see in it only the fulfillment of their own dreams.

When the deaconess was winning her way to the favor of church and people, the Woman's Home Missionary Society could see reasons why this promising child of the church should be placed entirely under its fostering care. She was a goodly child and certainly had some features which should make her seem at home in the tents of that Society. But it was clearly not the intention of the General Conference in its original legislation of 1888 to incorporate the deaconess work with any society. It was recognized as new adventure in church activity, and

was left unattached to become a helper in any and every department of missionary effort where such willing service was needed.

Very early in the history of the movement the Woman's Home Missionary Society—as it had an undoubted right to do—began employing deaconesses and developing homes, training schools, and other institutions under its own charter, at the same time withdrawing its support and recognition from the forms of deaconess work already established. This produced a division in the ranks of deaconess workers, and when it was followed by the attempt to have all deaconess work officially placed under the Woman's Home Missionary Society, a struggle developed which caused serious damage to both branches of the work. It pressed upon the attention of the church, invaded every conference, created misunderstandings between friends, puzzled the rank and file of common people, who couldn't for the life of them understand what it was all about, and alienated from the movement thousands of good people who could see nothing in it but "a woman's quarrel."

Whether they would or not, the deaconesses and their friends were soon gathered into two camps. Every advance into new territory was the occasion of more or less skirmishing, which in some cases waxed exceedingly bitter. At every General Conference questions of new legislation came up. At nearly every one, in some form or another, came the proposition to place the entire work under the Woman's Home Missionary Society, or to restrict the advance of the other side, and these questions had to be threshed out over and over again.

Attempts to unify the dissevered ranks were made by the highest authorities in the church, but with small success. The General Conference of 1900 decreed that "The Board of Bishops should constitute a General Deaconess Board," and it was expected that they would speedily find a way to peace and harmony. In August, 1903, Bishop Fowler and other bishops invited a number of representative deaconesses and friends of the work with leaders of the Woman's Home Missionary Society to a conference at Ocean Grove, for the discussion of desired legislation. It was expected that, meeting together, with the presence and counsel of the bishops an understanding could be reached. But nothing availed to break the *impassé*. The Missionary Society saw in the Deaconess work an arm of strength calculated to wonderfully increase the efficiency of that Society. Friends of the "Church plan" saw a great body of trained women ready for service in any field with an organization not unlike that of the ministry. It was felt that the success of either plan would mean disaster to the other. So neither this meeting from which so much was hoped, nor the General Conference of 1904, contributed much to the final results. In Baltimore, during the Conference of 1908, and through the initiative of Mr. and Mrs. Meyer, the Methodist Deaconess Association was formed. The preamble reads: "Feeling the necessity of closer affiliation in questions of general interest concerning Deaconess Work organized exclusively under the General Deaconess Board of Bishops, and desiring to promote its interests by a simple organization which may secure conferences, intercommunication and co-operation in all matters

of importance to this form of deaconess work, we adopt the following; * * *"

This with a constitution and by-laws was adopted by the deaconesses and other workers there assembled, and has since been the organization through which they have expressed their wishes.

The General Conference of 1908 provided for a General Deaconess Board consisting of two bishops, three members from the church at large, and two members from each of the three "forms of administration." The third form of administration being the deaconess work of the German Conferences which from the beginning had pursued its quiet and efficient way, with special emphasis upon hospitals and institutional work.

To the General Conference of 1912 both sides went asking for radical action. The struggle had reached an acute stage. It is impossible at this time to realize the intensity of feeling with which friends of either side, all over the country, awaited the results. Mrs. Meyer, advocating the minority report of the committee, spoke on the Conference floor and in one of her supreme efforts won her cause by a good majority.

But even the new legislation with added powers given to the General Deaconess Board, was not effective in settling the difficulty, and the contest dragged its weary length along for twelve years more. It is probable however, that a gradual rapprochement was in progress, and certainly all parties were weary of the struggle. In 1920 under the impulse of a movement toward unifying certain unrelated departments of church work the "Board of Hospitals and Homes" was formed, and four years



Mrs. Meyer in Deaconess Garb
1900

later the entire deaconess work was placed under the jurisdiction of this Board which thus became the "Board of Hospitals, Homes and Deaconess Work." Under the general supervision of this Board the "three forms of administration"—that under the Woman's Home Missionary Society, the Methodist Deaconess Association and the German work—retained each its individual organization. But meeting together for conferences under the just and capable administration of the unifying Board, it is apparent that occasions of friction are being eliminated, and the whole disastrous struggle is becoming a thing of the past.

From first to last the existence of this schism was to Mrs. Meyer a source of the keenest pain—not to say humiliation of spirit—a pain that ended only with her life.

As far as possible, in public and private utterances she avoided any reference to the trouble, ignoring it whenever possible. In a hurried and intimate note to her secretary during the stormy sessions of the Baltimore Conference when deaconess legislation was being discussed she scribbled in a marginal note: "Don't read this at table, nor even in the family. Better burn it. I can't bear that S. should even know of this disgraceful quarrel." In her work in the Training School no mention was ever made in class room or elsewhere of any cause for unfriendliness with the Woman's Home Missionary Society or any other organization. Students graduated and went out to their fields of labor absolutely unconscious that they were likely to meet anything but friendly co-operation from church societies. And when some rude circumstance re-

vealed a state of war they were wholly at sea as to its possible cause. Protests were occasionally made as to the expedience of this non-committal policy, but nothing ever changed Mrs. Meyer's attitude. One of her assistants says: "Through eight years of close association in the work and twenty more of fairly intimate acquaintance, through varied and often trying experiences, I cannot recall one flash of uncontrolled feeling, nor one small evidence of a retaliatory spirit. Often I have heard her speak in praise of the personal qualities of those who she knew were arrayed against her. Differences of opinion, of course, would arise, and temporary misunderstandings. Her judgment, being human, was fallible. Her ideals were always generous." Hundreds of women who have gone out from under her teachings indorse this testimony.

One of the unhappy consequences of this disagreement was that Mrs. Meyer was constrained to cease wearing the costume which at that time was universally worn by licensed deaconesses and often by others working with them on the same terms. Mrs. Meyer had been the first woman to put it on when wearing it meant criticism and ridicule. Now it had become the recognized badge of a service that was at the height of its popularity. No one had ever questioned her supreme right to wear it as the badge of a sacrificial and unbought service, while her position helped much to give it dignity and recognition. So when, with very inadequate explanation she ceased to wear it and returned to secular garb it was a matter of deep concern, not only to the costumed workers, but to many others who had made the cause their own.

It was at a meeting of the General Deaconess Board in Boston following the General Conference of 1908. A committee on costume had been appointed which brought up the question of a married woman being allowed to wear the deaconess garb. In vain was it shown that not only Mrs. Meyer but her husband as well were devoting their entire time to the cause. The matter was discussed with even more than usual acrimony, and it was decided that, as a married woman, Mrs. Meyer was not entitled to wear the "white ties."

The meeting had been long, wearisome and nerve-racking. As the members were preparing to leave the building, Mrs. Meyer, crossing an empty hall met Miss Fisk who had come to take her to the Deaconess Home where she was to be entertained. Putting her arms around Miss Fisk the sorely tried leader bowed her head for a moment on her shoulder, but instantly recovering her self-control, she went on with her preparations for leaving. Returning to Chicago a few days later she handed her bonnet to her secretary saying, "Take it. I shall never wear it again." But few, even of her closest friends, knew what it had cost her to give it up.

Through all her words and deeds shone a magnanimity of soul that was most clearly seen by those who knew her best. If a foe she was a worthy foe.

From first to last she merited the epithet
selected so often by her college
classmates. She was "noble."

Part Two

By Way of Introduction

Great artists have painted the human face so wonderfully that not only one phase of character is represented in a portrait, but, by some subtle blending of pigments, those variant qualities are revealed that go to make up a complex personality. Gazing upon some pictured face done by a master hand, who has not found in it, now the austerity of sober thought, now the tenderness of friendship, and now the gleam of a lighter mood?

But the mere photographer can not hope to achieve this. Enough for him if he can catch a single mood at a sitting, or bring out clearly one salient trait of his sitter's character. And if we would see our friend in another role we must have yet another picture.

The chapters immediately following are an attempt to adopt the photographer's method and represent by separate studies, a many-sided character.

Mrs. Meyer's versatility won her recognition in a variety of fields. Her musical compositions were almost universally popular. She had a marked talent for writing and for public address, but these talents she held tributary to her supreme gift for teaching religious truth.

She might have won success in still other fields of achievement. Indeed, with her native keenness of intellect and her marvellous powers of concentration, there are few avenues in life which she might not have explored to success. She might have turned to some department of scientific research, as

at one time she was strongly inclined to do. Her unflinching zeal as a seeker after truth added to her other qualifications must have given her a place among scientists.

Her passion for agriculture was pathetic in one destined to city life. It cropped out in all sorts of unexpected times and ways. "When I get to heaven," she exclaimed once, "I'll look about for an angel in need of an extra pair of wings, and then I'll trade him mine for a farm!" Her agricultural efforts were not dilettante dabbling with gloved hands in flower borders. She loved the tang of October frosts and the mellow richness of April meadows. She loved the brown earth itself, and never hesitated to bruise her hands wielding hoe or spade.

A few professions remain to which Mrs. Meyer certainly was not adapted. She would scarcely have won distinction as an artist, though she did not hesitate to try her hand at drawing, if so she could "point a moral or adorn a tale." In her letters she often economized words and added piquancy to her descriptions by droll little pen sketches.

By no flight of imagination could one picture Mrs. Meyer managing a dressmaking establishment or a beauty parlor. She was no connoisseur in batik, tapestry nor old lace. Tatting, crochet, embroidery —even darning—she regarded with aloofness. Even the details of her own toilet often required outside supervision. Her private secretary usually had to warn her at the last minute when it was time to leave her desk and prepare for a social function. Then in a busy life there would come exigencies—

a belated rush for a train, an unexpected caller, a sudden shower—which might account for mismatched gloves or unpolished boots. What would you? It isn't every woman who can look distinguished in a last season's frock. In any relation of public or private life Mrs. Meyer's distinction would not be questioned.

CHAPTER XIII

Mrs. Meyer—The Teacher

I

PAUL NEVER believed more strongly in his divine call to be the apostle to the Gentiles than Mrs. Meyer believed herself divinely called to the work of educating young women for Christian service. The beginning of the Training School was a story of which she never tired, and, like Paul, she told it over and over again, by tongue and by pen. Its ideals so possessed her soul that her own personality was merged in them. What she did, felt, suffered, accomplished, was done that the School might prosper. Its history became her own life story, her drama, her romance, and—as health and strength began to fail—her tragedy.

And if she was the incomparable teacher it was, in part, because she was first, last and always, a student. She loved learning for its own sake, and never thought of an education as "finished." As early as 1880, in recognition of her contributions to the intellectual and religious work of the world, Oberlin College, her Alma Mater, conferred upon her the honorary degree of Master of Arts. In 1887, two years after the beginning of the Training School, she completed in the Woman's Medical School of Northwestern University the course, that had been so sadly interrupted twelve years before, and received the M.D. degree. In 1907, in addition to all her other cares, she was a student in the University of Chicago, taking courses in the "Life of

Christ" under Dr. Shailer Mathews, and in "Contemporary Theology" under Dr. Gerald Birney Smith.

But college courses formed a minor part of her education. She was a voracious reader. She might starve her body, and she frequently did, but her mind and soul fed upon the best food obtainable. Study was never a task. She loved it. She began a new book with the zest of a hungry man sitting down to a feast. "In my spare moments—mostly when I'm eating—" she says, "I am reading philosophy in preparation for the new class I am to teach in the fall. It is fun. I like it more and more the farther I go." And again: "I have read two or three helpful books in odds and ends of time; and have prepared outlines for two of my lectures on 'Vital Issues.' I verily believe that I am growing systematic"—not a trait, by the way, in which she excelled. In 1914, she writes: "I have just finished Bowne's 'Personalism'—the second reading. It is a strong spiritual tonic." Later, "I am beginning Eucken's 'Can we still be Christians?' " And later: "I have finished reading Eucken the second time. I cannot agree with all he says, but he is beautiful, and very thought-provoking."

She could read at any time or place—on the train, in the street, waiting for meals, even in the dentist's chair, in the intervals of grinding and filling. When ill-health compelled her to take her meals in her room she would have a book beside her plate and read as she nibbled her food. She was always on the lookout for a new truth, or new light on an old one.

She had the forward-looking mind of the seer.

"If you want to find Mrs. Meyer you will have to look on ahead," said a fellow worker. The school curriculum kept in touch with the moving currents of world life—sometimes seeming almost to anticipate social movements before they arrived. Bishop Nicholson in an appreciation of Mrs. Meyer stresses this feature of her career:

She was a pioneer in getting her education at a time when few schools had opened their doors to women. When they did she was sitting on the front doorstep, waiting. She was one of a group of women, including Frances Willard, who brought to pass universal suffrage in this country. Though she was not primarily a temperance worker she was among the most powerful influences for temperance reform. Mrs. Meyer was a prophet of the modern era of religious education. She was *doing* that work before the leaders of the church thought very much about it. She was one of the leaders in the historical study and modern interpretation of the Bible. And no one who knew her power in prayer had any fears about the new method of Bible study affecting the vitality of her religion.

Mrs. Meyer's ideal for the School did not stop with Bible training, but included social study and research. She would have the school a clinic as well as a pharmacopœia. Very early in its history, Christian social service, elements of child study and psychology, found their places in its course of study. In 1913 she added a "Scientific Temperance Course" that won wide attention for its excellence. In those early years society had but just begun to explore the wilderness of human incapacity and need. It had scarcely created even the language of social reform. To-day when this wilderness has been explored to

its depths, and when it is everywhere traced with the beaten paths of efficient and highly organized philanthropies, it is hard even to imagine the faith and vision required when the leaders blazed their own trails, and learned by experiment—sometimes by mistakes—which was the better way.

II

As a Bible teacher Mrs. Meyer ranks among the great teachers of that or any day. Wherever she taught in public, crowds gathered to listen to her. Throughout her career she taught much in summer schools and Chautauquas. We read in an early report of the Winona Assembly, "The Hall proves much too small for Mrs. Meyer's Bible Class and it has become necessary to adjourn to the big tent. The interest is manifest by the crowds that gather around the door, even in rainy weather, unable to obtain admission."

But she was happiest in her own School and among her own beloved "girls," and here more than anywhere else, one felt the full spell of her power. To thousands she made the Bible a "new book." "You can see that those things really happened, and that they might happen today," said the students: "and that Abraham and David and Paul were real people —as human as we are!"

"Study without fear," Mrs. Meyer always advised. "Truth is always safe. It must lead to God." Her "modernism" added to the text the vividness of real life, and could shock only those who had learned to worship the letter of familiar forms rather than the spirit of living truth.

But though modern, she was never materialistic. Her whole character was due to her matter-of-fact acceptance of an invisible world, interpenetrating the world of sense, and she took the one for granted as simply as the other. She found them so alike—so truly the outcome of one Intelligence—that the laws of the material world could be used to interpret the laws of the realm of spirit. This gave a mystic quality to the things of our common life. Her spaces opened naturally into infinities. Her times ran into eternities. The beauty of a sunset, the blossoming of a flower held meanings for her that the mere plodder never saw.

Mrs. Meyer resembled Moody in her ability to find a spiritual truth in the simplest experiences of life. She had a sense of the relation of things—the difference between the see-er and the unseeing. Her baby wakes up in the night and cries for water. He drains the cup she gives him, and wails despairingly when she turns for a fresh supply. "Doubtless," she says, "in his inexperience, he thinks he has exhausted the water supply of the world! But are we wiser than he, who awake in the night and mourn, thinking we have exhausted God's infinite supplies of grace?" She bends solicitously over the box in which she has sowed her tomato seeds, watching the tiny plants pushing through the black earth. Her heart knows the thrill of that struggle into light. She wants to help by pulling off the tiny brown cap that confines the folded cotyledons; but she has learned that this only works disaster and she gets a glimpse of another Gardener bending over his little struggling souls, eager to use his power to help but withholding his hand, knowing

that life must follow its own processes, and that premature help is only harm. In these and a hundred simple ways she could interpret the "things that are not seen" by "the things that do appear."

But Mrs. Meyer also "loved folks," and this above all else gave significance to her relations with students and fellow workers. Hurrying through a corridor one day Mrs. Meyer met one of the "new girls." Small, shy, and a little homesick she would have slipped past with only a glance of recognition, but Mrs. Meyer delayed her with an inquiry as to how she was getting on. The girl answered timidly. Mrs. Meyer put a hand on her shoulder and stooping kissed her on the cheek, and passed on. Years after the girl, then an efficient deaconess of long standing, recalled the incident. "No one on earth knew it but us two," she said, "and Mrs. Meyer probably forgot it the next minute. But after twenty years, I remember the thrill of that caress and the sudden determination I felt to do my best, that she might think well of me."

Occasionally a young woman would be received in school who proved absolutely unpromising, and who would quietly disappear at the end of her month of probation. But Mrs. Meyer was exceedingly unwilling to give up any girl who gave the slightest promise of usefulness. She had such faith in the undeveloped possibilities of those girls and such confidence in the training! And the very power of her faith and love brought to light hidden and unsuspected values!

A girl once came from a small town who was handicapped by an impediment in her speech. Her parents had grown accustomed to it, and did not

realize how serious an obstacle it would prove in the way of the girl's advancement. Mrs. Meyer, with very little to say as to her reasons, urged that she be retained for a while and "given a chance." In a few weeks everyone noticed a marked improvement in her speech, but only a few ever knew that Mrs. Meyer herself had been giving her private lessons in proper enunciation. The young woman's assignment in housework was to sweep the dormitory in which Mrs. Meyer's room was located. At half-past six every morning Mrs. Meyer took her into her room and gave her a half hour of carefully directed exercises in articulation.

Students seldom came to this school in the same indeterminate moods in which they commonly enter other institutions of learning. Often it was through some definite spiritual experience. A recent conversion, a personal bereavement, a dissatisfaction with religion as it had been presented to them, or simply a desire for new heights of spiritual adventure might be the impelling motive. They came in various moods—speculative, eager, even cynical, but they came hoping for something definite that life had not yet dealt out to them and seldom were they disappointed. Mrs. Meyer's influence, like a powerful antiseptic, purified the moral atmosphere. Resentments, spites, jealousies and the whole brood of pestiferous sins that find their habitat where human beings live together in communities, seemed not to thrive in the atmosphere of the School. From teachers' conferences to work room gossip, there prevailed ideals of charity, of service and good-will. Suspicion gave place to confidence. What ought to be done could be done, for divine forces were al-

ways waiting to be linked up with human endeavor. There was nothing in life that need appall; no temptation too strong to be resisted; no grief beyond the reach of consolation. One who had been years away from the School said, "When I get tired and discouraged, I go back and take supper with the girls at the Training School. The very atmosphere gives me new inspiration." Testimonies like this are heard at every reunion of old students.

III

Not for a moment is it assumed that these results were due solely to Mrs. Meyer. She would have been the last to admit such a possibility. Mr. Meyer must be remembered as more than the guardian of the business interests of the institution. He was a real factor in school life—a genial presence to be reckoned with in its personnel. The nature of Mrs. Meyer's service demanded long hours of study and retirement, to say nothing of days and weeks of absence because of the public character of her work. But, in student parlance, Mr. Meyer was "always there." His quick step in the halls and his cheery greeting would dispel the gloom of the darkest morning, while his funny story or his bit of a joke would wring a smile from the most difficult situation. Students in need of advice found that he could turn from weighty affairs and give alert and undivided attention to their personal problems as if he had "all the time in the world." A student once came to him about finding employment for the inefficient father of a family, whom she had found in the course of her field work.

"You might send him to Street and Walker," suggested Mr. Meyer, and the girl, catching at a straw of hope, hurried away, not stopping to consider the darkly suggestive nature of the firm's name. The next day she was back, anxious still.

"Mr. Meyer, what is the address of that firm? Mr. X. says he doesn't know anything about it, and I can't find it in the directory." "Why," said Mr. Meyer, his very spectacles beaming with amusement, "I suspected your man was not much acquainted with 'Street and Walker' but I supposed, of course, you would know how to direct him"!

For the greater part of their thirty-two years of administration Mr. and Mrs. Meyer with their family lived in the School building, sharing the life of the students, and the affectionate loyalty with which their memories are regarded by their former pupils speak volumes for their sterling qualities.

IV

Mrs. Meyer frequently expressed her state of grateful amazement at the kind of women who came at her call and remained year after year, giving devoted service for a merely nominal compensation and the pure joy of living for a great ideal. One of her teachers testifies:

"In a tremendous way Mrs. Meyer 'got' many an earnest woman by her dynamic personality, her drive, her constant burden—which she compelled others to share—for the poor, the unprivileged. We simply had to cast in our lot with her for them. I recognize her as one of the most powerful influences that has touched my life."

Among her early helpers Elizabeth Holding, Christine Dickinson and Mary Eva Gregg have already been mentioned. When Miss Gregg went as a missionary to India, her place was filled by Addie Grace Wardle, a woman of distinguished attainments, who remained for nine years, leaving in 1907 to become principal of the Cincinnati Training School. During those years and later, there was gathered a group of splendid women—for the most part graduates of the School and imbued with its ideals—who carried on the work in the spirit and power of its founders; two, Olive Shoenberger and Esther Bjornberg, remaining to the present day. Still, in a very remarkable way, Mrs. Meyer placed the stamp of her personality upon the School through her associates. This meant to Mrs. Meyer the multiplying of her power and influence many fold. What it meant to those associated with her is partially told in personal letters, many of which Mrs. Meyer might have counted among her earthly "rewards."

Winifred Chappell, now Research Secretary of the Methodist Federation for Social Service, while associated with Mrs. Meyer in the School work wrote in a personal letter,

"It is not a little thing for me to be your assistant principal. I have never told you how, for years before I came to the School, I longed to help you in your work. I prayed that you might be spared until I could come. Every one of these five years I have spent with you has been greater than the last. No salary could mean to my inmost self what the influences of these years have meant. I was hungry and they satisfy me. I want you to know that I

appreciate the privilege of working beside you. You have taught me above all else what *it means to be good all through.*"

Helen Grace Murray, Principal of the School for Social Service in Mexico City, who for a time assisted Mrs. Meyer on the *Deaconess Advocate* wrote her:

"The first time I ever saw you was one of the mile-stones in my life. It was in my college days. You told a story of a stenographer who came to the Training School, saw the life there, felt something of its winsomeness, but couldn't bring herself to the point of decision and—went away. You said the girl was sorry. I knew *I* should have been.

"I had never seen the Training School then, nor felt its influence. But I had seen *you.* The story got hold of me. The thought that stayed with me during the next two years of college work and teaching was 'If I don't go I'll be sorry!' How sorry I should have been I am just beginning to realize. My imagination cannot compass what my life would be now, had I not 'followed the gleam.' I wish I could tell you how deep my love and gratitude to you are for having given me the gleam to follow."

Grace Scribner, who also assisted Mr. Meyer for a time on the *Deaconess Advocate,* while pursuing her notable career in New York City, said in a letter to Mrs. Meyer:

"Reading a late book on the woman movement it came over me all in a flash how indebted your girls are to you for that vital connection with the early efforts of women to make a place for themselves in world affairs. I have always associated the Train-

ing School with this movement but I am just coming to realize how through you we really touch hands with those great pioneers. I want to send a special Thank you."

"I scarcely saw Mrs. Meyer in my junior year," writes Miss Anna Arnold. "She was ill much of the time. But how the haughty seniors continually whetted my desire to know her! I tried to probe the secret of her popularity. What was she like? What were her appealing qualities? But they could only sum up the situation with, 'Oh, it can't be told! you want to be better—bigger, wiser and better—when you are with her. Mrs. Meyer simply radiates goodness.' And every word of this I found beautifully true when I came to work with her in the School."

She did indeed "radiate goodness." No trait in her was more wonderful than that rare power of hers to alter the moods of those with whom she came in contact without conscious effort. No one could spend an hour in her presence without gaining a sense of the dignity and value of life. Many a woman went to her depressed and discouraged to come away feeling as if two gentle yet compelling hands had been placed upon her shoulders, turning her squarely around, and, facing toward a better future, she had received the commission to "March on!"

Faculty meetings were a sort of informal family council. Often Mrs. Meyer would begin with comments about a new book she had been reading; some significant bit of world news, or wonderful discovery of science—possibly, with some naive bit of confidence regarding a book which she was going to write

when she "had time." The routine of business would be enlivened by her droll humor; but always it was but a step from the funniest situation back to the most serious, and no fun ever interfered with the real business of the occasion.

V

One of Mrs. Meyer's most engaging qualities was her recognition of an amusing situation, even when the joke seemed to be on herself. Returning from an important Conference in Toronto, Mrs. Meyer brought with her Miss Lena Wallis, a distinguished participant in the Conference, who remained for a few days as the guest of the school. Arrangements were made for Miss Wallis to address the students at their chapel exercises. A number of friends from the outside were also invited in. Mrs. Meyer, anxious that her lecturer should make the best possible impression, after introducing the speaker, stole back to the rear seats to be sure that the speaker's voice carried to the limit of the room. Miss Wallis began by speaking of Mrs. Meyer herself in very complimentary terms, and was going on to describe the enthusiasm with which her address had been received at the Conference, when Mrs. Meyer's voice piped up imploringly from the back seat—"Just a little louder, please!" There was a chuckle, then a joyous outburst of laughter and cheers. But Mrs. Meyer had to wait until the end of the lecture for an explanation of the unexpected enthusiasm with which her appeal had been greeted.

Few, even of their fellow workers, knew of the personal anxieties which at times pressed upon Mr. and Mrs. Meyer, even apart from their work. The

exigencies of their public life they faced together like perfect trace-mates, sharing the burdens and responsibilities. It was only in those periods of exhaustion and physical suffering to which Mrs. Meyer became subject, that Mr. Meyer felt called upon to interfere, like a benevolent ogre, with authoritative protest against the burdens of work which she was constantly taking upon herself. Even this was love's labor lost, for one might as well command the tides to cease moving as to enjoin Mrs. Meyer to cease working.

On one of these occasions her physician had prescribed a period of complete rest. Mr. Meyer had backed this up with portentous orders that Mrs. Meyer was on no account to leave her room, and that no letters or business of any kind was to be taken to her. Two stenographers were busy in her office, a small room with the usual desks and tables, when the clicking of typewriters was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Meyer, pale but desperately determined.

"I had to come," she said firmly in answer to their protests. "There are letters I must dictate, and those bulletins—"

At that moment a masculine footstep was heard coming down the hall.

"Oh!" gasped Mrs. Meyer, "that's Mr. Meyer. He mustn't find me here."

The door opened. He did not find her. The place where she had stood was vacant. His business transacted, Mr. Meyer left the office, and Mrs. Meyer was revealed, sitting like a meek Buddha, under a table. Hands were laughingly extended and, half mischievous, half ashamed, she scrambled up as

noiselessly as she had sunk out of sight. The rest cure proved only measurably effective in this case, as in many another.

VI

Every school has its cherished customs, its sacred occasions. The Training School has—aside from its public functions—Thanksgiving Day and Easter.

From the celebration of their very first Thanksgiving the students held a tradition that on this day, from the first appearance of the turkey in the kitchen to the last "Amen" in the chapel prayer meeting, Mr. and Mrs. Meyer belonged to them. While on their part, the cares of state were forgotten and, with whomever chanced to be of their household, they ate and drank and made merry as if worries were not, and finances had no existence. As the School grew in numbers these celebrations of necessity became more formal and, necessarily too, lacked something of the spontaneity and the personal touch which Mrs. Meyer knew how to make so charming.

The most vivid hour of those early Thanksgivings was the one in the parlor after dinner when, with Mrs. Meyer at the piano and Mr. Meyer at her side, and the students seated—the dignified ones on chairs and the others on chair-arms or frankly on the floor—they told stories and sang together the old songs. Sooner or later they would come to the negro melodies—"Swing low, sweet chariot" and "Steal away to Jesus." In these Mrs. Meyer's rich contralto rendered the melody with such peculiar charm that other voices would drop off until the two sang alone. Then when it seemed as if hearts were quite "stolen away" and the end had come, some one was sure

to demand "Jonah"! Half-laughing, half-protesting, Mrs. Meyer would be led back to the piano, and Mr. Meyer's deep bass would demand,

"Who did—who did—who did—who did swallow J-o-n-a-h?" And Mrs. Meyer would reply in dulcet tones,

"Whale did—whale did—whale did—whale did swallow J-o-n-a-h!"

Then from both would come the assurance that the whale really did swallow Jonah. Considerably more would be said about it, all in that fantastic melody which leaves one undecided whether to laugh or cry, with laughter usually on the winning side. Surely, God gave man the gift of laughter, and neither Mr. nor Mrs. Meyer was the one to fail to thank him for it.

As for Easter, all through the Lenten weeks they were looking forward to it in their studies on the life of Christ. A student writes of one of these seasons:

"Our class in the 'Life of Christ' was under Miss Gregg that year. We had come to see—almost to know—the human Christ, walking the dusty roads of Palestine and holding familiar converse with his friends. On Passion week we followed the historical events, day by day—up to Friday when our lessons took us into the trials before Caiphas, Pilate and Herod and up Calvary. At the close Mrs. Meyer slipped quietly into the class room and sat down at the piano. Softly touching the keys she sang, 'They crucified him—they crucified him!' Never had I heard a voice so thrilling! Seeming just on the verge of breaking, it never broke, and went steadily

on to the end—but half of the class left the room in tears.

"Sunday morning at six o'clock we entered the same room for our sunrise prayer meeting. A group of tall Easter lilies—sent by Mr. Harris—stood by the table and our teacher awaited us smiling. Her first words, spoken as thrillingly as if she were telling us the good news for the first time were, 'Christ is risen.'

"This was years ago. Some of the girls who were there are now in the danger zone in China. Others are scattered far and wide over the earth, but the impressions of that Easter none of us will ever forget."

Another cherished custom descending from the earliest times was that of "singing off" the outgoing foreign missionaries. In the early years students were frequently called from their unfinished course to take positions that could not wait. When the student body was small and hearts were closely knit by the stress and strain of new enterprises it was like the breaking up of home ties to send one of the number out into unknown lands, knowing that she might never return. There was likely to be tears and perhaps passionate grief at the parting. Mrs. Meyer decided that music might be more inspirational than weeping, and express quite as much of affection. So they gathered in the hall and sent them away with a song. "Better every way than sighing and crying," was Mrs. Meyer's conclusion.

LETTERS TO STUDENTS

(Thanksgiving 1915:) My heart is turning to you as *The Day* approaches. I shut my eyes and feel the bustle and stir of preparation, where volunteers are trimming the tables, and experimenting in the kitchen. I can guess what your *menu* will be, but the program—you will surely make room on it for this little letter, just to remind yourselves that I am with you in spirit. The concert will be beautiful, I know. But the prayer-meeting! I pull myself together with an effort, as I think of that. In all the thirty years of the School's existence I have scarcely missed one of those wonderful Thanksgiving day prayer meetings! But—

"Side by side we shall stand at the same little gate
when all's done;
The ways they are many, the end, it is one."

Surely this may be true also of prayers. They will go up through the same little gate to the same loving Father—yours and mine.

I am thinking of other Thanksgiving days at the School. There was the first one, in 1885. Some of you were not born then. We were in our little rented house on the West side—only eleven students—one big turkey was enough for us all. That was one of the happiest days of my life—though there have been later Thanksgivings, too, when I have had to say, "My cup runneth over!"

But do you know, dear girls, the thing I am most thankful for, next to my own family circle? *It is you.* I am so glad of *You!* As Paul said to his own people—"You are my joy and my crown."

I want to congratulate you, and myself, too, that we are living in this time of the world's history—the most wonderful days in all the centuries, save only those that saw our Lord's life on earth.

They are wonderful in the opportunities they give for work—for women's work, especially—and in the

ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL
CHICAGO

My Dear Girls:-

After all, there's not much to say in this "continued" letter of mine, but just Merry Christmas! I am especially sorry that I can't be home these days to speed you off - you that are going - and to condole with you who stay. However, on second thought - I'm not so sure that you who go need any speeding and as for you who stay - well I've heard a rumor of a box of Christmas chickens

significance given to the humblest bit of work done "for Jesus' sake." Then how wonderful is the recognition of woman's place in political and social life! And how remarkable the deepening spiritual life, not only of the dear soldier boys, so many of whom have gone to death for the sake of truth and freedom, but of the people at home! The ways in which the religion of Jesus is manifesting itself are changing, but I believe there is more real religion in the world than ever before, and I thank God and take courage.

I rejoice in the beautiful work you are doing and I am glad to believe that the School has had some part in preparing you for your work. No one can lead a true life who is not in some way serving God and his fellows.

It's a long distance to span for a prayer-meeting testimony, but I'm glad to have this chance to "speak." God has been giving me great joy and blessing on this Western trip, but my heart longs after you all as I think of these Commencement days, with their series of beautiful events. My testimony is that God is good, and out in this pioneer land with its freedom and its spaces, its glorious skies, its singing birds, and its wild roses growing in swamps by the roadsides, he comes nearer to me day by day. You remember the story of the little London slum girl, who, taken into the country and seeing her first sunset, burst into tears and exclaimed: "Oh, it makes me want to be good!" The sun doesn't set in this northern land until half-past eight, and the glow remains in the sky and over the prairies and on the far-away mountain peaks until after ten o'clock. Sometimes one bright star hangs high over them; sometimes it is the crescent moon. And as I look, my very soul yearns toward God. Like the little girl, "I want to be good."

Oh, girls! let us thank God for the joy of service. Let us ask him to give us more vision! More faith!

More love! that we may know him better. I thank God this moment for the dear School, that has given me more than I have ever given to it.

(Last Easter Message)

I can't deny myself the privilege of sending this little word of greeting—also of rejoicing—for "now is Christ risen from the dead." The Easter lily at my door, the beautiful white thing that sprang up out of the black earth somewhere only a few weeks ago, speaks to me more strongly than ever lily did before of resurrection power. "Now *IS* Christ risen and become the first fruits of them that slept." Then there must be other fruits. His resurrection is the sure promise that our dear ones who have left us are like the lily blossoming in splendor and beauty before Him. Let us carry the Easter joy through all the year, for "all things are ours—whether life or death."


THE CHICAGO TRAINING SCHOOL
AND INSTITUTIONS IT HAS HELPED
TO ORGANIZE AND DEVELOP
SOME OF THE INSTITUTIONS WERE FOUNDED DIRECTLY
BY THE CHICAGO TRAINING SCHOOL; THE FIRST
SUPERINTENDENTS AND CHIEF WORKERS
OF OTHERS WERE ITS GRADUATES

CHAPTER XIV

Mrs. Meyer—in Public Life

I

At a banquet in New York City the chairman, with the usual complimentary remarks, introduced Mrs. Meyer as the "Archbishop of Deaconesses." It was a happy thought. As representative of the Training School and as champion of deaconess work and its ideals she flitted from ocean to ocean and from Canada to the Gulf, addressing assemblies, attending conferences and committees, assisting in the founding of new institutions, helping old ones and adjusting new workers to their fields. Demands upon her time and strength were as numerous, as varied, and often as unforeseen, as the exigencies of a young and rapidly growing work. She was also a favorite speaker in any gathering whose aims were educational and ethical and a much-sought-for teacher in summer schools, institutes and Chautauquas. Recognizing the value to her own cause of such opportunities, because of the contacts they afforded with young women of character and attainments, she never declined a call to such service if it was humanly possible for her to accept.

She lived to see forty institutions—homes, hospitals, orphanages, schools, etc., which had been either started or materially assisted by her students; and in these she felt an almost parental interest. For each there were adjustments to be made with social and ecclesiastical constituencies, such as every new

candidate for public favor must encounter. Mrs. Meyer, with her personal qualities of tact, persuasion, inspiration, and her remarkable power of public appeal, possessed a fitness for such duties which many a bishop might envy. And let it not be supposed that she always found smooth sailing. Referring to some unexplained crisis she writes to her husband, "I came near telegraphing you this morning. The matter certainly needs attention. I'm trying hard to summon sufficient courage to tackle the dreadful affair alone. Pray for me! Pray hard! It will probably be over before you get this letter, *but the Lord can answer prayer backward just as well as forward.*"

Her hours of travel were never wasted. Reading, writing and studying were always on hand to be done. Manuscripts were to be edited, proof sheets corrected and always letters to be written. The voluminous correspondence through which she maintained her contacts with family and friends seems to have been chiefly done while journeying from place to place. She was the same busy woman on a railroad train that she was at home or in school. "I have a table," she writes from a flying train, "and it's all cluttered up, just like my desk at home. So I'm happy."

Perhaps this necessity for writing while being hurried from one point to another may in part account for her characteristic indifference to time and place. If a letter is written from nowhere at all—or a place that is left behind before its name can be inscribed—addresses may come to have little significance to either writer or reader.

Certain it is that as a rule almost without excep-

tion her informal letters bear no sign of date or address. Where they were written or when can be determined only by circumstantial evidence, which is notoriously unreliable. Scribbled on whatever material came handy, these faded and time-yellowed scraps of paper, regarded as a chronological record of events afford a hopeless puzzle. Her diaries are quite as perplexing. In fact, with the exception of the carefully kept journal of her first European trip, she has left to the world only two attempts at keeping a record of her daily life. Each of these begins with a brave New Year's resolution to keep a systematic record of the day's doings. In each, blank pages soon appear, becoming more and more numerous, until written lines are the rare exception. Moreover the entries run over a space of several years, are not always dated, and are often but cryptic references to important occasions—conveying little information to the uninformed reader. Evidently, Mrs. Meyer gave small thought to the possible interest of posterity in her doings. Certainly she made no provision for such a contingency.

But even the blank pages tell eloquently of a life too full for introspection. As for the letters, as a revelation of her real self—which after all is the thing that matters—they are better than formal epistles because of their spontaneity. They sparkle with the little whimsies with which she relieved the strain of care and responsibility and bring the vivid life of the writer out of the Somewhere, Sometime, into the Here and Now.

The following extracts are from letters written during a tour in the Southland, during which she gave at least two series of lectures on Biblical or

educational topics, made addresses on several miscellaneous occasions, and visited the home of a ranchman who had proposed to devote some or all of his acres to philanthropic work.

I did such a lot of reading while in Kansas. It added very much to my repertoire. I'm not afraid now to teach or to speak on Social Service.

I have just taken off my stocking, drawn my defenseless toes up under me, and prayed that the train might not run off the track while I mended two little holes. . . It didn't, and I was not discovered.

The women at D. were very much carried away with that song, "Breathe on me breath of God," and asked where copies could be had. So I am having five hundred more copies struck off. I can do much better next time.

I've written you two post cards, Papa, about that Oklahoma trip. I *want* to go but it will take time and money. I'm waiting for your directions, dear. Good-bye. My heart's in the homeland.

Two good letters and a postal card from home this morning! They give me new courage. I spoke yesterday on Individualism *vs.* Socialism. Today on Wealth and Poverty. I'm reading most of those new books. I do enjoy them!

I believe it is quite for the best that I came on. The women attend the meetings well, and are incredibly eager and responsive. I don't go anywhere unnecessarily. Study? Why, I've done a whole semester's work on Social Service. I teach two classes daily. Job is easy. I spoke Sunday, of course. A packed house and a fine time.

These women are fine with their soft, sweet, southern drawl. The Conference closes Thursday and I shall get to W. before Sunday.

I'm unspeakably disgusted with these slow, cross-country roads. I reached W. after much tribulation, but can't manage one hour in S. even by travelling two days and nights. I've spent three hours of the hardest study of my life on these railroad guides. I feel outraged that I have spent all this week to so little purpose.

We are still poking along near S., where I hope I can get something to eat. I only tasted some coffee for breakfast, and this unspeakable train doesn't stop for dinner—though it stops out on the prairie to watch the coyotes. My little pail filled with hot water is all that has stood between me and utter dissolution.

Only fifteen and one-half minutes to S. now. If I post this you may know I have survived.

One hour later. Feeling better. All is well.

Are you sitting on the porch in a white gown, sipping iced lemonade on a silver tray? I hope so. It was 101 Fahrenheit here yesterday, and it's 201 today on this train, I am sure. I got on at one o'clock this morning, but had had three hours' sleep at a friendly little hotel, and slept again after we got started.

I had really a pleasant time at Mr. M's. I do not think his whole six hundred acres is worth more than ten thousand, and he says it would take about five thousand to clear it. He wants to start an orphanage. Not much hope there, I'm afraid, but I'm glad I stopped and have seen it all.

It is very wild. They have to shoot and scare away the wild deer to save their crops. Roads are bad. They travel a great deal on horse-back. I spoke at the little church. Had a good time. They volunteered a collection for "my poor folks!" It was three dollars and fifty-one cents! But it was equal to a thousand from some Chicago churches.

They made me very comfortable at Mr. M's. He has a family living with him. He gave up his room

for me. They had no butter on the table at supper, no napkins, steel forks, no apologies. But there were the best hot biscuits I ever ate, and jellies, and berries, and sauce from this summer's apples, and string beans, and lettuce from their fine garden. In the morning there was a little pat of delicious white butter. The woman had got up early and churned! Fried chicken for dinner—and they are *so* friendly!

Thus endeth another chapter concerning impossible gifts of real estate!

II

In August, 1903, Mrs. Meyer started on a tour through the northwest, visiting deaconess institutions, making addresses and looking after various interests connected with the work. She also combined some pleasure trips with business, visiting Yellowstone National Park. She was gone from home eight weeks and travelled six thousand miles. She reached Chicago early in October, and a day or two later went up to their little summer cottage for a few days' rest. She had been suffering from attacks similar to those which preceded her severe illness five years before.

In the meantime friends had been busy with her name. General Conference was to meet the following May in Los Angeles, and women were to be admitted for the first time as delegates. The Association for the election of lay delegates for Rock River Conference met October ninth, in Aurora, Illinois. Nominating speeches were limited to one minute each. Mrs. Warrington of Malden, Illinois, was given the first place. She spoke briefly of Mrs. Meyer's work and concluded her minute of privilege with, "If you can point to a man in the Con-

ference who has done more for the church than has Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer I will withdraw her name." Mrs. Meyer was duly elected.

Mrs. Meyer herself had been engaged that same afternoon in her favorite therapeutic occupation of digging up weeds about her little cottage. It was well into the evening when she and her companion found their way across lots to the Methodist parsonage for a quart of milk. As befitted their errand they went to the back door, but in the kitchen she was seized by the pastor's wife and hustled into the parlor to be shown the evening paper with the news that she was the first woman delegate chosen from Rock River to the General Conference.

But just a few days later she "trailed in weakly to Wesley Hospital in search of a level head." After grave consultations by the best physicians, the result was the second operation for gall stones, already recorded, from which she was so long convalescing. As she failed to regain strength the doctors insisted upon out-of-door life and sunshine. Late in January she went to California, accompanied by Shelley, and a young woman as companion. When the General Conference convened she was already in Los Angeles but too ill to do much more than attend the sessions, listen to the discussions and cast her vote. It was December before she was able to return to Chicago and take up her work in the old enthusiastic fashion. And never again was she able to live without the utmost self-denial as to diet.

III

The General Conference of 1908 met in Baltimore. Mrs. Meyer regained a degree of health, and by

Spartan abstinence as to diet was able to make almost unlimited demands upon her physical and mental resources. She was also—although nearing sixty years of age—with her erect figure, clear eye and hair untouched with gray—at the summit of her powers, and her popularity. Her letters from the Conference, scribbled during Conference sessions, on street cars, or in the weary minutes at the close of a tumultuous day afford a vivid panorama of the great body itself as seen from a busy woman's viewpoint. A few selections must suffice.

Letters from Conference

It has been a strenuous day. The Deaconess Convention began yesterday and I am secretary. I never worked so hard in my life. It's not only during the meetings, but the grind afterwards to get everything straightened out and copied.

Three sessions a day, each filled with matters of intensest interest. I couldn't get a letter in edgewise yesterday. I'm writing this in the main body of the Conference, in a perfect Babel of voices.

Privately, I hope Miss Monnett will not come. She is too frail, and the weather is cold and damp. If she still wants to come, send two of those flat cushions and a shawl or steamer rug. There is a mean draft in the box where we sit. Send one cushion anyway for dear Mrs. Hobbs. She is not at all well, and these chairs are not comfortable for her.

Three more long, exciting meetings of the convention. I managed to get the reports all straight and take some part in the speaking, though I literally sweated for it.

We have invited the other side to send a speaker to our meeting to present their point of view, and

to join with us in a prayer meeting. We are making every effort for peace, and hoping and praying that this business may not come before the public on the Conference floor.

I had hardly seated myself in our box when I heard my name shouted from the front. "Mrs. Meyer is invited to a seat on the platform. Is she in the room?" As soon as I could catch my breath I started, capturing Mrs. McCabe on the way to give me countenance. I didn't stay long. Was greeted by Bishops Burt, Thoburn, and others that I knew, and soon slipped back to our box; for I wanted to be here and explain things to Miss Monnett. She is bright and well this morning and enjoying every minute. But I think the most exciting moment of her stay thus far, was when she minutely watched me curling my hair this morning. Oh, yes! I do it *most* every day. I wouldn't dare not to, in view of your exhortations.

There is a colored deaconess delegate here from Texas. I invited her over to our rooms for lunch. I got her a splendid dinner—eggs, dried beef, potatoes, toast, cookies, oranges and baked bananas. Our little bit of a kitchen was hot, and I was hot, but we had a good time. When she asked the blessing she asked the Lord to "bless the hands that had prepared this food." And they were my very own hands!

When we had become quite friendly I persuaded her to accept a pair of my fluffy, new, white silk ties. May the Lord forgive me! I didn't offer my very best pair. She was pleased and grateful. I pinned them into her bonnet and tied them under her chin myself. Several other of our deaconesses are interested in her wardrobe and she will go home better clothed than when she came.

Mr. Meyer and I have decided after all to join the great excursion to Washington. We have just

struggled onto the train. It was a mad rush. I am improving every moment. Wrote up two sets of minutes this morning while I was drinking my tea. Last night we did not get out of a very exciting meeting until ten.

We're in for a strenuous day, though of a different kind. People are still clamoring for interviews. "Good morning," they say; "When can I see you for a little talk?" or "Can I talk with you a little about this deaconess work?" There! We're off.

(Later. Grounds of the American University.)

The Marine Band is playing most exquisite music. It's the finest band in the world. Now they sweep into "The Star Spangled Banner" and everybody stands up.

The President comes onto the platform, hat in hand, bowing and smiling and showing his fine teeth. He says he "feels mighty kin to us Methodists." Isn't that just like him—so genial and sympathetic?

Now the German delegates are singing a German hymn—just for him. He stands up and comes close to the rail and—yes—he is singing with them. He joins in the cheering, too, laughing heartily—like a big boy.

Home again, eating my supper of apples and nuts in our little kitchen. In spite of jams and rushes and interviews, I'm not as tired as after a day in the conference.

How good you are! But, really, you must not take time to write these long letters to me. I just devour them! I long for their coming and listen for the postman and know what a treat I am going to have; but I am conscience stricken when I think of you sitting wearily at your Smith-Premier and pounding them out, when you should be resting.

The minute these deaconess matters are settled my feet will be turning homeward, where my heart turns constantly.



1910

So passed the busy days of the Conference. Crowded with work, harassed with cares, besieged with interviews, she still had found time to plan for the comfort and happiness of two frail old ladies, to inject a red-letter event into the life of a black sister, and to carry on her heart the burdens of the home folks, to whom she sent daily messages.

In March, 1911 some crisis called her to the southwest. She writes from Phoenix:

Miss C. met me at the station with a little horse and buggy. I've been talking most of the time since. Miss S. says the hot weather just kills her, and she wants to go north. Miss T. wants to work among poor folks. She is a dear, good girl; so are the others. Miss W. is splendid, winning all hearts. Has nursed for the finest doctors, and in the best families. Miss C. is lovely, but not perfectly well.

They have no extra sleeping rooms at the little Home, so I am staying at Mrs. Scott's. Hospital sentiment is very strong. Seems as if we'd have to do it. Miss W. is wild for it. But I shall know better tomorrow.

A busy day! Morning occupied wholly with interviews. But in the afternoon we took a long auto ride out into the desert. At this time of the year it is beautiful with cactus, mesquite, and wild flowers, strange and lovely. Returned in time to spend an hour dictating "stuff" and this letter to you. There was a grand dinner yesterday. Today I was guest of honor at a luncheon to meet the ladies of the Board. Somewhere I have found time for a bath, a hair-wash, and some more interviews. Now at 7:30 I am waiting for a Board meeting. They are ready to begin. I must go.

(Ten-thirty, p. m.) Well, of all things! These people seem disposed to take the bit in their teeth. They will rent a little hospital which, they say is "providentially available," and start in. I did discourage it all I dared. However, they have only appointed a committee. They may not do it. But they will do it sometime, sure. They have already named it—The Arizona Deaconess Hospital and Home.

What do you think of my latest discovery—the uselessness of capital letters? It saves time and much mental strain.

It was a pleasant event in Mrs. Meyer's life when she was chosen as delegate to the Ecumenical Conference held in Toronto, October, 1911. She set about making arrangements for her absence. No mention being made of clothes for the occasion, her secretary suggested that a new dress might be a "suitable accompaniment to a new speech," but Mrs. Meyer protested that she had no time to give to the matter and no money to spend in that way. Whereupon Miss James took the matter into her own hands. She selected a suitable piece of black satin and ordered a dressmaker. Mrs. Meyer submitted to the fittings with such grace as she could, and the result was expressed in the verdict of the girls—"She looked like a princess!" And indeed, the pale, high-bred face, crowned with silken braids of light brown hair was well set off by the rich fabric. Mrs. Meyer, once the transaction was concluded, took a normal woman's satisfaction in being handsomely and becomingly arrayed. "Everybody admires my dress," she wrote to Miss James, "and to you be the glory."

LETTERS FROM THE CONFERENCE

Miss McElheine has given me a whole suite of rooms, sitting room, bedroom, bath and a big closet. This Deaconess Home is the finest thing of its kind on the continent.

I took time for a bit of breakfast and came right over to the Conference. It's in a beautiful old church—the Metropolitan—and the delegates are seated, of course, in the center. Still, I cannot hear the man who is speaking at all, so I am writing to my dear folks at home.

Ah, I can hear now. He is saying with great emphasis and much repetition just what I have often said myself to our own girls—that Christianity need not be afraid of the Truth. Now he launches into social Christianity—there can be no Brotherhood without a common Fatherhood. All this social ferment is a blind groping after the teachings of Jesus. And I've said that too, many times—haven't I?

Mr. Meyer, you must come. Can't you come and stay until the close then go to the Boston Inauguration, and take care of that Verbank business, all in one trip? Do try! At any rate, do come here!

After I had taken a good look around, I went to the Secretary of the Conference and told him I wanted a press ticket. He asked what paper I represented and I told him the *Deaconess Advocate*, Chicago. He was duly impressed and very soon I had a seat up in front, where I hear everything distinctly. Have written up a few articles for "The Great Promulgator," and sent them on.

(To the students)

"Dearly Beloved and longed for, my joy and crown,"—God bless you, dear Girls, and make me worthy of you!

I wish each one of you could get a glimpse of this great gathering. It is wonderful in itself. The nations of the earth are represented, each representative in his own costume. The speaking is in English, of course, but the cheering—that seems to be a sort of universal language.

Just now we are in the midst of a discussion on the modern, critical study of the Bible with such speakers as Findley, Peake and Moulton. Their books are in our library, you know. Moulton is speaking. He has just said, "We must make room for scholarship. Our Bible has nothing to fear. Nothing can ever affect its great, central truth, that the soul of man may come into direct contact with God." Dr. Moulton is the simplest, the most modest of men. You feel his goodness and his spirituality. He gave a touching personal testimony. I quote his exact words: "The critical study of the Bible has made the Book infinitely more wonderful, infinitely more precious to me."

But the most really wonderful speech of the whole conference so far was made by a colored man, a physician of Tennessee, Dr. Roman. I can neither quote from it nor describe it. He had only five minutes, but he had us cheering, laughing, crying. I saw Bishop Hamilton who sat near me crying shamelessly. I won't say what *I* did.

Dear girls, I want you to pray for me, very specially, next Friday morning. That is when I am to make my speech. Ask that God may really send a message through me.

An event that must have given Mrs. Meyer a bit of unalloyed happiness was an invitation to Providence, R. I., during the summer of 1912 as speaker and guest of honor at the dedication of a boarding home for working girls to be called the "Lucy Rider Meyer Hall." This was a handsome, three-story building situated in the heart of the factory dis-

trict where hundreds of young girls were employed. It was an enterprise after Mrs. Meyer's own heart. No class of the "underprivileged" appealed more strongly to her sympathies than the woman child deprived of the protection of a real home and a true motherhood and thrown upon her own resources. This institution, a forerunner of many similar ones, was intended, as far as might be, to meet this emergency. During years of enviable history it has been a home to scores of young girls and justified its auspicious beginning.

Another inspiring event occurred the following summer when Mrs. Meyer was invited to Boston to speak at the dedication of the new Training School building, a gift of Mr. N. W. Harris. The following quotations from letters are suggestive of many of her busy holidays.

Great, *great* times! Great, lovely fuss! I spoke about an hour. Had great "liberty." Bishop Burt arose on what he called a "question of privilege" and spoke beautifully about what I had said and then prayed. I do hope it may all do good. The Bishop's address this morning was fine. The Bishop says: "Go ahead with the article for the Encyclopedia." So I'm going.

Last night I went to the reception at the Theological School and spoke to their two hundred young men with their eminent professors and women—wives, sisters and sweethearts. I thought I should feel badly used up this morning, but I'm not so very tired. But, oh, the interviews!

There's no use trying to describe the day yesterday, though I did write a little between times.

Dedication over. The Bishops and other speakers have gone for an automobile ride to Concord. I wanted to go very much, but have to take the twelve

o'clock train for Attleboro, to be there in time for the meeting. I am having the time of my life, though it crowds a little when it's *three* speeches a day. I am glad my face is now turned Chicago-ward.

IV

Mrs. Meyer had the natural qualities of a successful public speaker. An intellect keen and quick, a heart humanly responsive and sympathetic, and a deftness of language which made it possible for her to bring thought and feeling to birth in strong, terse phrases. Innocently enough she loved the sense of power. She knew and loved the mysterious thrill that passes from the heart of the speaker to her audience and returns to lift one as on wings. On the other hand she was extremely sensitive to the benumbing effects of an audience that was stolid and unsympathetic.

As in music and literature her success in oratory was due to her native talents and owed little to art. She loved all these forms of expression and such success as she attained in them all. Among the members of her family circle she was at no pains to conceal her naive delight at a distinguished success, which she cheerfully reported as a "good time," or her deep mortification when, as sometimes happened, her efforts met with but indifferent response.

In public address much of her success lay in her intuitive power of recognizing the mood of an audience. She "met them where they lived" at the moment, and led them whither she would. A clever illustration of this power was shown in connection with the tender of the original Jennings Seminary to the Deaconess Society, in 1898. The discussion

in the Conference as to the disposition of this splendid piece of property had been perplexing, and the proposition to "turn it over to the deaconesses" had taken it somewhat by surprise.

The next day, just before the Jennings Seminary matter was to be taken up again Dr. Jackson had made his report of deaconess work within the Conference, showing that the Deaconess Home, the School, the Hospital, the Orphanage were all in a healthful condition financially, without debts and a workable balance in the treasury. Miss Taggart who was present, describes the next event in her own dramatic fashion.

"The Chairman said they were ready to take up the matter of Jennings Seminary, and that Mrs. Meyer was present and would address the Conference. Ministers who had been standing around the door came in and sat down. Then I saw Mrs. Meyer walking up the aisle. It was the first time she had appeared in public since her long illness and she looked pale in her black dress, but a little spot of pink was burning in each cheek; good old Dr. B. sat over on my left and I heard him say under his breath: 'Well! What does Sister Lucy want now—the earth and sky, with a little fence around them?'

"Mrs. Meyer faced the audience with a little smile. The very first words she said were: 'Friends, did you notice the little refrain at the end of each statement regarding deaconess institutions in the last report—"*Bills all paid—Money in the treasury*"? There was just a breath of silence and then a roar of laughter and applause, for the big debt on Jennings had been one of the most embarrassing fea-

tures of the situation. As the applause died down I heard Dr. B. say, half-admiringly, half grumbling, '*She's got it! She doesn't need to say another word.*' "

An instance of her ability to capture a tired or unwilling audience occurred two years later on the occasion of the convening of the General Conference in Chicago.

A Deaconess Anniversary meeting was arranged for an evening. The work was still new and immensely appealing to the popular heart. The crowd gathered in Orchestra Hall packed the house from floor to galleries. On the platform were seated a large number of deaconesses and leaders in the cause, with Bishop Bowman as Chairman. But the program was long, and dull in spots. Several speakers exceeded their time limit, and there were many of them. The audience was tired, the hour was late, and Mrs. Meyer's address on Deaconess Hospitals was last on the program. People began to move out in couples, in groups. With every movement it seemed as if a general stampede for the exits was impending. It was not far from eleven o'clock when Mrs. Meyer stepped briskly to the front of the platform. Without a word of preface or introduction she said in her clear, ringing voice, "Friends, last year more than ten thousand sick people were nursed in hospitals and homes by our deaconesses." And as the audience hushed to silence she said, "Isn't that wonderful?" and began enthusiastically clapping her own hands. A little gasp of surprise drowned in a burst of applause greeted her. She met it with another quick, clear-cut statement, and another round of applause swept from

floor to ceiling. No one thought of going home. For the next fifteen minutes she literally packed the time with telling facts and figures, shot through with the appeal of her own high idealism. The people listened as if to a miracle story.

But taking into account the wide spread interest and the tenseness of feeling regarding the issues involved, perhaps none of Mrs. Meyer's public efforts exceeded in dramatic interest that of her address on the floor of the General Conference in Minneapolis, where she spoke extemporaneously in favor of the minority report of the Committee on Deaconess Work. The notes she used on this occasion are still in existence—a few scribbled lines on a scrap of coarse tablet paper. Not only were her friends impressed on this occasion but the ministerial delegates were won by her logical presentation of facts, and the possibilities of a united sisterhood in pressing the work of the Kingdom. One who was present writes:

If ever a woman was inspired she was. She took the floor amid great applause, and there was continued applause when she finished. The interest was intense. Mrs. Meyer was a perfect queen but so sweet and humble through it all. There were tears shed, but they were tears of relief and joy.

V

Among interesting old documents that have known the touch of Mrs. Meyer's hand is a modest little time-yellowed program of a Sunday School Convention held in Fall River in 1874. She has written on the margin in reminiscent mood, "*My first attempt at public speaking.*" She was then

twenty-five years of age. Her subject was "Seven Essentials in Teaching" to be followed by an illustrative "Class in Bible Geography." The entire program was under the leadership of Dr. Vincent of Chautauqua fame. So far as public speaking as well as pedagogical authorship is concerned, it was Dr. Vincent who set her task before her and encouraged her in her first efforts. Women in those days were just beginning to find their voice in public speech. Gifted as she was, she knew the abysmal horrors of "stage fright," and only overcame it as she overcame other hindrances by force of persistence and a determined will. Even after she had accepted the position of Secretary of a State Sunday School Association she remembers being put to utter rout when the leader of a meeting called upon her unexpectedly, saying, "Miss Rider knows: She will tell us." "When I came to myself," says Mrs. Meyer, "I was standing before the audience repeating in a perfectly idiotic way, 'Miss Rider knows—Miss Rider knows.' I sat down in shame and confusion of face, but at the next opportunity I was ready to try again."

Even in her later years she writes of being "scared stiff" on hearing her name announced unexpectedly at a public banquet, admitting that her fright was the more devastating because Mr. Meyer was not at her elbow to whisper to her to "go ahead."

Anyone who has heard Mrs. Meyer speak at the funeral of a friend or a comrade-in-arms would say that never under any other circumstances did her finest powers find nobler expression. She loved her friends so lavishly, her faith in the love of God and in immortality was so unquestioning, that her lis-

teners felt with her the thrill of unseen presences. She made them see death as she did herself, as merely an incident in life, a life intended to be continuous and increasingly glorious.

During one of her vacation sojourns she wrote to the home folks:

I'm getting quite a reputation as a preacher of funeral sermons. A man of forty, a rough, and I'm afraid, a bad man, died Tuesday. I'm just back from the funeral. The widow wanted me to do it all, except that Margie was to sing. I spoke from *"Your heavenly Father knoweth."* Margie sang "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," and we both sang together "Heart of Jesus." They sent for us and brought us home; yet I'm very tired.

She might well be tired. She was "in journeyings oft," in "labors abundant," and she never rested knowing that anything was left undone that she might have done for the advancement of her cause. She had found her work—a noble and beneficent one and she gave herself to it with a completeness of consecration that in an earlier age would have won her a martyr's crown or a saint's aureola.

CHAPTER XV

Mrs. Meyer—Author and Composer

I

Mrs. Meyer's literary work impresses one with its effectiveness, rather than its artistic finish. Never a votary of "art for art's sake," she was always vitally interested in getting something done. A very large proportion of her published work was done for the promotion of the cause to which she had devoted her life. The things she attempted in the realm of pure literature were but by-products—sparks thrown off from a swift-moving, creative mind. Bishop Quayle said aptly: "There must be time for brooding if one would hatch out winged thoughts." But time for brooding was the last and least thing considered in the ordering of Mrs. Meyer's day. Her leisure was snatched in fragments from the day's busy-ness; her solitude was her power of abstraction and concentration, even in the midst of the turmoil of events. Still, underneath the activities of a busy life, she felt the writer's urge toward self-expression.

She was not an especially precocious child. Apparently she never turned her attention to writing until well into her twenties, and then it was but an outgrowth of her serious work of teaching. Her first books were the efforts of a born teacher to reach a larger group. When she became possessed by the Dream which matured into her purposeful life, she wrote as she was impelled by that inner fire. She wrote rapidly, clearly, forcefully, taking

the public into her confidence with a winsome intimacy. With little thought for the niceties of rhetoric, she wrote with the one purpose of putting her message over. When failing strength limited her public activities she devoted more time to literary work; but then not enough of vitality remained to make her famous as a writer of literature.

Strangely enough her mental and spiritual powers seemed to suffer little diminution in seasons of physical suffering, though there were exceptions to this rule—seasons when the strong will faltered and all the interests of life palled—a condition manifested particularly during her slow convalescence after the severe illness of 1903. But for the most part mind triumphed over matter, and much of her most inspired writing was produced under conditions that would have made mental effort impossible to the average woman. "How can anything be the matter with my brain," she writes—"even overwork or weariness—when it seems always in tip-top order, always on the job or clamoring for more and harder jobs? Do you remember my telling you, dear, about the little 'brain-babies'—songs and poems and articles—that came to me as I lay in bed all those weeks? How it worried me because they would vanish when I tried to catch and hold them! Sometimes I fancied the little vagabonds would pause a moment on the window sill and laugh at me mockingly as they flew away. I could have written wonderful things if they would only have let me have pen and paper. How could my brain have been sick—or even tired—when it was so active?"

II

Soon after the opening of the Training School Mrs. Meyer became absorbed in an effort to bring the Bible within easier range of the average reader. Adhering to the language of the English Revised Version, but using a modern system of paragraphing and punctuation, she thought to remove what Phillips Brooks called "the crust of staleness" that had gathered about the Book during the centuries that had elapsed since its translation into the English of King James's time.

Then she brought together parts historically connected, placing prophecies and epistles in connection with the history of the times in which they were written; and finally, by omitting genealogies, repeated portions, and portions of interest chiefly to the Bible scholar, she produced a "Shorter Bible," adapted to common use. It was published in 1895 by the Methodist Book Concern, with an introduction by Bishop Vincent. This Shorter Bible was among the very first of modern attempts to present the Bible in the language-forms of the present day.

Mrs. Meyer's little early volume on "Deaconesses" was scarcely more than an attempt to supply a brief, easily-read, and popular account of this new venture in religious activity, together with the historical precedent given to it by deaconesses of the ancient and medieval church. It does not compete with the dignified volumes produced by Dr. Christian Golder, Jane Bancroft Robinson and others, but it met a popular demand.

In 1900 Mrs. Meyer published a volume of "Deaconess Stories," and three years later appeared her first and only novel "Mary North."

The plan of this story had been forming in her mind for two or three years. Most of the actual work on it was done during the summer vacation of 1902, which she spent in their summer camp on the shores of Lake Michigan. The book is dedicated to Shelley, her "severest critic and dearest comrade."

She says of this book, "I never wrote anything more seriously in my life." It was finished and mailed to the publishers late one afternoon. In the stress of those last hours she had missed seeing Mr. Meyer as he left for the city. But she dispatched to him a telegram.

"Missed you at train. Sorry. Got manuscript off. Yankee Doo!"

That "Yankee Doo," filled out the allotted ten words and conveyed to an appreciative husband no end of inexpressible emotion.

Her stenographer recalls an amusing incident of their long hours together. They were hard at work one day on one of the love stories when Mrs. Meyer grew embarrassed, blushed, and finally dismissed her companion saying, "Really, Miss C., I think I shall have to work out this chapter alone."

Regarding her purpose in writing the book she says in a letter to a friend:

I was impressed with the thought that if I could reach society people—men and women who have time and money—with a story of the dangers of poor girls alone in our great cities it might do good.

Some of the reviewers declare that the picture is overdrawn. But I assure you that in no respect is it overdrawn. Mary's search for work and the difficulties and insults she encountered are taken from actual life.

It has been a wild dream of mine that the book might move somebody to give money for a training school for domestic help like the one described in the last chapters. No such results have been realized as yet, though the book is having a very good sale.

I have great states of mind about "Mary North." Sometimes I think she will "go," then I am clear disheartened. I've spent in fancy a hundred thousand dollars from it already. I've paid the debt and triumphantly endowed my dear Hospital. Likewise the beautiful Verbank work. I've bought a summer home. I've hired a good stenographer. I've taken my poor tired husband quite away where he *can't* work, for a year of real rest in Europe. But the thing that I shall really do if I get much money from it, is to keep Shelley in school.

A book so confessedly a novel with a purpose was not apt to arouse the enthusiasm of literary critics, while a few clergymen and religious workers professed themselves shocked with its realism, though at the present day it would be regarded as extremely conservative. "Stylus," the well-known correspondent of the *New York Christian Advocate* said in a personal letter to Mrs. Meyer:

You have written a powerful and impressive story, imparting to it such an air of realism that its pictures seem more like photographs than imaginative creations. I appreciate the genuine ability the book reveals, and the high motive you had in writing it. Best wishes for the success of "Mary North."

III

Mrs. Meyer retained her relation as Editor-in-chief of the *Deaconess Advocate* to the last, though after the first few years the work was of necessity

carried on chiefly by her assistants. A bit of correspondence with Mary Alice Hoover, her assistant from 1902 until 1910, illustrates the trying conditions under which much of her literary work was produced. The first letter was written on board a railroad train.

I feel pretty much like a "snide" sending you so little copy. I had set apart this day to write a lot of things. But though I felt well when I got up this morning I was promptly overcome by a depression which has made it seem impossible to force myself to even put pen to paper. Now, late in the afternoon, I have an article begun, but have the gravest doubts whether it is not too light for our paper. It might do in a book. Alas! I shall never have time for the book!

(Two hours later) "Well! I had a most miraculous spurt of "pep"-tomism, and have finished the article after all. It will have to go in—light or heavy. I will surely do better next time.

You want my criticism? Would not the picture on the front page have been more effective with a sentence or two of explanation? I enclose a slip to illustrate. Pin it under the picture and see what an improvement it makes.

There, dear! I'm afraid you will think me a "hateful old thing," but remember, my object, like yours, is to make the paper a success. These criticisms are, after all the least thing in my letter. The great impression I want to make is that the paper is splendid.

In a later letter she says: "I am startled to find the time for sending this month's copy is so near. I find I cannot do a stroke. I am much worse." Several months later:

I am trying to send you a great deal of material this month. I already have some stories and little

things ready. I think with Miss C.'s efficient help you need not be overburdened from now on.

What a great compliment you paid me in the last paper! It was rather tactfully done, too, so my sense of propriety was not too greatly outraged. As I read the article I realize what an easy thing it is for anyone to be made half-saint, half-hero by the descriptions of clever people. It is the way things are written up, my dear, that counts. I have an interesting flock of chickens, and have often thought that if one could properly describe the ways of these animated bits of fluff and feathers it would make a charming story. And yet, they are quite ordinary chickens. So I look upon your article. It makes delightful reading, but I fear that if people who read about me come actually to see me, and get acquainted, they will be terribly disillusioned.

IV

In the spring of 1914, to Mrs. Meyer's unspeakable dismay Mr. Meyer decided that the *Deaconess Advocate* must be discontinued. It was becoming difficult to direct the editorial policy of the paper in a way that would be mutually satisfactory, and Mrs. Meyer could not assume the entire burden herself. The problems of the general work were becoming more and more intricate while both were reaching a time of life when their physical resources would no longer respond to unlimited drafts. It was Mr. Meyer's conviction that the paper, which had been such a strong factor in building up the work, must be sacrificed. Mrs. Meyer's reaction to this decision is recorded in one brief entry in her diary. "This has been like a day of death to me. Mr. Meyer spoke to me seriously about giving up the *Advocate*." And she adds, "I came to Hartford."

Here she evidently fought out the battle with herself, for she records the next day, "I wrote to Mr. Meyer to stop the paper" which was forthwith done. Many among its thirty thousand subscribers mourned its loss, but only those who carried the burden of responsibility knew when it had become too heavy to be longer borne.

V

A manuscript on radium was finished in 1916, and afterwards revised, but was never published. It was submitted to several New York publishers who treated it with great consideration but found it "too long for an article and too short for a book." The fortunes of this interesting literary bantling are frequently mentioned in Mrs. Meyer's letters.

What do you think? I am writing a book—a whole book—on radium! I took it up when I could not work, thinking to write an article for my own amusement. The article grew into two—then three—and now it is growing into a book. I hope I may get it out this fall. We shall have revolutionized civilization when we have learned to use radium.

I am working all the time I can command on that radium manuscript, correcting, re-writing, adding accounts of new developments. I thought it would have been done long before now, but it develops a diabolical tendency to hang on.

I think—I really do—that my manuscript will find a publisher this time. I've added about ten thousand words of new material—and I've prayed volumes about it.

Mr. Meyer has been rather jealous of this book, but he needn't have been. I have not worked steadily nor hard on it, and I have enjoyed it very much. It is wonderful! Radium, I mean.

She did not live to see the book printed, but far more than most people, she knew the "rapture of pursuing," and that she had enjoyed to the full.

VI

Only one who has been privileged to rummage among the documents stored in Mrs. Meyer's desk or tucked away in any corner where a manuscript could be stowed and forgotten, could conceive what a swarm of literary bees must have been buzzing beneath Mrs. Meyer's sober deaconess bonnet, or, in the head which moved so sedately along the ways of life. Her printed articles, even aside from those pertaining to her special lines of work are numerous and varied, but her unfinished manuscripts give even more astonishing glimpses of the wide range of thoughts and fancies going on inside that unresting brain. One perceives that her own inner life finds guarded expression in these fragments. Motherhood alone could have given her inspiration for such finished poems as "The Mother" and "Her Li'l Daughter." Among her unpublished works there are stories and poems about children and for children through which one may trace in fancy the presence of a golden-haired boy who walked with her through his years of infancy and childhood.

Conning these time-yellowed papers one smiles to come upon an effort to give in rather "free verse" a baby's impressions of the new world in which he finds himself. In the very next paper one is transported to Egypt, land of mystery and of hoary age. More vivid than the personal observations of the average traveller is her detailed description of the

temple of Karnak, with historical sketches of the ambitious Queen Hatshepsut, and her great father, Rameses II. "There was prejudice then as now," the writer gently remarks, "against women in public life." One wonders what could have called out such a painstaking article on a theme so far removed from the interests of her daily life. But learning that in 1911 Shelley was sojourning in Egypt in the capacity of private secretary to a university professor, an explanation is at least suggested.

A thoughtful paper comparing Frances Willard and Florence Nightingale was doubtless inspired by a meeting with the latter during her visit to Europe in 1905, at which time she visited Miss Nightingale in her stately home at Lea Hurst. The aged queen of philanthropists was at that time an invalid and confined to her bed. After an hour of friendly converse Mrs. Meyer rose to go, but Miss Nightingale stopped her with a detaining gesture.

"Pray!" she commanded, looking up with bright, eager eyes and folded her thin hands across her breast. Bowing her head, Mrs. Meyer prayed, as she knew so well how to do. Then, still delaying her visitor with a light touch, Miss Nightingale asked,

"How long have you been a Sister?"

"More than twenty years—in service," was the reply.

"And have you always been happy?" was the next question.

"Now," said Mrs. Meyer in telling the incident, " 'always' is a long time, and 'happy' is a big word. I could not answer no or yes, but I said: 'Dear Miss Nightingale, if I had my life to live over again, and it were ten times as long, I think I should al-

ways choose to serve my Lord as a deaconess.' And with a smile Miss Nightingale said: 'Thank God! It is a blessed life when we live it for others.' "

It was probably in connection with this last visit to England that Mrs. Meyer conceived the idea of a revised version of Gulliver's Travels, with the thought of adapting it to Twentieth century youth. An imposing roll of manuscript bears testimony to hours of toil, and suggests an ambitious dream which bore no fruit, other than showing the unending youth and the irrepressible vitality of this woman's soul.

An article on Walt Whitman, published in *Social Progress* called forth this commendatory note from the editor:

This is in appreciation of your fine article published in our May issue. We have already received congratulations from many people. Miss J., who has a sonnet in the same issue considers it the "best article on Whitman" that she has ever read. Mr. D., one of our colleagues, also considers it the "best article" he has read on Whitman. Honorable mention has been given you through other sources. We are sending marked copies to Dr. L., chairman of the Whitman Association, and to the literary editor of the *Chicago Evening Post.*

Mr. Meyer notes the fact that his wife's most famous hymn, "He was not Willing that any Should Perish," was written during a period of deep depression following her mother's death. "The Burden" was written late one evening when she was hurt and humiliated by the rebuff of a prosperous business man whom she had attempted to interest in her work. This poem has been more widely copied and read than any other of her works. A Training

School student was visiting the Salvation Army corps in a distant city, and said to the leader, "Adjutant, don't you get discouraged sometimes trying to clean people up, physically and morally?" "Yes," she answered, "sometimes it seems as if I cannot go on. But, I have something that always inspires me to new effort." She left the room and returned with a bit of poetry. At once the student recognized it as Mrs. Meyer's "Burden."

"Dey's a Li'l Six Feet of Groun'" published in *The Outlook* December, 1919, brought Mrs. Meyer many charming letters from friends, new and old. A New York woman wrote asking permission to "give it a musical setting." A Boston university professor wrote:

Thank you, thank you, thank you, for the poem, "Dey's a Li'l Six Feet of Groun', Somewhere," which we read with wonder and delight. How have you gained so perfect an expression of the negro mind and so true and inspiring an embodiment of the Christian faith? Inspiration! That's it!"

A letter from an Oberlin classmate is of interest:

I was just reading your charming "Spiritual" in the *Outlook,* and it has prompted me to renew for the moment, at least, our friendly relations of other days. I am glad you are still alive, and still fresh and flexible enough to write so brightly—even upon a somber theme.

I have a curiosity to know whether, in writing this, you had any conscious reference to the saying ascribed to Socrates, "You may bury me if you can catch me." Probably it was only a coincidence that you put into the mouth of the black saint the very thought, and almost the words, of the ancient sage. In any case it is a happy thought.

VII

The success of these little "brain-children" was a source of keen joy to Mrs. Meyer, a joy she never pretended to conceal from those of her own household, with whom she shared it as a child would share his sweets. "I've just received a check from the *New York Advocate,*" she writes, "which makes me feel good, and now—this Ditson offer! The inspiration of it remains, even though I did not accept his terms." Later, regarding the "Ditson offer" she writes:

But, oh, I am bursting with good news which has just come by mail! Ditson accepts my conditions and will publish "Jonah" with royalty. I am so very "set up." I feel like an embryo millionaire.

Regarding another of her poems which had been set to music she writes from California:

Did I tell you that one of my little pieces, "When Ye Doan' Know What to Do," is to be sung by The Choral Club—in a concert at the Maryland in May? It is specially featured on the program.

It was also in California—perhaps the 1919 trip—that she had concluded a stirring address, when in the crowd that surged up to speak to her came an impressive looking individual who grasped her hand saying: "Mrs. Meyer, I've long been wanting to meet you. I've been singing your songs all up and down the Pacific coast these many years."

He was an evangelistic singer, and that evening Mr. and Mrs. Meyer went to hear him. "His voice is sweet and strong," wrote Mrs. Meyer, "and he is very dramatic. He sang 'O Watcher, What you see ober Yonder?' and 'Li'l Brack Sheep' with really

wonderful effect. He said he had sung it many times in men's meetings and 'seen them go down like rain under the power of it.' All this is horribly egotistical, but half my joy is sharing my good times with those who love me well enough to put up with them."

But the most dramatic setting ever accorded to any of Mrs. Meyer's musical productions was an event occurring in London in 1895, in connection with the World's Christian Temperance Union Convention. It was described by Anna Gordon in an address which opened the Scientific Temperance Course in the Training School in 1913. It will be remembered that in England Lady Henry Somerset led the women's forces in the great crusade for temperance as Frances Willard did in America. In connection with the convention, Lady Henry arranged for a great temperance mass meeting to be held in the Royal Albert, then the largest hall in London. Miss Willard was dismayed. "Why," she said, "you don't expect a hall that seats ten thousand people to be filled for a temperance meeting?" But Lady Henry only replied with sparkling eyes, "You'll see!"

"And sure enough," continued Miss Gordon, "crowds waited at every entrance, and when the doors were opened they surged in, filling the Hall to overflowing, while hundreds were turned away. The program began with music by a magnificent orchestra and down the central aisle moved a vast procession led by the English clergy, and representing numberless organizations of London, including the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Then came representatives from various countries of the

world, carrying great banners, and as each appeared the orchestra swung into the national air of the country whose banner led the procession up the aisle. But the United States representation did not come, and Lady Henry and Frances Willard had disappeared.

"Presently the orchestra burst into the national air of both countries. Ten thousand people sprang to their feet, as up the aisle came slowly the two women who led the White Ribbon hosts of England and America, and over them waved the crossed flags of both countries, carried by two men in uniform. Thousands of voices took up the melody, Englishmen singing with vim 'God Save the King,' while the rest of us sang, as best we could for the choke in our throats 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee!'

"But the most telling incident came later. Half way through the program the lights were turned low, producing an effect of twilight. A great hush came over the waiting audience. Doors at the back of the platform opened and admitted a troop of poor children—little tattered waifs gathered up from the poorest quarters of the city. Half-frightened, they gathered near the front of the stage and sang in shrill, pathetic voices words set to music for the occasion by your own Lucy Rider Meyer.

'There's a shadow on the home,
  Many hearts are sad today,
It hushes e'en the laughter
  Of the children at their play.
At its coming want and sorrow across the threshold
    creep
And amid their broken idols the mourning mothers
    weep.'

"The effect was indescribable! It is safe to say the audience wept. Then suddenly the lights returned and from the wings came flocking groups of happy children singing,

'We are coming to the rescue,
We are coming in our youth!
The homes we build tomorrow
Shall be guarded by the truth.
We are coming to the rescue,
We are coming in our might,
And for a winsome token
We wear the ribbon white.'

"Again and once again came the semi-darkness, and the plaintive song, followed by the joyous response. As they sang for the last time 'We Are Coming to the Rescue' the singers grouped themselves around the little waifs, and flung high above their heads the 'broad ribbon of white.' It was the most wonderful bit of pageantry I have ever seen," said Miss Gordon, and she added, "Mrs. Meyer's music gave the song a wonderful setting. Its minor note, followed by the major key for the exultant chorus was most effective, and made possible its use for this great convention of the World's Christian Temperance Union."

Mere sentiment? Yes. But by appeals such as this, hearts are stirred, resolves quickened, and action secured. The women worked wisely in those epoch making days.

"Everybody's Gospel Songs" was one of Mrs. Meyer's ambitious attempts to produce a revenue for the Training School. Among her personal friends she numbered many lovers and producers of sacred music. To these she presented her plan,

and they with one accord "opened their treasure stores" and invited her to help herself to whatever she needed, without money and without price. From these she made her selections, but when in 1908 she sought a publisher she met with repeated discouragements.

Mr. Meyer had never shared his wife's dream of a large revenue from the book, and had mildly disapproved of the project from the beginning, because of the drafts it made upon her time and strength. Now, finding her heart set upon it, he came forward and offered to publish it himself. Soon after she was joyfully bearing away the proof sheets of the new book on one of her vacation trips to their summer camp. "Not to work on," she hastily explains, "but to gloat over."

Aside from the vast amount of literature which Mrs. Meyer produced for the promotion of Training School and Deaconess work, for which she received no remuneration in money, it must be presumed that from first to last her other writings produced returns that made an acceptable addition to an income which, of itself, scarcely more than provided the necessities of life.

Among the miscellaneous documents which have escaped the ravages of time, there is a letter from *The Outlook* "begging to enclose" fifty dollars for a short semi-scientific article published in their columns.

As to the use which was made of such literary windfalls there is a certain amount of mystery. It will be remembered that Mrs. Meyer (Miss Rider, then) definitely dedicated the proceeds of her first book "to the Lord." A large proportion of the re-

turns from later literary ventures apparently followed in the same direction. No one knows very much about it. Sometimes a struggling missionary in foreign fields, a discouraged worker in the homeland, or a deaconess under the handicap of an illness that a few dollars of medical service might remove would receive, in the nick of time, a sum of money to tide over the hard place. She might surmise many things, but the only information vouchsafed by Mrs. Meyer would be—"some of the Lord's money."

Her own habits, like those of Mr. Meyer, were self-denying, even to asceticism. Yet there were times, especially in later life, when Mrs. Meyer wanted money—a great deal of money—and wanted it intensely, though not for herself. In those later years, when she was industriously revising old manuscript and producing new, there are evidences that she indulged in day dreams of a "lucky strike" in literature which would furnish her with fabulous sums for the wonderful things she longed to do, or for the establishment of some enterprise on which she had set her heart.

While the keynote of Mrs. Meyer's character would seem to be an invincible optimism, there can not be overlooked in her writings, especially in her poetry, a note of sadness, of world-weariness and longing. In her sympathetic understanding of the heart of the colored race she found a grateful medium for the expression of tragedy overlaid with lilting laughter. In her "negro spirituals" she may have found an outlet for moods which otherwise would have been denied expression.

So she set her troubles to music and stilled her

heartaches with melody. For the rest, her world, like that of Robert Louis Stevenson, was "so full of a number of things" there was always something from which to extract happiness. She had one ruling passion—religious enthusiasm expressed in service to humanity. By way of recreation she wrote of mountains and microbes, of star-mist and pyramids and puppies, of hens and tomato plants, of bears and birds and fishes, of radium and of babies. No created thing was alien to her alert and inquiring mind.

—◇—

THE MOTHER

If I were singing in the highest heaven,
God's golden glories glittering on my sight,
And I should hear outside my little baby
Ever so faintly crying in the night

I would go out to him, though angel armies
Their spears should level at my naked breast.
My arms about my baby, all the darkness
Would straightway turn to light and love and rest.

And do you think our Father up in heaven
Can sit content upon a throne of gold,
While from the outer darkness, through heaven's music
Smites to his ears our crying in the cold?

MARGUERITE OF THE SETTLEMENT

A rough looking man and a half-clad child stood on the doorstep of a big, old-fashioned house. The child cringed against the legs of the man. He looked down at her with a frown of perplexed compassion.

"Confound it!" he muttered. "Confound the hull blamed business! Such a little 'un!"

"Confound it!" echoed the child. "Confound the hull—"

The door opened, and a pleasant faced young woman stood before them. "Here! I've brought you this 'ere kid! I wish you'd take her and keep her a while er her father 'll kill her."

He pushed the child forward unceremoniously, turned down the steps and walked away.

The woman drew the little figure inside. The form was that of a child of four, but the face was strangely old. On the forehead was a cruel bruise on which the blood had dried unwashed. The shrewd eyes darted hither and thither, spying out the strange surroundings. They came back to the pitying face of the woman, and a smile lighted her face. She marched into the middle of the room, her hostess trailing behind.

"Dis is a nice place," she announced. "I'm goin' to stay here!"

"What is your name?" asked the deaconess.

"Marguerite. What yours?"

"Mine is Miss Brown," was the unruffled reply. "You have a beautiful name. Wouldn't you like a bath, Marguerite?"

Marguerite's puzzled eyes sought those of Miss

Brown. It must be something good—it might even be something to eat—and she yielded a hopeful assent.

Up-stairs in the spotless bath room, in a tub of warm water, with plenty of soap and soft towels Marguerite had the time of her life. Next came clean, white things, and shoes and stockings. The old garments disappeared, Marguerite never knew where. She never cared.

Then they went down stairs, and Marguerite had food—more food than she could eat—placed before her. After that, all the women knelt after the sweet old evening custom of religious families and Miss Brown prayed. Marguerite, kneeling with the others, looked and listened—wide-eyed and open-eared.

The next thing that happened in this house of wonders, was a dolly, a real dolly with arms and legs, and hair and eyes! Marguerite clasped it to her bosom in silent ecstasy. Her wonderful new baby! The women, passing through the room, smiled now and then to see her cuddling and crooning over a cheap doll—till suddenly Miss Brown chanced to notice the words the child was using.

"Marguerite!" she exclaimed in shocked protest. "You mustn't swear!"

Marguerite looked up into the disapproving face in blank surprise. Were all these joys about to vanish? She clutched her doll tightly.

"Swear?" she echoed. "But you swear. When you got down by your chairs in the room there, you said 'God,' and you swore like everything. I heard you."

Marguerite was an apt pupil. In six weeks her drunken father would not have known her. In fact, she scarcely knew herself. She was having the chance that God intended every child should have of a wholesome and happy childhood.

—◈—

EXCITING MOMENTS

There was a small fish in a deep little pool,
Hiding under a stone, where the shadows were cool;
And there was a fisherman fat,
And there was a fly on the end of a line;
As a nibble for fishes it surely looked fine,
But the fish—he knew better than that!

There was a small mouse and a very large cat,
The one, it was lean and the other was fat,
And neither of them was slow.
Said the cat: "I'm so near I surely can't fail;"
But she did! Tho' the mouse left the tip of his tail—
Just the least little bit—with his foe.

On the porch in the sunshine he lazily lay,
Catching flies as he could in an innocent way—
A puppy-dog, funny and furry:
When a wasp flitted by, never fearing a thing,
And the dog with a snap caught it fast by the wing,
And then—he let go in a hurry.

DEY'S A LI'L SIX FEET OF GROUN'

Dey's a li'l six feet of groun' somewhere,
A li'l six feet of groun',
An' dey 'xpects to bury me dere some day,
Wid de mou'ners mou'nin' 'roun'.
But dey can't bury me in de groun', my Lord,
Dey can't bury me.
I'll be up among de stars wid de angels flyin' 'roun',
An' dey can't cotch me to bury me!

Dey's a li'l ole bell dey'll toll, some day—
Don't ye hear dat doleful soun'?—
W'en dey tries to bury me deep, dat day,
Wid de mou'ners mou'nin' 'roun'.
But dey can't bury me in de groun,' my Lord,
Dey can't bury me,
For de heab'm bells'll ring, an' de angels'll sing,
An' dey can't cotch me to bury me!

Dey's some ole black clo'es dey'll wear dat day,
Some ole black clo'es dey foun',
An' dey'll wail an' weep, an' de watch dey'll keep,
Wid de mou'ners mou'nin 'roun'.
But dey can't bury me in de groun,' my Lord,
Dey can't bury me.
Got de golden shoes an' de big white wings,
An' dey can't cotch me to bury me!

THE BURDEN

"O God," I cried, "why may I not forget?
These halt and hurt in life's hard battle
Throng me yet.
Am I their keeper? Only I? To bear
This constant burden of their grief and care?
Why must I suffer for the others' sin?
Would God my eyes had never opened been!"

And the Thorn-Crowned and Patient One
Replied, *"They thronged me too. I too have seen."*

"But, Lord, thy other children go at will,"
I said, protesting still,
"They go, unheeding. But these sick and sad,
These blind and orphan, yea, and those that sin
Drag at my heart. For them I serve and groan.
Why is it? Let me rest, Lord. I *have* tried"—

He turned and looked at me:
"But I have died!"

"But, Lord, this ceaseless travail of my soul!
This stress! This often fruitless toil
These souls to win!
They are not mine. I brought not forth this host
Of needy creatures, struggling, tempest-tossed—
They are not *mine."*

He looked at them—the look of One divine;
He turned and looked at me. *"But they are mine!"*

"O God!" I said, "I understand at last.
Forgive! And henceforth I will bond-slave be
To thy least, weakest, vilest ones;
I would not more be free."

He smiled and said,
"It is to me."

HE WAS NOT WILLING

He was not willing that any should perish;
Jesus, enthroned in the glory above,
Looked on us tenderly, pitied our sorrows,
Poured out his life for us—wonderful love.
Perishing, perishing! Thronging our pathway
Hearts break with burdens too heavy to bear;
Jesus would save but there's no one to tell them,
No one to lift them from sin and despair.

He was not willing that any should perish;
Clothed in our flesh with its sorrow and pain,
Came he to seek the lost, comfort the mourner,
Heal the heart broken by sorrow and shame.
Perishing, perishing! Harvest is passing,
Reapers are few and the night draweth near;
Jesus is calling thee, haste to the reaping,
Thou shalt have souls, precious souls for thy hire.

Plenty for pleasure, but little for Jesus;
Time for the world with its troubles and toys,
No time for Jesus' work, feeding the hungry,
Lifting lost souls to eternity's joys.
Perishing, perishing! Hark, how they call us,
Bring us your Savior, oh, tell us of him!
We are so weary, so heavily laden,
And with long weeping, our eyes have grown dim.

He was not willing that any should perish;
Am I his follower, and can I live
Longer at ease with a soul going downward,
Lost for the lack of the help I might give?
Perishing, perishing! Thou wast not willing.
Master, forgive, and inspire us anew;
Banish our worldliness, help us to ever
Live with eternity's values in view.

CHAPTER XVI

Mrs. Meyer—Her Prayer Life

Those who have seen the historical mission play of the San Gabriel Mission in California will remember the thrilling scene on the sea-shore where the saintly Padre Junipero—surrounded by the imperious soldiery, the famishing colonists and the curious and wondering savages—falls upon his knees and entreats of God relief for his starving people. And as he prays—as if drawn by the very power of that petition—far across the blue water, a white-sailed ship appears in sight, then another, and another! They are the long-expected relief ships, and the colony is saved! Few in the vast audience view this scene and listen to that impassioned prayer with dry eyes. Two deaconesses sat through this play together, and as the curtain fell one said to the other—tears still wetting her face—"Oh, doesn't that Padre make you think of Mrs. Meyer? That's the way she talks. That's the way she carries her head. And that's the way she prays!"

Few who heard Mrs. Meyer pray failed to wonder at the wealth of faith and love that gave wings to those prayers. The great institutions founded through her efforts stand as visible embodiments in brick and stone of her belief in the efficacy of prayer. For, while both Mr. and Mrs. Meyer insisted that theirs was not a "faith work," in the accepted sense, both were great pray-ers, and both found in prayer, not only strength for weakness and comfort in sor-

row, but a storehouse of riches according to their need.

"There are many people who can pray," says one of her associates, "but only a few souls that can talk with God as Mrs. Meyer did. When she prayed we felt that we were in the very presence of the Heavenly Father."

She seemed never to be far away from the mood of prayer. Wherever she was, whatever her occupation, however light or merry her mood, it was but a step into the audience chamber of the Infinite.

Miss Arnold, one of her beloved group of teachers, said:

"Sometimes Mrs. Meyer appeared all intellect. She used her mind as a surgeon uses his knife, cutting with keen, incisive strokes the outer shell of sophistry, dividing fact from fallacy and bringing out the meaty kernel of truth; she seemed then greatest of all, in the strength of her mental powers.

"But how human she was, too! How her heart went out to her friends at a social gathering! How winsome her affectionate care for the comfort and pleasure of her associates! How willing to entertain with song or story, how quick to see the needs of a bashful visitor and to speak the kindly reassuring word! At such times we were sure that Mrs. Meyer's greatness lay in the depth of her affection—in her self-forgetfulness. 'She is greatest of all in her great-heartedness—her love for folks,' we said.

"But when we heard her pray! Can you not still hear her voice, as turning the pages of her well-worn Bible, she read for instance the 119th Psalm, lingering over choice phrases, emphasizing significant words, bringing out new meaning in her own

rare way; and then reverently, often passionately, always effectively, pouring out her soul in prayer? At such times she seemed alone with God, forgetful of all but him. We seemed listeners at a face to face interview with Jehovah.

"Her prayers were not ecstasies indulged in for the sake of selfish joy. They were largely intercessory. She thought of others—the waif on the street, the ignorant, the homeless, the desolate, the weak, the wicked, the whole lost and suffering world. And here lay the spiritual force of her life. Her love for others led to high and noble aims. And for these others she asked and received power to achieve.

"Often have we noted a sudden aloofness in her mood, even in the midst of congenial friends and the chatter of the social circle. There would be a swift momentary withdrawal, a veiled, far away look on her face, which one seeing could never forget. She saw something in those moments of vision which she could not utter, but which she could, and did, live."

The extracts which follow are from prayers offered by Mrs. Meyer in the Chapel exercises at the close of her Bible lesson, or at some special service. They were unstudied and unwritten, taken in shorthand by a student stenographer.

We thank Thee, our Heavenly Father, that we may surely depend upon thy care of us, thy love for us, thy longing towards us. Our souls long for thee, like the thirsty traveller in a dry and weary land. But we know that we have but to speak thy name, and thou art with us. Thou art in our midst, though unnoticed. Whenever our thought is directed toward thee, thou art with us. So we come, speaking thy name.

We thank thee, our Father, for thy goodness and mercy that have followed us all the days of our life. We thank thee for physical comfort; for shelter from the rain and cold; for food; for all the little things that make life beautiful. We thank thee for the experiences of the soul; for the friends that have helped us in our spiritual life. We thank thee for books. We thank thee for this wonderful portion of thy Book, which we have read this morning. How wonderful it is!

O God quicken more and more our desires after thee. Quicken our realization of God as our Father. Thou art our God, and when we seek thee early and late we shall surely find thee. Thou art a God whom we can find in the night. Our souls have indeed been satisfied when we have remembered thee on our beds, and meditated on thee in the night watches. May our hearts turn to thee, day time and night time, and be filled with praise.

Bless us as we study thy Word! May the good spirit of God give right interpretations to the teachers, and keep us from error. Make the days we spend here full of blessing and of profit. We pray, as we always do, that we may grow spiritually. Bring us closer to thee every day. Remember our friends. We pray constantly for them. Lord, we must pray for them! We pray for the world, too. Oh, remember the nations that are at war. It is all too much for us. We lay it into thy hands. O thou God of Nations! May we live to see the time when the Prince of Peace shall come to his throne!

Bless our own dear students in foreign lands—those who are standing in difficult places. Bless all the young womanhood of our land, and the youth of the world. Help them to see the possibilities of life. We pray again thy blessings upon this day's duties, in Jesus' name.

(Lesson, Romans VIII.) O Lord, we thank thee for the assurance in thy Word, and in the teaching of thy Holy Spirit, that we may be set at liberty from ourselves, to sympathize with the woes of others. We thank thee for this message of victory that we have read this morning. We know that sin abounds! We see the results of it, and the destruction that comes because of it. But, Oh, we thank thee that grace also abounds! That Jesus Christ is an all-powerful deliverer from the guilt of sin! O Lord, help us! Our thoughts are largely taken up with anxieties about others. But help us once in awhile, to think of the joy of victory in Christ Jesus, and his love for us personally. Help us to the realization of liberty in our own souls.

We thank thee that there is no condemnation for those who are in Christ Jesus—that the law of the spirit has set us free from the law of sin. We rejoice in this victory. But we look about to see what we can do, and how we can help thee to carry on thy work, O Master.

We ask thee to help us in our studies, this morning. Bless the teachers. May the word spoken be according to thy will; and if any word is not, oh, may it be so understood, by the influence of thy spirit, that we may still be led in the way of truth.

We pray for our friends, as we always do. Let thy blessing rest upon our dear ones, wherever they are, and whatever of trial or of joy they may be passing through today. May they have such communion with thee that they may know thee as a God of love.

Lord, grant us, we pray thee, communion witn thyself! Nothing else does satisfy us. But thou, O Christ, art even more than we have the right to ask. Thou art riches and glory and joy unspeakable. So we pray, and we trust for ourselves, that we may come into more intimate communion with thee, this day. Open our eyes to thee more and

more. Give us the spirit of love and gratitude toward thee, and toward each other, and toward all the world, until our hearts shall be melted down in loving desire.

Bless the world! We pray for all those people hidden away in hovels or in palaces who do not know God. We pray especially for those who do not pray for themselves, and for whom no one prays. We thank thee that thy love reaches every hidden child. O God, bless the people. They are thy people—we know it. But we love them, too, and we want to help thee to win them. Oh, give us this privilege, and bless us according to our need, this day.

O Lord, we thank thee that, having life given to us, we believe in our deepest hearts that we shall live forever. We thank thee for this witness in our hearts that—coming in contact with Jesus Christ—we receive the gift of eternal life. We do thank thee! Our hearts are full of gratitude! We look forward with joy to an experience when there will be no hurrying for lack of time. We want time to know all those whom we have met here—all those whom we want to meet. Time enough for love of friends, and for the seeking of truth, in that eternal life that is to come to us. We thank thee that it is beginning even now. We recognize it in these wonderful thoughts that come to us day by day.

We will take time for thee, O Lord! Speak thou to us!

CHAPTER XVII

Mrs. Meyer—The Woman

I

Someone has written entertainingly about the "Tom side of Macaulay." We want to know our heroes at home and in everyday life. It is there we may compare them with ourselves, and learn by what native or acquired qualities they achieved greatness.

With her innumerable public cares, Mrs. Meyer was still, in full measure, a woman—daughter, sister, wife, mother, friend. In these fundamental relationships we may indeed seek for the mainspring of her greatness. For after all it was not the keen intellect, the scholarship, the touch of genius so much as the great heart, giving warmth and life to every other faculty, that reached the heart of the world with compelling power.

In personal appearance Mrs. Meyer was prepossessing. Not tall, but with a spirited poise that gave an impression of height. She carried herself purposefully, yet without self-consciousness. Those who coveted for her the Parisian perfection of the "well-groomed woman"—knowing how well she would become it—sometimes wished that she would give more attention to the arts of dress. On the few occasions when she did indulge in costlier fabrics she was easily described as "queenly." Her complexion was usually pale, her hair—extraordinarily fine and silken in texture—was a warm light brown, and even at the time of her death showed scarcely

a touch of gray. Her eyes were blue-gray and singularly clear and steady in expression. She had a broad, serene forehead, a distinguished nose, and a determined chin. Her eyelids, drooping at the outer angle, gave a touch of piquancy to her expression, especially when she smiled half-unwillingly at some untimely joke intruding itself into a serious situation. It was as if a laugh barely peeped out and then scurried away and hid itself.

Was she beautiful? Few ever thought to ask. She was Mrs. Meyer.

Filial love was naturally the first great passion of Lucy Rider's life. After her father's death she felt an increased sense of responsibility for her mother's welfare, as also for that of her two younger brothers. Eben, the older of these, was soon fending for himself. Ellsworth, the youngest of the family, after his school days were over, found work in Chicago, and with the exception of the few years of his married life made his home with his sister. Soon after beginning her career in Illinois Lucy Rider must also have brought her mother west to share her varied fortunes.

The tenderest relations existed between mother and daughter—a congeniality of soul. Years after the mother's death, when Mrs. Meyer was in the full maturity of her powers, she said suddenly to a friend: "I prayed for my mother last night. Was that wrong? I am *so hungry* for her. God has his ministering spirits. Why may he not use those who knew and loved us to be his messengers of help?"

At another time she said: "I am thinking much of my dear mother. I can see, as never before, that the great force that came from her life and affected us

children, was not so much what she *did*—though she was always doing—but her never-failing, boundless love for us. I begin to see that without loving folks we cannot help them at all."

The career of her talented, but unfortunate brother formed a troubled chapter in her life. She entered into his struggles with temptation with intense sympathy, suffering agonies of humiliation over his defections. Whenever his better self triumphed her own spirit rose as if on wings. His brotherly kindnesses she treasured with pathetic care. "I wish mother could know how splendid Ellsworth is these days," she writes in her diary, and records it as her solemn conviction that in his place, and with his peculiar temptations, she herself "would have done no better, and possibly much worse."

It may be perceived that in the marriage of Lucy Rider and J. Shelley Meyer there were problems involved, other than those at first apparent. But if at any time Mr. Meyer felt that the family burdens he had assumed were heavy, there is no record to that effect; while there is much to show that Mrs. Meyer found in her husband's sturdy common sense, dauntless courage and unfailing good humor a rock-like shelter in many a time of storm.

II

Mr. and Mrs.! How many dreams—how many tragedies—are hidden in the simple titles! How many of life's happy fulfillments! How many possibilities of disaster, bringing their train of broken hearts and ruined homes. As the individual guards

his inner life from intrusion, so each home center preserves its sanctities; and whether angels or demons hold sway, no stranger may enter; no friend, even may intrude unasked.

But as the world judges the inner life of man or woman by the "fruits of the spirit" so it observes by its outward signs, which is the happy and which the unhappy marriage. Especially was their world interested in the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Meyer. Not alone for reasons related to the work, which have already been considered; but also because it was vitally concerned in the gift of themselves to that work. They had scarcely begun to enjoy the privacy of a real home when their lives were merged in that of the School, their home itself became institutionalized and their personal and private affairs more or less public property. It is of more than private interest, then, to observe that this union was apparently a successful one. Remarkably so because of the breakers that might so easily have wrecked their matrimonial craft.

It has been said that a man and his wife should not be members of the same profession. Too many opportunities arise for personal competition. In this case both were engaged in the selfsame enterprise. Differences of opinion must inevitably arise. Mr. Meyer himself cheerfully admits that in temperament he and his wife were about as different as two really well-meaning people could possibly be. Moreover, both were of mature age, and both accustomed to leadership. Among their friends there was a certain amount of good-natured speculation as to which would prove captain of the matrimonial craft.

In education Mrs. Meyer no doubt held an advantage over her unassuming husband. She was an effective writer and a brilliant public speaker. Mr. Meyer made no pretensions to either of these gifts. Mrs. Meyer was much before the public. Mr. Meyer's most effective work was done in the office, in personal contacts with business men and in the marts of trade. With keen discrimination he looked after business details, not only of the school but of a score of related institutions, as they were being started. His contribution to the cause was not less than Mrs. Meyer's, but it was less obvious, and it became the fashion to speak of him, more or less slyly as "Mrs. Meyer's husband."

One thing the friendly gossipers should have taken into account—that Mrs. Meyer was not a woman to have been attracted by a weak or a commonplace character. His real bigness was indicated by his way of treating the stale joke. A small man would have blustered and fumed. Mr. Meyer only laughed. He was not concerned about making public demonstration of his worth. Moreover, devoted husband that he was, his pride in her work was happy and genuine. It was often remarked, during those early years that he appeared to rejoice in her success even more than his own.

Another element must not be forgotten regarding the question of their personal adjustments; the fact that both were possessed of genuine religious convictions. Mrs. Meyer had the more sensitive conscience; Mr. Meyer more regard for practical expediency. But in any real differences that might arise there existed for both a court of final appeal.

In the ordinary affairs of life it was evident that

Mrs. Meyer adapted herself to the Pauline ideals of wifehood. She honored her husband, with a real appreciation of his sterling qualities. If differences occurred they were settled with dignity and sweet reasonableness behind closed doors. Under the merciless scrutiny of hundreds of pairs of young eyes the current of their domestic life flowed on with perfect serenity and mutual respect.

It is told of Gladstone of England that both he and his wife were gifted with imperious wills, and that their friends frequently wondered how they adjusted their differences of opinion without either party being subjected to the humiliation of giving up. A friend once ventured to ask the statesman how they managed to preserve so unruffled their domestic affairs.

"That is easily explained," answered Gladstone. "When I insist, my wife always gives up; and when she insists, I give up."

"But," persisted the friend, "what happens when you both insist about the same thing?"

"Ah," answered Gladstone blandly, "we never do that."

So with Mr. and Mrs. Meyer. The "irresistible force" seemed never to quite collide with the "immovable body." A condition might conceivably arise in which their deepest convictions would differ, in ways which would affect their mutual interests. Whatever other results might obtain, such a situation could only bring the direst distress of mind to both. But years passed and no such situation arose. Matters pertaining to the immediate conduct of the School were directed by Mrs. Meyer; while in business affairs, Mr. Meyer's superiority

of judgment was recognized and his decisions were considered final.

After all, in great minds differences of opinion and method may exist without producing friction. Only little minds become hot and angry with the first expression of an opposing viewpoint. It is certain that on occasion Mrs. Meyer could press even a business proposition with spirit and vigor; and equally certain that Mr. Meyer could, and did, for good and sufficient reasons, change his mind.

And, aside from all temperamental differences and the necessity of daily small adjustments, they had much in common—these two—that formed a real bond of companionship between them, even aside from that deeper affection which is no business of ours and which we may take for granted. The child heart—that spring of perpetual youth—lived in each. Their sense of humor was mutual; their independence of the artificialities and luxuries of life, and their love for the real things—the simple and homely verities—were a part of each.

They enjoyed the contacts with wealth to which their worth and their accomplishments entitled them. Feted and feasted as they were on great occasions, and entertained in homes of luxury, they accepted their honors smilingly, wore their simple garb in the company of hostesses clothed with satins and jewels with self-respecting and unconscious grace, and turned from splendor to the simple life they had chosen for themselves without envy or bitterness. Bringing splendid gifts to the work of the church, the united fortunes of both probably never reached the sum of five thousand dollars. "I have

only a small room," wrote Mrs. Meyer on one occasion, "but it has great windows in it."

III

It is a question much discussed in the present age whether a public career for woman is compatible with true motherhood. Perhaps the picture of Mrs. Meyer as a modern madonna is the one most difficult to conceive by those who knew her only in public life. She gave herself so wholeheartedly to the duty of the hour, whatever that might be, that it appeared the only thing she had at stake. But those of her inner circle knew that life for her held no deeper experience than that of motherhood. To pore over the fascinating book of her "Baby's Kingdom" is to know that the mother heart held no deeper passion, no higher joy, than to watch over the unfoldings of that young life. The dawn of growing intelligence, the queer questions, the little rogueries, the bed-time prayers, the first days in Sunday School and kindergarten, the birthday party marking the change from babyhood to boyhood, are all tenderly recorded in her own hand. Grandmother, uncles, aunts, and father all play their part in the charming drama, but always one sees the mother watching, loving, yearning over this miracle of young life entrusted to her care. Mistakes were made, no doubt—the world is still experimenting in its theories of child training—but there was no lack of devotion to her task.

With all their burdens and cares, these years may be reckoned among the happiest of Mrs. Meyer's mature life. The School she loved was growing beyond all her early dreams. Deaconess work, like a



Shelley Rider Meyer at the Age of Five

young and vigorous tree, was pushing out new shoots here and there. And her beautiful boy was giving promise of growing into the ideals she held for his future.

For him she composed little songs and stories and games. A faded manuscript has a memorandum scribbled on its margin to the effect that it was a tale of true adventure of which Shelley himself was the hero, which occurred in "War Whoop Lodge," when Shelley was seven years old. Her much neglected journal catches some of the overflowing drops of her exultant happiness. Shelley is the "brightest, dearest little chap in the whole world—the one, unmitigated joy of my life!" "God has blessed him with his father's sunny temperament. I only wish I were a better mother—a better wife." "How can I ever be unhappy when they are both so true and good!"

The boy grows into his early school days, and she is still his pal. She plays tennis with him, and wishes she might even play football. In the summer of 1902—Shelly was then fifteen—they have a special treat—an unexpected trip together to Colorado. While there they have an adventure in mountain climbing, in which she is worsted by his young strength.

Three momentous events of this period are recorded in the tattered diary. They occur within a week of each other. Mrs. Meyer discovers her first gray hair; Mr. Meyer is fitted with his first pair of spectacles; and Shelley announces it as his conclusion that he is too old to "say his prayers."

The tide of the mother's full content is a little interrupted by the necessary absence of the boy in

college. He begins his collegiate work in Mt. Vernon, Iowa, but after various adventures in both home and foreign lands, he takes his last year in the University of Chicago, graduating in 1912. "Life may hold for me some deeper satisfactions," the mother records, "but I doubt it."

IV

Family life must have been a rather complex affair through all these years. When the Training School moved into its new building at Fiftieth and Indiana Avenue, Mr. and Mrs. Meyer with Mrs. Rider, Shelley and Ellsworth occupied rooms in the building—amply large at first—and the family table was spread in the big dining room with those of the students and other teachers. Students of that day recall a little ceremony that took place each morning. Ellsworth was obliged to leave the table early to catch a street car for the ride to his day's work. The white-haired mother would rise also, walk with her tall son across the room into the hall and beyond the reach of curious eyes where she bade him good-bye and returned with dignity to her place at the table. After the mother's death Mrs. Meyer took it upon herself to keep up the affectionate little ceremony.

Though she mourned her mother's death long and deeply, Mrs. Meyer was concerned that the event should not cast a shadow of gloom over the School. Everything must go on as usual—music, recreational features, and lessons. The commemorative service was tender, but not sad. The daughter would not have it so. Yet in private she wept over the half-worn slippers and shawl, and was not

weaned from her sense of loss, even by the passing of years.

But no private grief could take from her the joy and enthusiasm of work. One busy day may serve as a type of many. The monthly issue of the *Deaconess Advocate* has made its first appearance in the office and is the center of anxious interest until the school bell rings. Mrs. Meyer leads the chapel service and takes the first lesson hour. "I had a grand, good time in Romans today," she records. "That sixth chapter! It's worth living for!"

Troublesome questions of School policy must be settled in a committee meeting. Mrs. Meyer comes to this from a harrowing interview with a young woman who has proved herself "hopelessly out of harmony with the ideals of the School," and must be dismissed as gently and tactfully as may be. Meanwhile, Shelley has an appointment with his mother, and is waiting for her with youthful impatience around the corner. At five o'clock she is suddenly reminded that she is due at the home of an Evanston professor for dinner at six, and an address to the students in the evening. No time for evening dress! She makes a dash for a train, is lucky enough to catch an express, and is only a few minutes late for dinner. As for the address, she has a "good time" and hopes the audience enjoyed it as well as she did. But she admits, reaching her room at twelve, that she "feels like a tin toy that has been wound up and can't stop."

V

As years come and go the family circle opens to admit others. In 1898 a woman in Chicago bequeathed her small fortune to the Training School, subject to an annuity for her foster daughter. The daughter, Miss Maria Daly, left quite alone, was invited to try the experiment of residence in the School. She came and with wonderful adaptability soon made a place for herself. With genuine kindliness of heart, and a genius for cookery, she became popular with the students for certain delectable little "spreads"; while her talent for domesticity seemed the one thing lacking in the Meyer menage. In a few years she had taken the entire family into her capacious heart and under her housewifely care. Especially was she an indispensable adjunct to the family outings, and in Mrs. Meyer's later sojourns in California she was with her much of the time as loyal friend and companion.

Another bequest to the institution somewhat later brought another member into the oddly assorted family. Two elderly women, spinsters, were living in Rensselaer, Indiana, heirs to a large property in Indiana farm lands. As early as 1901 the elder sister had become interested in the Training School and deaconess work through the *Deaconess Advocate* and other literature, and opened correspondence with Mrs. Meyer. This resulted in several visits and a growing interest in the work. When her sister died, leaving Cordelia Monnett alone in the world, she made over her entire fortune to the School, and took up her residence in the building, where she remained until her death, in March, 1910.

This arrangement also proved a happy one. "He setteth the solitary in families," and this solitary woman found the atmosphere of the place a congenial one. Her state of health did not permit her to enter much into the School life, but from her high, front window she watched day by day the erection of two fine buildings which still stand as a memorial to her and her honored mother. Miss Monnett's life had been a peculiarly secluded one and she was eager to see and know something of the wide world and its doings. Mrs. Meyer gave her much personal attention, had her as her guest at the Baltimore General Conference, and saw that she had such other contacts with outside affairs as she was able to enjoy. Perhaps these last years were among the happiest of Miss Monnett's life. One of Mrs. Meyer's most beautiful and inspired eulogies was spoken over her flower-laden casket at the time of her death.

But a more significant arrival than either of these occurred one October afternoon in 1906 when an unassuming young person presented herself in answer to Mrs. Meyer's appeals through the church press for a secretary. Belle L. James had been in correspondence with the School for some time. Sadly set free from home duties following the death of a beloved mother she had come to see what life might hold for her in a wider field. Mrs. Meyer must have had a premonition what this event was to mean for her. Her only entry in her diary on that day was: "October 2, Miss James came. Thank the Good Lord!"

Quietly and unobtrusively the new secretary took up her duties, with utter devotion to her task. Ac-

quaintance with her chief ripened into an affection that proved lasting and stronger than death. She not only performed faithfully the duties of her position, but added to them a thousand and one of those "little kindnesses" that mean even more in the conduct of life. Mrs. Meyer felt the relief and the strengthening of the quiet yet sunshiny presence. She gave in return the only payment that such unbought service can command—her whole heart's love and confidence.

"It is a serious thing to make one's self as indispensable as you are," she writes to Miss James from her summer camp; "I've been so lonely for you; I'm counting the days. In just one week—no: in just six days, twelve hours, and seventeen minutes, you will be with me."

A crisis came when Miss James was offered a tempting and more remunerative position, and, after due deliberation, declined it. Mrs. Meyer's reaction to this proof of love and loyalty gives a deep look into a heart that needs no concealments.

"It's such a comfort to have you home! O, my dear! It is the Lord's doings—your not accepting that beautiful offer. Surely, he means you to stay with me. I should be crippled in my work and forlorn in my heart if you were to leave me.

"I would not write this if you were still considering the proposition for I want you to be free. But I understand that you have already answered, 'No!' Dear girl, I want you to know now, once for all, that there is one person in the world who simply cannot do without you. Unless God clearly takes you away—and now I don't think that he will deal me that heavy blow.

"In some ways I am a sad and broken woman—in my inner life, I mean—and I fear I shall always be. I carry some keen anxieties that I can't talk of, even to you. I am growing old. Surely, the dear Lord sent you to me for my old age. If at times I seem contrary and unreasonable, please try to be patient with me. Remember I am often sick —often sad—and bear with me as you would with your own mother."

It is a rare soul that will give another a devotion unbought, unfaltering, self-effacing. It must be a still rarer soul that can command such devotion by being worthy of it, through long years of intimacy. "No man is a hero to his valet." The private secretary becomes the repository of another's innermost thoughts and deepest motives. When she can follow her principal through all the moods and tenses of a tumultuous career, meeting her in her most unguarded moments, and not become disillusioned or disappointed up to the very hour of death, the fact speaks eloquently for both.

It may very well be that there existed in Mrs. Meyer's poet soul a holy of holies into which none had ever entered—of whose very existence she herself might have been scarcely conscious until this woman came into her life. The finer and more complex the nature, the more certain it is that there will be sanctuaries that open only to the rare touch of perfect understanding. Lacking this, the door remains forever closed and barred.

Miss James' tact and sympathy, her singleness of soul, and her years of devoted service gave her entrance into these sanctuaries into which one must

follow, if at all, with bowed head and unsandalled feet.

From very near to the heart comes this next letter, marked "Confidential." Still, there is nothing in this unveiling of her innermost feelings that is not beautiful and tender and infinitely pathetic. Through it one gets a glimpse of what it had cost and was costing Mrs. Meyer to give her life to the cause she had made her own—a woman's natural longing for retirement, for a home, for a bit of garden, with pansies and mignonette, with only her husband and son, and this woman who was all a daughter could be, to gather around the table—her table. This was the longing of her soul—this that almost any woman might claim as her right. To have spoken of it publicly would have seemed like magnifying the sacrifice she was making for her work.

Dear Husband, and dear Belle James:—I have had a severe attack of—not vertigo—I seem to be perfectly free from that, thank the Lord!—but of *homesickness*. It does seem foolish for me to stay here just killing time, when I am convinced that if I were as careful about rest, and diet and being out of doors, I should go on getting well there with you. These heavy days have ground into me the lesson that I must do these things, if I am ever to be trusted to come home.

I know you would not let me come back to live in the School yet, but it seems as if I could come home. What should prevent our having a little home of our own? Near enough to the School so that we could get there easily, yet far enough away to have an atmosphere of change and rest when the day's work is done. And until we are both better in

health, the day's work could be made shorter than it is.

It will be good for *me*, I am sure, to have a little of the atmosphere and the duties of a home. When recently we were together for a time, dear husband, I realized that it was good for you too. And we have our boy to think about. I am certain it will be well for him to have even such a poor home as I could make for him. Oh, I feel like begging that you will let me try the experiment!

Please consider this and let me know your mind. If you say "Yes" I will come home in a week. Once more—let me say that I don't want a maid—not regularly. I want to get up in the morning and get breakfast myself. Do let me have my way and see if it is not of God.

I am not forgetting that you may be needing a little season away from smoke and fog. They are dreadful here, and I don't know that you could stand it. But Asheville is not far away. If you think best for me to stay with you somewhere in the south for a few weeks I'll stay, but when we do go home I wish it might be to a little home of our own. We have not many years left, dear husband—dear daughter—and we should plan wisely for them.

After this it is not surprising to read in Mr. Meyer's memoranda that he decided that they "would have to move out of the School building." They found a suite of rooms a few blocks from the school, and later moved into a comfortable house farther away, at 6235 Kimbark Avenue, where they made their home as long as they retained the management of the School.

VI

Mrs. Meyer had all a sensitive woman's recoil from attack and criticism, and in pioneering a work so contrary to all established principles of business enterprise and success these were certain to be encountered. Often she was criticised, often misunderstood, often unjustly blamed. And, though she neither faltered nor failed in the carrying out of her purposes, because of this, the hurt was none the less keen. In an early editorial under the title "God's Anvil" she says:

Think of the furnace of misunderstandings! Who has not felt its fiery breath? To say things meant to be kind and cheering—to know that you have spoken from a loving and a true heart—and yet to see your words go, all twisted, to their destination! Is not this a fire? To know that more words would be worse than useless, and to hold still, while blame and criticisms beat around your head—Is not this an anvil? Yet if the Master can bring out in us "his own fair form" by such pain, welcome all that shall make us more like him! But thank God that in Heaven we shall know as we are known!

Devotion to whatever task she had in hand led her not only to drive her own worn body to exhausting effort, but sometimes to make exacting demands upon her assistants—demands which led to repentance, if not to reformation.

My heart is burdened trying to tell you how I appreciate your help getting me off to the train. I shall never look at those sleeves without a spasm of regret that I almost demanded that you do them for me. I'll try to be more thoughtful and not make such unreasonable demands again. Forgive me, dear, if you can, and love me still—through evil report and—alas! evil doings, also.

Tender-hearted to every living thing, she could be even cruel—for a cause. Something had started a discussion on vivisection one day in the office, in which Mrs. Meyer defended any measures taken in the interests of science and for the saving of human life.

"But I would not want my life saved at such a cost!" protested someone hotly. "I'd rather die than owe my life to the deliberate torture of a helpless creature!" "Miss —," said Mrs. Meyer quite calmly, "if you were ill and your life could be saved by the vivisection of a cat or a dog, I'd do it myself."

And yet, if no life were at stake, she might spend an hour caring for an emaciated, pin-feathery and altogether unpleasant chicken, bathing its blinking eyes with a healing lotion and putting it to bed in her best work basket.

Her roster of friends was a magnificent one. It included the greatest and best of the age in which she lived. Among those who had known her from girlhood and to whom she was always "Lucy" were Bishops Vincent and McCabe. Of Frances Willard, Mrs. Meyer says: "Her friendship was one of my most precious possessions. At the time of her death my own life bark was struggling with heavy seas. When I had come painfully back to life and was able to read my accumulated mail I found a letter from her, dated six months before, and beginning *'Dearest, best Friend.'* She had been gone then two months. I wondered if she could know—if she ever knew—why her last letter had remained unanswered."

Mrs. Meyer seemed absolutely incapable of personal animosities. She pushed her plans with vigor,

sometimes with relentlessness. She grieved over opposition and was painfully hurt by criticism. But for the opposers and criticisers themselves she entertained only a broad charity.

"My life seems destined to be always a storm center," she writes in her journal. "I am surprised my poor old heart doesn't get over aching from the hard knocks. Blow after blow falls! If only they will drive me nearer God!"

"I plod blindly and doggedly on, doing my heavy day's work. That's the way to hoe corn. Keep steadily at it and don't stop to look around much."

"Blessed be busy-ness. It is saving my life!"

"This is best—to do an honest day's work and trudge home at sunset, tired but content."

Her panaceas for trouble were prayer and hard work, and she spent little time pitying herself.

CHAPTER XVIII

Vacation Days

I

THERE ARE those who, building more stately mansions for their souls, seem like the nautilus, to seal up each apartment of their "low vaulted past" as they move on. Others by some rare quality retain a mystic commerce with bygone days. The joys of childhood and the eager spirit of youth go with them through the years. We say of such, they "never grow old."

Mrs. Meyer carried through her life the ardor of youth, in her spirit of adventure, her love for nature and her appreciation of the simple and primitive things of life. Weary with toil and sore with conflict and the strife of tongues, her spirit turned longingly to the open spaces and the rugged simplicity of her childhood home. Journeying by train from city to city she says: "We are passing through a beautiful country. I have hardly seen a place at which I could not say, 'I should love a little farm right here!' Well, I simply have got to have one in heaven!" In Arizona she reads about alfalfa and wonders if it would not suit a certain bit of sandy soil in upper Michigan. Hurrying through central New York, intent on conferences and conventions, she finds on her railroad map the location of this bit of barren land, puts her finger on the spot and "dreams and dreams." "All my love to you, dear home people," she writes. "That *is* home to me, and I love it. But, oh! I love our little Michigan farm,

too. Mr. Meyer, you cannot know how I *hunger* for that kind of life, how I *love* to work in the ground. I must—I *will*—go over in early April to stay a day or two, and see that our garden is started."

Crossing the Rockies in Montana she exclaims: "I wish I had time and a hundred dollars! I'd like to get right off here in the snow, and walk all the way to Spokane! It seems as if it would finish making me well."

At the outset of their married life Mr. and Mrs. Meyer seem to have made little reckoning on holidays. Their first summers were spent in almost feverish activity, writing, speaking, planning for the furtherance of their work. But after Mrs. Meyer's first serious illness it became apparent that a quiet retreat of some sort would be necessary to her continued efficiency. For a summer or two they pitched their tent in various places in Michigan. Mr. Meyer's attitude toward tent life is recorded in unmistakable terms.

Mrs. Meyer and I were the most pronounced opposites in taste and temperament who ever lived happily together. Tent life was uncomfortable for me. I hated dreadfully getting up on a cold, damp morning and rummaging around to find a garter snake or two in possession of my shoes. This moved me to emphatic protest, but it only amused Mrs. Meyer.

Mrs. Meyer's own reaction to tent life as manifest in her letters forms an interesting contrast.

The new tent has come, a fine big one. We are luxurious now. All our meals are pleasant, under the open sky. It has only rained once; that was in the night. The old tent leaked like a sieve. We

put up our umbrellas and laughed, and didn't mind. Fortunately, I had sent Shelley and Todd to the "little hotel" a mile away for that night. After breakfast I go berrying. Some days I get five or six quarts, and we eat them all. The men take long hikes, or row, or just loaf around.

This morning Miss Daly had to run out about five o'clock to drive away a cow that was eating our potatoes. I didn't mind the potatoes. They are only the size of my thumb. I'm sure I cleaned a hundred last night for supper.

I enjoy the berrying and the fishing. I am eating more and am feeling better than when I came. I enjoy sleeping practically out-of-doors. I'm forgetting business and School. I don't write; and I have even forgotten my music book.

We have just finished supper. The girls are going out to fish. Mr. Meyer is occupied killing a snake that they scared up. I *want* to go out and hoe in the garden, but I *ought* to stay in and write. I shall stay in and write.

Mr. Meyer and I took a long walk this morning, toward church, but we loitered by a brook, and gathered a lot of watercress, a few wild strawberries, and a number of deer-fly bites.

We were sorry to break camp but because of the rains I suppose it was wise. I doubt if we ever go camping in the rough again—simply because my men will not enjoy it. However, I am glad for this experience, and mourn only for those fish that would not be caught.

II

A few experiences in tenting convinced both that a permanent place for a summer home would be desirable. Mr. Meyer purchased a cottage in Wheaton, Illinois, with a garden attached; and in

connection therewith Mrs. Meyer relates that a friend has promised her a "white cockerel and two dozen thoroughbred hens;" and later, that she "planted a few peas, bought an incubator and indulged in day dreams about chickens."

For weeks their daily mail was laden with a prodigious assortment of books and pamphlets on incubators, brooders and chicken houses. Mrs. Meyer challenged the household to guess what her probable income would be during the summer for eggs, and counted her unhatched chickens at a rate that would not only support the family but provide a respectable endowment for the School. But before she had gone on to provide for the Deaconess and Children's Homes, the Wheaton cottage disappears from the narrative. Its only epitaph is an entry of four words in her October diary.

"Chickens! Day dreams! Alas!"

Mr. Meyer then suggested that his wife should go up into Michigan and select a place herself for their summer home. After consultations with real estate dealers and much correspondence she announced her decision. Going to Muskegon from Chicago by boat and taking a train twelve miles into the country, one arrives at the little village of Twin Lakes. Any available conveyance three miles farther into the country would bring him to a tract of forty acres, partly wooded, and fronting on a lake, which could be purchased for the small sum they had to invest. That it was wholly unimproved, without buildings, and under suspicion as to fertility, weighed nothing in Mrs. Meyer's estimation compared with the ownership of forty solid acres

of God's good earth and freedom from the city's turmoil.

Mr. Meyer was dismayed, but he stood by his agreement. The place was purchased and Mrs. Meyer was elated over the ownership of a real farm on which to try her experiments and lavish her affectionate care.

These two people had at least one characteristic in common—a sense of humor—and this saved the day in many a difficult situation. Moreover, Mr. Meyer's chief care, as he himself states, was the conservation of his wife's health and strength. But he writes with some distaste of living again in a tent until a little, unplastered house could be erected. This stood on a bluff forty feet above the lake on which they depended for their water supply. They sent by a neighbor to the town for groceries. Roads were rough, wagons occasionally upset and bread and meat had to be gathered up from among the bushes. The first summer chanced to be a wet one, and the newly set grape vines and strawberries flourished. But the second summer "Michigan asserted itself in the usual dry spell." Grape vines died and other crops suffered, the sandy soil allowing the moisture to seep into the lake.

Sunday three miles from church was another problem. Mrs. Meyer thought the distance could be walked. Mr. Meyer's solution was to borrow a horse and buggy of a neighbor. "The horse," he says, "was an interesting little animal, mostly intent on his own meditations. A stump had been left half uncovered in the middle of the road, and the horse stumbled and fell. We landed, first on the dashboard, then on the horse, rolling off on opposite

sides. As the horse showed no intention of getting up immediately, we sat up, looked at each other and laughed. When the horse recovered himself and found that he, too, was uninjured—to his evident disappointment—we stowed the broken dashboard under the seat and continued our journey. We were late to church but not much."

As for Mrs. Meyer, through evil report and good report, through drouth and failure, her loyalty to "Tamarack Farm" never faltered. From first to last she loved it. "I do wish it were nearer Chicago," she admits, "because Mr. Meyer wishes it. But he is kind and patient about that and everything else."

Letters from Tamarack Farm

You ought to see the interest Mr. Meyer is taking in "garden stuff." We have set out seven hundred strawberry plants and two hundred grape vines. It's a shame they were not in a month ago.

Our big new porch is fine. Mr. Meyer has worked out-of-doors a great deal and is much rested. As for me—you ought to see my hands!

It's as nice as ever here, but the weeds—how they have grown! The very birds of the air are in league against me. A flock of sparrows has just flown down to devour my cucumbers and tomatoes. And potato bugs! I've rained green death upon them until they seem really discouraged. The flowers are all right. We have asters, sweet alyssum and mignonette.

I am so glad of that money just now. But I don't need a new suit. I wonder if I might not use it on the farm.

I get nice letters from Mr. Meyer every day. He is in New York today, and may go to see his sister before he comes home.



In Her Garden
Tamarack Farm, Twin Lakes, Michigan

I'll tell you a dead secret. I am having another acre cleared west of the "cherry corner." I shall get poles out of it for my grape vines. I shall have the ground plowed right off, and next spring set it to cherries, if I have money enough. Isn't it great to have a scheme like that on hand! If Mr. Meyer should not come over again this summer—of course I hope he will, but if he doesn't—won't he be surprised in the spring!

Such a lark! I am part gypsy anyhow, and you must make allowance. I found the conference not very interesting, and I ran away, so as to spend one or two days here at the farm. I have a girl with me. She helps with the bit of housework, and is company for me anyway.

I am having the *best time!* Don't you think perhaps I had better stay a week? But unless you urge me to stay, I'll go on to Ludington and get to Chicago Friday.

Mr. D. and Bert came to see me yesterday with the request that I officiate at the funeral of Bert's grandmother at ten this morning. I consented—how could I refuse?—and have just returned. I prayed, preached—everything. I took as a text, "Behold, I make all things new!" I think they liked my effort—they said they did. Best of all, one of the daughters-in-law came and told me that she was converted while I was talking. It makes one want to spend all one's life preaching funeral sermons.

Eventually Mrs. Meyer herself was convinced of the impracticability of a resort so difficult of access, and she regretfully consented to its sale. Mr. Meyer next bought a small cottage with the necessary porch and garden on the outskirts of the little village of Hartford, a few miles back from Lake Michigan, in Van Buren County. This afforded a retreat for

several summers. To Mrs. Meyer the place was uninteresting. It had neither the charm of the wilderness nor the comforts of civilization. But realizing that Mr. Meyer was better suited, and also that the round trip fare from Chicago was a merely nominal sum, she accepted the situation and was soon occupied with her acre of garden, planting her seeds and guarding her plants from frosts and insects.

Battle Creek was easy of access from this new location and Mrs. Meyer extended her explorations to the Sanitarium located there. She was interested in its spirit and personnel, and made friends with the heads of the institution and the staff of workers. She was invited to address the graduating class of nurses at Commencement, and spoke on various other occasions. "To write stirring articles and to make public addresses seemed to be her very life," says her husband, speaking of this period.

Letters From Hartford

We're in dear old Michigan again. Here's a problem for Shelley. Am I a Michigander, or a Michi-goose?

Wheresoe'er my steps do wander
I'm a loyal Michigander,
Here or there, or over yonder,
Don't you see?
No! my heart sinks. What's the use?
All my rhymes are rattling loose.
For I'm just a Michi-goose.
Woe is me!

The squash bugs are nearly gone and I am replanting—for their dessert, I suppose. I don't

wonder Jonah lost his temper when the worm destroyed his gourd.

I whispered to Miss Daly that it was the anniversary of our wedding, and together we got up a great dinner in honor of the occasion. Chicken, asparagus, biscuit, honey and cherry pie. After dinner Mr. Meyer and I walked to Riverside, Mr. M. with a little lilac tree peeping out of his pocket. He is fixing up the place and seems to enjoy everything. As for me, I am being remarkably good. I am praying—really praying—that I may be good inside as well as outside, and not feel so tremendously good either.

Mr. Meyer has had the house painted and my sleeping porch fixed. But (this is a deadly secret. Don't you tell it if you're hanged and quartered for your silence) I am simply bored with it all. I stand it because Mr. Meyer and Miss Daly are happy here. They think it has many advantages over Twin Lakes. But I'd give more for a week in the *real wild* than a year here.

My anxiety about ——— is very great. "The peace of God which passeth all understanding shall garrison your heart." What a very poor disciple I am! I do—I must—come to Him, for I surely am heavy laden with a burden no mortal hand can help me carry.

I'm rather glad Mr. Meyer is getting tired of Hartford. I never liked it here. I think I should have an extra star in my crown for being so good about it.

Mr. Meyer was not altogether oblivious of the fact that Mrs. Meyer was "bored" with Hartford. He says in his Memoirs: "Mrs. Meyer never enjoyed a rest home near town. She wanted a wild place. But she enjoyed the garden, and everything she

planted seemed to thrive. Things I planted would not grow. But her garden flourished with tomatoes, chard, canteloupes, cucumbers—everything in abundance.

"She was as cheerful as could possibly be. She wanted desperately to be thought well and strong, but I knew she was often ill. About this time she had a new and unexpected attack of vertigo, becoming entirely unconscious. We closed the cottage early and returned to Chicago."

Mrs. Meyer seldom went out without telling someone that she was going, and where. She had been ailing for several days, and, after a night of suffering, was spending the morning in bed. Her companion discovered her bed empty and no trace of her in or about the place. She was becoming alarmed when her eye fell upon a slip of paper pinned to the curtain. "I have gone to my dear potatoes."

III

Twice after her marriage Mrs. Meyer visited Europe, but only for short trips. In 1905 the Annual Convocation of Wesleyan Deaconesses was being held and Mrs. Meyer was invited as an especially honored guest. Through the generosity of a wealthy friend, the necessary funds for the trip were placed in her hands. She divided the amount with her assistant principal, Miss Wardle, and they went together—second class. They sailed early in May and returned in June.

In the early summer of 1907 she and Shelley spent a few weeks together in the heart of the mountains of British Columbia. A mining friend had offered

them the use of a log cabin in the upper mining region. The adventure appealed to both and they made preparations for an experience of life in the rough. Mrs. Meyer's letters tell the story.

Letters from British Columbia

I wish I could describe what I am looking upon through the car window at this moment. Great, jagged, snow-capped mountains, a lake gleaming in the morning sun, a river that roars and races down the grade up which our engine is toilfully climbing.

We have had to stop for a "hot box." The conductor stands in the aisle polishing off his axle-greased hands with a handful of waste. "Rather a nasty job," he confides to me; "has to be done, though." He is a most friendly man.

A backwoodsman is on the train and he and Shelley have struck up a conversation. His clothes and hair and stubby beard look disreputable but I am going to stop writing and join in.

(Later) I found the mountaineer intelligent and interesting. He lives on a farm near by. Says there are bears and deer and mountain lions and coyotes in these woods. He shot a grizzly some time ago, and wished we could see its skin. It was "worth sixty dollars if it was a cent." His daughter saw nine black bears at once, only a week ago. She went into the house to get the gun and when she came back they were gone. "Nary hide nor hair on 'em to be seen!" "Don't bears sometimes eat folks?" I inquired anxiously. "Oh yes, sometimes," he chuckled, "but they like huckleberries better."

Mr. Meyer's reaction to this hair-lifting story was a personal note. "To the Nine Bears" confided to Mrs. Meyer's care. "Dear Bears": it read;

"Please don't eat the lady. If you really must eat somebody, why not eat the young girl who tried to shoot you? But we hope there will be plenty of huckleberries, and that your skins will keep somebody warm, after you are done with them."

When we arrived at Sandon, Mr. O'Neil had already "packed" our trunks up to the cabin, and got everything as nearly ready as a man could. We started to walk the four miles. The way seemed to be straight up but we zig-zagged, creeping along the side of the mountain.

Half way up we stopped to rest at the cabin of an old man who lives there alone with two dogs and a cat. He made us sit down. There were only two chairs, but we used boxes. He flew around and got dinner for us. Potatoes, bacon, bread and butter, condensed milk, cookies, beans and rice. I enjoyed the rice, and the men enjoyed everything. Such appetites!

Our cabin is built of heavy logs. Some of the cracks are chinked with bits of rope, paper or rags, but through some the daylight shines eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. This is far north, and June days are long.

The cabin is furnished with our two trunks, two chairs, three wooden boxes, a big, home-made table, a pile of wood beside a good little cook stove, and a mouse trap. On the wall hang three huge frying pans, and on the table is heaped a supply of tin dishes and basins. Huge nails are driven into the cross joints, and from them hang burlap bags containing our groceries. They are hung so because of mice and gophers, which are really more troublesome than bears. We named our dwelling Gopher Cabin. Two bunks occupy the corners. I have put an old red curtain around Shelley's corner. That is his "room."

Shelley goes to work at seven-thirty, and returns about five-thirty. I carry him his lunch at noon. The rest of the time I have all to myself. My typewriter is a great comfort. Yesterday I took out some quilts and cushions and lay a long time in the warm sunshine, resting and thinking.

I had planned within myself to buy a few chickens at Sandon, and so, maybe, to have fresh eggs. But chickens! Bless you! A chicken, unless he kept strictly to the trail, would need to use his ten claws and a bill to keep from sliding down the mountain side.

I have written a whole Ant Story today, and interviewed my friend the Porcupine, with a view of getting a story out of him; but he is rather uncommunicative. I started to walk down for the mail, but did not go all the way. It had been brought up by somebody and put in our Wilderness Post Office. But I shall go tomorrow.

Shelley is so well lately. The hard work is good for him, and he really enjoys it. It is delightful here, but the living is rough. Too rough. I haven't had sheets or a pillowcase since I came. And it's often cold. I am counting the days till I get back.

IV

A month in the mountains and she was again on the wing, attending Institutes, Chautauquas, a Deaconess Conference and other meetings in the Middle West and Montana. She was everywhere a coveted guest, and she went from cottage to mansion and from the sheetless bed of the mountain cabin to "beds of linen and lace." She returned to Chicago in September. Arriving at the school in the evening after a three days' journey she found the students gathered in the weekly prayer meeting. Slipping

quietly in she knelt among them, and the first token of her presence was her voice lifted in prayer.

After this summer of 1907 there are no more journalistic entries for a space of several years.

In the fall of 1914 Mrs. Meyer was again having trouble with her old enemy, vertigo, and was seeking relief in the milder climate of Chattanooga. As usual even during her vacation seasons she was in the throes of one of her great literary ventures, destined, she fondly hoped, to win a fortune which she had already spent magnificently—in imagination.

References in her diary to this particular piece of literary work are shy and cryptic. It is her "latest fad"—her "brain baby." But her depression, when it fell just short of success with the critics, was unmistakable. "Mr. Meyer came tonight," she wrote. "Fortunately, I had just finished cremating my 'dream baby.' But I had great fun out of my air castle; and fortunately, no one knows of its beginning or its tragic end but myself—and the critics."

In November, Mr. Meyer, who was having troubles of his own with rheumatism, arranged affairs in Chicago so that he could take a short vacation with her. It was a rare occasion for them to be together with leisure on their hands. They played at housekeeping, walked, talked, and enjoyed life to their hearts' content. But no mention was made of great books in the making.

Mr. Meyer has suddenly developed some liking for the things I like best, and we are getting all our meals except dinner at home. It is a picnic. We began with just fruit and toast. Then we dared eggs, and they were too good to be true. And last

evening Mr. Meyer brought home some thinly sliced bacon, and we broiled it on our fire, and it was the best bacon I ever ate. Mr. Meyer threatens to try mutton chop next time.

On the day of his departure Mrs. Meyer wrote: "Mr. Meyer has gone, after stocking me up with nuts, apples and advice. We have had a delightful visit these nineteen days together."

Part Three

CHAPTER XIX

Renunciation

I

In "The Ring and the Book," Robert Browning tells the story of an old Italian tragedy ten times, over and over. Yet each narration is of intense interest because each is put into the mouth of a different actor in the tragedy. Each tells the story as he saw it, with the stamp of his own personality. So we have ten thrilling tales from one set of unaltered facts—and each in its own way is true.

When it was known that Mr. and Mrs. Meyer had resigned from the School there was a general gasp of amazement and dismay. Yet few understood what tragedy lay underneath the bald statement of fact, nor realized that the event had been a supreme test of character, where any failure in honor, in self-renunciation, in integrity of purpose would have wrecked an institution and wrought disaster for two lives.

Naturally the world in its worldly wisdom spun its own theory around the circumstance. The founders were growing old. Mrs. Meyer suffered much from illness, largely because of overwork. They had devoted the best years of their lives to the School, working hard and sacrificing much. What more natural than that they should claim a few years of quiet and domestic happiness?

Yet some shook doubtful heads, knowing how closely those two lives had been wrapped up in the

School, and how ardently Mrs. Meyer repelled any insinuation that she was incapacitated by invalidism or age. Teachers and officials of the School might have added to the obvious facts, but they held their peace. It is altogether probable that had Mr. and Mrs. Meyer themselves, each attempted to write a detailed history of events leading up to this denouement, they might have found their accounts to differ as widely as the Gospels according to Luke and according to John.

Truth for any person is what he steadfastly believes. And he believes what he sees and hears and feels. One man looks out of a window and sees gardens, meadows and trees. Another looks in through the same window and sees easy chairs, a blazing fire and a steaming kettle. Each sees what is true, but they have seen from different viewpoints.

This history should undoubtedly give first place to Mrs. Meyer's own attitude regarding the change. Hence it becomes necessary to eliminate the theory of age and inefficiency, for, while she admitted her years and occasional illnesses, she stoutly maintained as to the latter, that each succeeding illness was almost certain to be the last, while as to growing old, she could out-walk any young woman of her acquaintance, and was still "fit" for many years of efficient service. This—however it might appear to others—she steadfastly believed.

But in other ways than physical fitness, the years had been bringing changes to these two people. Unlike from the beginning in mental make-up, circumstances had only intensified the unlikeness. Mr. Meyer, of sturdy Pennsylvania stock, was by nature

conservative. He walked in the old ways and loved the old truths, and felt that they were being discredited by modern investigations and research. He saw in the "simple gospel" all that was needed for the world's redemption. Moreover his daily burden of business cares afforded little opportunity for investigation of new values of thought.

Mrs. Meyer, adventurous by nature, was by her work continually invited into wider fields. Every new discovery in science, every new theory in metaphysics, every new experiment in social science was a challenge to study and investigation. "More room! More light! Onward!" seemed always to be the cry of her soul. The conflict of creeds, the advance and retreat of modernism, was, so to speak, over the battleground of her own heart. But it was a heart so reinforced with the religious influences of her childhood and the consistent faith of her womanhood that she walked with assurance where less well-poised steps might stumble. She dared all in her search for truth. No childish vision, no long cherished belief was ever given up without the keenest pain. Yet she found and held to "the things that remain." Pressing on over rocky heights of argument and through misty regions of doubt she came to a place of wide vision and found that the whole created universe, no less than "every common bush" was "aflame with God."

She had gathered about her in the School a devoted group of helpers—young women of fine personality and mental equipment. These found in easy access to libraries and institutions, and especially in proximity to the University, constant incentives

to follow the example of their high priestess in keeping abreast of the current thought of the day.

II

The year 1910 registers the high-water mark of the School—an enrollment of two hundred fifty-six, with a graduating class of eighty-four. Even so it could not supply the demand for deaconesses, missionaries and social workers. Harris Hall Chapel, the latest fifty-thousand-dollar gift of its munificent patron, had just been opened. The Swift library had been enlarged by a five thousand-dollar gift from Mrs. Swift. The two newly erected Monnett buildings stood just across the way. The outlook seemed altogether promising.

But the following years showed a slight decline in attendance. Not alarming, perhaps, but Mr. and Mrs. Meyer were not accustomed to moving in any direction but forward and a retrogression dismayed them. It was inevitable that this should be accounted for in different ways by these very different people. Mr. Meyer believed it was due to innovations in Bible interpretation, to emphasis on social studies, and a general departure from the simplicity of early standards. He may have been at least partially right. When did the pendulum of reform ever fail to swing too far, either to left or right and find its "plumb" in a backward swing?

But Mrs. Meyer saw things in a different light. Her views are set forth in her own words, in a letter to Mr. Harris, written in 1914:

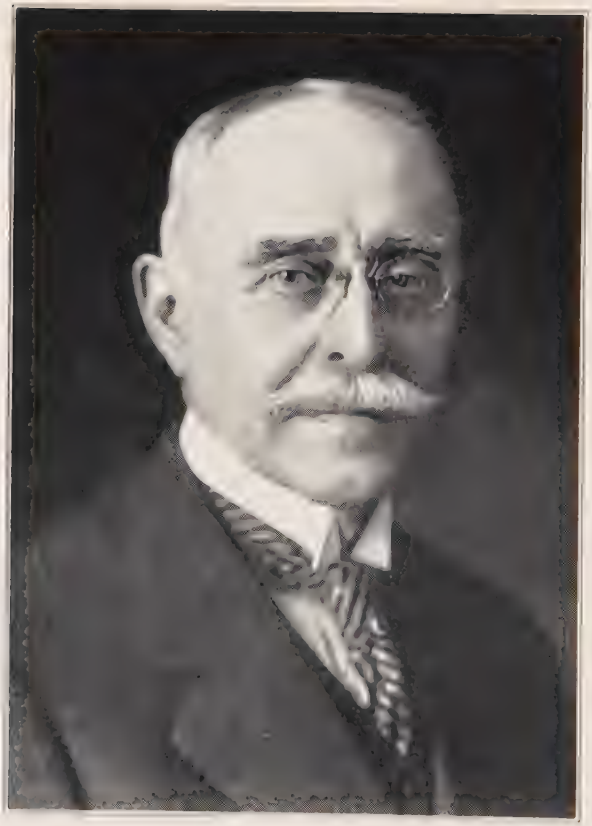
By looking at the records you will see that for four years our attendance has been decreasing. In 1910 it reached two hundred fifty-six. This year it

was two hundred twenty-three—a decrease of thirty-three students in four years. But in 1902-3 we saw a decrease of thirty-one students *in one year.* You see the condition is not serious, and the causes are perfectly apparent. First, an increased price for board, made necessary by the increased cost of living. We have to raise it again this year. This has doubtless kept some away, and I am afraid, will keep more away next year. But it cannot be helped.

The chief reason however for the falling off is that we have so greatly and rapidly raised our standard for admission and graduation. We have our reward in that we are graduating a finer and better class of women, but I have suffered in mind greatly about it. Not because I doubt that we shall in time recover our numbers, but because fewer graduates mean fewer deaconesses and missionaries for the field. It distresses me to say "No" to so many and such urgent calls for workers. But this, too, cannot be helped. The change was necessary, and we must wait patiently until the transition period is over.

But for all her brave words the situation was a wearing anxiety to both. In addition to the diminished enrollment there was always present the harassing problem of finance, resulting from the hand-to-mouth system which they had thus far been compelled to follow. But as their views differed regarding the cause of the situation, their convictions as to the cure differed also.

Both were agreed upon one point—the immediate need for an endowment to place the work upon an assured footing. They discussed various means for accomplishing this end, but the accumulation of every day duties had become so onerous that little headway was made in the way of a permanent fund. Mrs. Meyer urged the employment of a financial



J. S. Meyer

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secretary. Mr. Meyer either felt a lack of confidence in this plan or failed to find a suitable candidate for the position.

Mr. Meyer would have made radical changes in the policy of the School. Mrs. Meyer insisted, "Let us go slow. We don't want to do anything now to mar our twenty-eight years of work. Least of all am I willing that anything should be done to lessen or impair the splendid quality of our courses in Bible study."

Like his wife, Mr. Meyer was dauntless in spirit, decided in action, and intensely religious. Neither was he without faults. It would be easy, after the modern fashion of biographers, to make these the conspicuous features of his character. But this would not be truth. The truth demands that the whole trend of a character be taken into account, and a few frailties may well be forgotten in the brightness of the nobler qualities.

Faults are not rare. Most of us can claim a few as private possessions. But a character of genuine unselfishness, of singleness of purpose, and devotion to a worthy cause is a rare and precious thing, and the world cannot afford to lose the inspiration of one such life. If in his religious views Mr. Meyer seemed sometimes narrow and opinionated, he was also willing to labor and to sacrifice for the principles he believed to be right. If he was autocratic in insisting upon his own plans, it will be conceded that they were quite frequently right, and that he was singularly gracious and tactful in the accomplishment of them. If at times he seemed oblivious to some of the finer points of ethics, it must be re-

membered that the ends he aimed at were never the building up of fame or fortune for himself. His prevailing spirit was that of good will and kindliness. His frailties were without malice, and due rather to obliquity of vision than of will or of purpose. He could not have been so greatly beloved by so many good people if his character had not been wholesome at the core.

III

In December of this year Mrs. Meyer suffered an alarming attack of vertigo, and before she had fully regained her strength it was followed by another. The latter occurred on Christmas morning as they were opening their gifts and preparing for their simple family festivities.

These distressing attacks coming suddenly and without warning seemed a puzzle to physicians who were unable to find either the cause or cure. Mrs. Meyer herself hoped to overcome them by more and more severe restrictions as to diet. Already she was undernourished and overworked. At this time she was also suffering with pains in her head and partial loss of hearing, which it was thought might be relieved by a nasal operation. In January she went to Omaha and entered the Deaconess Hospital for this purpose. The operation was severe but apparently successful. "I lived through it," she says, "but reached my room shaky and faint." During the few days she allowed herself for convalescence she writes:

I am trying to adjust myself, during these days of illness and hours of long, quiet thought, to the idea of growing—no, of really *being*—old. I add

to this the fact that, one of these days, I shall have to cease my beloved work. I don't know how I can. I love it so! But God will probably have something better for me to do, on beyond.

Reaching home early in February, 1914, she found a crisis impending in the affairs of the *Deaconess Advocate*. It was becoming increasingly difficult to adjust its editorial policy to the changing currents of thought in those years of social unrest, and Mr. Meyer had decided that the time had come to lay the burden down. Mrs. Meyer, realizing that it would be a catastrophe from which the work would not soon recover, persuaded him to postpone the evil day, but it was for only a few months. The paper was given up the following May.

Ten days after her return Mrs. Meyer was again on the wing. She made several addresses in Chattanooga and then went to Fort Worth to fill an engagement for a course of lectures. It was on this trip that she wrote to her husband apparently her first serious thought about a resignation.

I am thinking out a plan for resigning from the School next year, Mr. Meyer, whether you decide to do so or not. I shall have to give up the work sometime, and why not go while I am young and strong enough to turn my hand to something else?

But whether I go or not, I think the School will suffer great loss if we do not put a financial secretary into the field. Or can you go out and raise some money? Oh, do try! If we cannot have somebody out doing this work, as other schools have, I am profoundly disheartened.

Times have changed since we started the School. Dr. Nicholson is pushing endowments for Methodist schools very hard. Ten million dollars have been raised within ten years, for our schools and colleges.

General Conference is authorized to begin a great educational campaign in 1916 for securing immense funds. If we can't in some way raise money for an endowment we might as well give up. But if I do resign I shall state most emphatically that it is for other reasons than the state of my health.

(To Miss James) I am in earnest, of course I am, about resigning. I hope you won't be troubled. Don't be, any more than you can help.

Of course, I'll do nothing in haste. I don't want to make a mistake. But I am coming to see some things more plainly. It is not wholly because of discouragement that I think of resigning. I am getting a wider vision of what the School might be. I fear that Mr. Meyer and I are not the ones to lead it on to its highest possibilities. The subject is one of great pain to me. I can't think of it with composure, but I am trying to think calmly.

I am sorry for Mr. Meyer, too. His burdens are heavier than he ought to be asked to bear. And I am sorry to give him the pain of not always agreeing with him. I wish I were a better wife to him, and a better friend to you—the most faithful friend a woman ever had.

(To Mr. Meyer) I've been thinking very steadily about the resignation question. I've been studying it from every angle. If I resign the greatest of all my reasons will be that I conscientiously think a change of administration will be best for the School. That it has gone as far as it can or will under the present regime.

There is the other alternative, of course. If we could raise the Endowment we might go on. This has enormous significance for me, for I think if we both leave now it will mean a change in the unsalaried management of the School. Whereas, if we had an endowment you and I could go on a few years more, until our own trained women or someone the Lord might send to us, could take up the

work in the same way we have been doing it. I don't want to make any mistake, but I'm worn out trying to think what is best. We must remember that the School is not ours to dispose of arbitrarily. God who has been with us, and who helped us to found this great School, will not let either of us prove unfaithful to our trust. I earnestly pray his guidance.

Meanwhile Mr. Meyer was passing through his own mental conflicts, the chiefest of which, perhaps, was that one on which he and his wife never could agree—the precarious condition of her health, and the necessity for conserving her strength. He says in his "Memoirs"—

Mrs. Meyer felt sure these attacks of vertigo were only temporary and would pass away. She was cheerful and hopeful but I was unspeakably depressed. The situation began to tell on both our nerves. Still she could not dismiss the thought of her work. Day after day she would hasten to the School early in the morning and remain until late at night. I believed that she was a very sick woman, but she would not be persuaded that she was very ill.

I dared not confer with her on any important subject. But I made up my mind that the time had come when I should have to take her away from the responsibilities of the School, or she never could recover.

Whenever I talked with her concerning a change she insisted that a woman must succeed her as Principal; but I was definitely convinced that no woman could be found to carry the responsibilities of that institution, maintain its finances, and provide the repairs and additions that were contemplated.

However, when Mr. Meyer attempted to assume Mrs. Meyer's responsibilities in addition to his own the questions at issue speedily came to a crisis and

centered around the educational policies of the School. Mr. Meyer could not be convinced that special educational equipment was essential to the work of ministering to the poor, and caring for children, the sick and the aged. Consecration and the spirit of service were the great requisites. Mrs. Meyer believed there should be added to this all the scientific knowledge available, especially a knowledge of child nature and the principles of religious education.

Even more seriously were their ideas at variance in the teaching of Bible truth. Mr. Meyer was a literalist, as to interpretation and inspiration. Mrs. Meyer, bringing to bear upon the Word all the light of history and research at her command, believed that she had come to know "a more wonderful Book, a more magnificent Christ, a more vital faith" than she had known before. Moreover, as she pointed out, her methods were in harmony with the educational leadership of the church schools, and the pronouncements of the General Conference, the highest authority of the Church. She could not consent to the curtailment of her program of Bible study either in quantity or quality.

Apparently the long deferred crisis had come. They were hopelessly at variance upon a question of conscience and belief, and one which vitally concerned the conduct and life of an institution for which both were mutually responsible. Various plans for possible adjustments—with the specter of resignation looming in the background—were discussed, by letter during Mrs. Meyer's absences, and in long private conferences when she was at home. Conferences from which both emerged with

tragic faces—Mr. Meyer to bury himself desperately in the business of the moment, Mrs. Meyer to take herself off for long, solitary walks, from which she returned pale and wearied but composed. A few extracts from her letters afford a glimpse of her state of mind during these months:

You say I must trust you in the future to guide in the policies of the School. But how can I, dear husband, when I see you in your zeal going to such extremes? I am earnestly praying that somehow we may be brought to see alike in this.

Nothing that is true in God's work can possibly bring discredit to his written *Word.* Why should we shrink from the fullest light we can get on every subject?

I can never consent that the historic method of Bible teaching shall be given up. It is reasonable and sensible. I could no more go back to the old way than I could put myself into the little calico dresses I used to wear when I was ten years old.

God is good to have let us work together so many years. Surely he will guide us through to the end. My heart is full of tender and loving thoughts of you and of him.

IV

The Deaconess work, not technically connected with the School, but drawing much of its inspiration from that source, was passing through its own crisis. Every great movement has its "Heroic Age" —its age of vision and great achievement. Inspired by Mrs. Meyer's burning words and still more by her example the early deaconesses had gone out to minister to the suffering and neglected classes of the

city's by-ways and found in such ministry a thrill that made the question of salary seem of little moment. A few with independent means came as self-supporting workers, asking nothing but to be set to work. Others brought fewer gifts but equal consecration, and in the multiplying demands of various institutions, places and work were found for all.

It was an hour of great opportunity for the Church. If as a body it had grasped the ideal of its divine mission—*"Not to be ministered unto, but to minister"*—and risen to the same height of impassioned self-lessness it might have called to its service as rare a body of women as ever were written on the saints' calendars of the ancient church. It needed only that there should have been kept before them a motive lofty enough to justify the sacrifice. To care for the sick and sorrowful, the needy and helpless ones, especially to save the neglected child of the city streets in the name of him who said, *"Ye did it unto Me,"* this was the lure of the deaconess way, and it called into the ranks women whose names will long be loved and honored.

No "salaries" were paid to these women. How could there be? The demand for an adequate salary, even for the first Principal of that first Training School would have blocked the beginning of the work indefinitely. It was only because Mr. and Mrs. Meyer and those other women had been willing to serve for the smallest pittance that made it possible for them to serve at all, that the work became established. True, they had their reward, but it was in other forms than coin of the realm. *"You've been good to me! You're the only one who was ever good*

to me!" quavered a poor woman with wide eyes swimming in tears to "her deaconess"; and the black-robed woman, knowing all that lay behind the words, would not have exchanged the glow in her heart for gold or jewels.

But silently and without observation a change had been coming in the character of the work. So easily, so irresistibly, did the strong churches appropriate the services of the deaconess that there was scarcely a voice raised in protest. So many voices were calling! So much work—really good and necessary work—waited to be done! The Training School and kindred institutions had opened scores of doors to religious and philanthropic activities for women where, thirty years before, there had been but one—the door into the unsalaried work of the deaconess.

And so it came to pass that deaconesses, working alongside other women doing the same or similar work with a salary, began to ask, "Why?" Students of the School, faced with the problem of choosing as a vocation deaconess work with its restrictions, or some other line of Christian service, asked, "Why?" And often no sufficient reason could be given. And if a larger income should be allowed why wear the distinguishing costume which economy, if no other reason, had made necessary?

Finding that these questions were being discussed in the School and out of it, Mrs. Meyer sent out a letter to a few of her trusted friends and co-workers, confessing that she herself had reached a state of uncertainty as to the necessity for continuing these restrictions—so necessary at the beginning of the movement—and asking from each recipient an expression of her personal opinion regarding it. An

animated discussion both within and without deaconess ranks ensued. Two years later Mrs. Meyer confessed that she was still unconvinced, except that the time had come when these limitations should no longer be considered necessary.

V

In the midst of these uncertainties there burst upon the western world news of the outbreak of War in Europe, and in a day men's thoughts and all the settled ways of life were moved from their bases. Useless to talk of neutrality. America vibrated with the tread of marching millions in Europe. Schools and colleges and churches felt the impact of new emotions as people learned to talk war, to think war, to buy and sell, to make fortunes or to lose them because of war. From the first a feeling of foreboding and uncertainty was in the air. No other war ever so shocked the nerve centers of an entire world.

Needless to say the expected renaissance in the affairs of the Training School did not arrive. Restlessness, uncertainty and change were in the air. Questions regarding the conduct of the School became more acute and threatened the harmony and welfare of the entire institution. At last, Mrs. Meyer in an agony of soul resolved to seek counsel. Bishop Nicholson had been but recently appointed Chicago's resident Bishop, but Mrs. Meyer had known him long as a true friend of the School. To him she went and laid the whole situation before him. By a strange coincidence, or by intervention of that guiding hand of Providence to whom each was looking, Mr. Meyer also, distressed and desperate,

sought a private interview with the Bishop and confided to him his own views regarding the state of affairs, including his anxiety about his wife's health.

The Bishop was sympathetic and tactful, but also wise. He saw what perhaps neither Mr. nor Mrs. Meyer could have admitted even to themselves, that both were breaking, or were liable to break, under the terrible strain. He realized the seriousness of the crisis and that either of these two leaders was possessed of sufficient influence, if a mistake were made, to wreck the institution that had been built up by the united toil and sacrifice of both. But he must have seen, too, that in the inmost heart of each of them was absolute devotion to the cause—a devotion stronger than any self-interest. He saw an abiding principle of honor and last but not least, a regard for each other, tried and strengthened during those hard years when they had breasted the storms of life together. He staked all on this.

VI

It was not decided in one conference nor in two. But eventually a plan was worked out. It involved a reorganization and the placing of the management of the School into new hands. When it was brought before the larger committee one said: "That looks feasible, but not in a thousand years will Mr. or Mrs. Meyer consent to it." But Mr. and Mrs. Meyer had already consented. They said, "The School is more to us than any personal interest. We are ready, not only to take our own hands off the management, but to pledge to the new administration our unabated loyalty and support."

For a position so difficult as the one thus made vacant there could be but few possible candidates. Dr. Louis F. W. Lesemann, Superintendent of the Chicago Northwestern District, who had been for twelve years a lecturer in the School, was the united choice of Mr. and Mrs. Meyer and the Bishop, and their choice was unanimously approved by the Board. "The man takes his life in his hands," was the thought in more than one mind, but Bishop Nicholson said, "I have faith that those two people will loyally support the new order." In later years Dr. Lesemann having added experience to faith, gave his whole-hearted testimony to the effect that never by word, deed or implication did either fail in one small degree to give all their influence and such aid as they could to the lightening of his burdens and the welfare of the School. It was the crowning deed in a career of nobleness. Grander in their self-renunciation than even in their most strenuous efforts for the upbuilding of the cause! "An act of devotion that I have never seen surpassed," said the man who had steered the craft through the rough waters of those perilous days.

Within a week after news of the change had been given to the public Mrs. Meyer was mailing to her friends and friends of the School a letter stating that both she and Mr. Meyer were heartily in accord with the new leadership and assuring them of their continued cordial interest in the School. In a characteristic paragraph at the end of the letter she also informed the reader that she was by no means broken in health, that she felt equal to many more years of work, which she hoped might be devoted

to promoting the interests of the School and the work she so loved.

VII

It still remained for Mr. and Mrs. Meyer to transfer to the new leader the insignia of office with ceremony befitting the dignity of the occasion. The School was now represented by seven buildings and property worth half a million dollars. But the vast scope of the work and its far-flung influence could not be even indicated by houses and lands. A week was set aside in the early part of January, 1918, for the installation ceremonies. Speakers and guests were invited from far and near, and preparations made for their entertainment. During the week the entire middle west was visited by one of the severest blizzards within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Chicago was smothered under a blanket of snow. Traffic was demoralized, trains stalled and speakers marooned mid-way on their journey. Yet in spite of wind and weather, somehow the people gathered, facing bitter cold and streets choked with snow and ice. Only one evening did the pre-arranged program break down, and then the teachers and students of the school came to the rescue with an impromptu program for the entertainment of the guests and the few from outside who had bravely faced the storm.

The services of the week reached their culmination in the formal installation of Dr. Lesemann and his recognition of the responsibilities of the occasion in a masterly address. But the sympathies of the audience centered in the man and woman who were

laying down the garnered sheaves of a lifetime of service.

In an address of five minutes' length Mrs. Meyer symbolized this act in the presentation of the keys of the buildings to Dr. Lesemann. Never had her poise been more perfect, never had her head been carried more proudly. Her voice was clear and each distinctly spoken word came freighted with meaning.

I am come to the place where if silence be not golden, brevity is at least fitting. It is what I am to do at this time rather than the words I am to say that will interest you. I hold in my hand five keys. This first is the key to the building on the North Side in which the Chicago Training School after a year in a small rented building first opened its sessions in its own building. This building, erected in 1886 still stands, and though not now occupied by the School is still owned by it as a part of its endowment. The building will, I think, have an increasing historic interest for Methodism, for in it was opened, as I have said, the first Training School of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and almost the first Training School in Protestantism. Since this key was fashioned sixty other similar schools have been opened in America.

It is the trained hand that is the best hand for service. This great principle has long been accepted in the secular world—witness Normal Schools—training schools for teachers—that dot the land, and the whole great system of trained nurses, in hospitals and out of them. The Church has been slow to accept this standard but it is accepted now everywhere in the religious world. And the pioneer Chicago Training School may modestly hope to have had no little part in the creation of this sentiment.

And it was in this building also, at Dearborn Avenue and Ohio Street, in which, among the early

members of the Training School, the first Deaconess Home of all American Methodism had its inception as an ideal, and its first material expression. An historic building, indeed. Dr. Lesemann, I shall soon put the key of this building into your hands.

And I hold in my hand this second key, that of the Annex, as we call it, on the lots east of this Chapel. The building itself is small and unworthy, but the land on which it stands gives us possession entirely across the end of the block and the spot has enormous idealistic value. For on it have already been erected, in imagination, in place of the little building visible now, what marvels of library and gymnasium and domestic science laboratories. Oh, this building with its beautiful land is worth already its weight in gold in the opportunities it has given for castles-in-the-air—castles which may come to earth some good day.

This third key is that of Monnett Hall, the double building across the street which shelters sometimes students of the Training School, but more commonly girls who need home and Christian influence studying in other schools of the city or engaged in wage-earning activities. A sacred building it is, erected by the late Cordelia P. Monnett in memory of her mother.

And these other keys—the first, opening Harris Hall, the west portion of the group in which we are now, and this one the key to Norman Wait Harris Chapel—the entire group of buildings largely the gift of that truly great and truly good man, Mr. Norman Wait Harris. I have sometimes tried to picture what our school would have been without the sympathy and generous help of Mr. Harris and his family. In material things it would have been cut in half—in spiritual things incalculably reduced. These precious keys complete the number. In behalf of myself and Mr. Meyer I put them into your hand. . . .

There are other keys, Dr. Lesemann, priceless keys. Keys to the confidence of the Christian public.

These I need not give you—you have them already. Keys to people's pocketbooks—keys hard to find. In whatsoever microscopical and mythological quantity I may have such keys as these, I give them to you. And there are keys to the students' hearts. These I cannot give you. What of them I have I cannot relinquish but you too have such keys in plenty and you are winning more. Some doors have more than one key.

Dr. Lesemann, these keys have to us, to myself and to Mr. Meyer, very much more of significance than keys of most colleges and schools passed on in the course of the years from hand to hand. For—pardon me—we have made these keys. Not alone indeed. Only God knows—but He does—the volume and value of the assistance rendered by the teachers and helpers who have so freely given year after year service which alone has made the school possible. I speak for them also—those with us at the present time and those who have served in the past.

We have made these keys. They have been thirty-two long, terrible, joyful years in the making. The pain of the moment—the passing pain—is because of relinquishing something that stands for these long years of life, for the terrible toil by day and by night, for the heart's blood—for the anguish of suspense, sometimes the shock of disappointment. But often for the joy of conquest as we felt ourselves going over the top. But after all the keys were never ours except in trust. It was the Master laid the keel and it is the Master who bids now that another hand should be at the wheel. It was the Master's hand that wrought the ribs of steel. He knows—and since He knows it is enough—the anvils that rang and the hammers that beat. He knows in what forge and what a heat were shaped the anchors of our dear school. And the pain passes in the joy of the glimpse he gives of the future, the great future, that we see stretching out before the Chicago Training School in your hands. Dr. Lese-

mann, in behalf of Mr. Meyer and myself I put these keys in your hand.

Men and women wept as she spoke, but in the speaker's voice there was not a tremor. Never in all her career had she been more queenly than in this gracious act of laying down her scepter. And having made this princely gift to the world and the Church, Mr. and Mrs. Meyer went out from the institution they had founded as poor—so far as their own resources were concerned—as they were at the beginning.

CHAPTER XX

Sunset

I

Any story, whether fact or fiction, if worth the telling, should end happily, or at all events, heroically.

One can easily fancy that Mrs. Meyer herself, tendering her resignation from the School, may have felt that with that act her life story was to end in emptiness and longing and regret. Then—as if she were to be spared no pang that can come to the heart of woman—her only son had been called to the colors, and was awaiting orders to sail for France. Withal, though bidding defiance to age and physical infirmity, she could not but realize that the years were taking their toll for a life of toil that had known no self-indulgence.

The clouds were dark and real enough. But as sunlight gilds the gloomiest clouds with the richest colors—gold and rose and amethyst—so the radiance of her brave spirit made of hard conditions a panoply of opalescent beauty.

There were so many things she might have done in this extremity that she did not do. There was no sulking in her tent, no bidding for sympathy, no hinting that former times were better than these. Nothing but a brave acquiescence in conditions and hearty co-operation with the new regime. Dr. Lesemann testifies that from the day of his acceptance of his new position until their death there was never an hour when he could not have gone to either Mr.

or Mrs. Meyer and felt sure that every resource at their command would be placed at his service. A harder testing of real greatness does not come in the common lot of men and women.

Still, though hidden, the pain was there. It was but a few months before her death Mrs. Meyer wrote to a friend: "In your last message you quoted for me some lines from Whitman's 'My Captain.' You did not know, but you might have quoted farther. *'Oh, heart! Heart! Heart! Oh, the bleeding drops of red!'* My heart still bleeds for my dear School. And my having to give it up while I was yet 'fit'! But even a hard path has an end, and there's 'Heab'en' and a new chance farther on."

"Blessed be busy-ness!" It was her own beatitude. And again if it was not "saving her life" it proved at least a balm for heartache. In entering the army, Shelley had left a business position in Chicago. His mother thought that by carrying on his work during his absence she might keep the place open and ready for him on his return. So she entered the office and set about learning the details of a new enterprise.

And other occupations in plenty were being provided for women during those mad months of war propaganda. Busy hands would keep minds from brooding and hearts from breaking. With other women Mrs. Meyer learned to knit socks and vests and mufflers for the soldiers. She even learned the intricacies of the "Kitchener toe." But she drew the line at sewing. "I've just washed and done up two white skirts," she says, "and they look fine. But I can't—I just can't sew. When I'm rich (Ah,

'Jonah, Jonah!') I'll forget what even a darning needle looks like."

In accepting the resignation of Mr. and Mrs. Meyer the trustees of the Training School, mindful of their indebtedness, had settled upon each a pension sufficient for their modest needs. Mrs. Meyer was made President Emeritus, and Mr. Meyer held business responsibilities which he could not at once lay down. The doors of the School were open to them as formerly, and indeed occasions arose when their acquaintance with the institution and its patrons made their presence almost indispensable. For a year or two the entire teaching staff remained loyally at their posts. Misses Rearick and Sinclair resigned later. In 1922 Winifred L. Chappell was called to New York to take the place of Research Secretary of the Methodist Federation for Social Service, made vacant by the tragic death of Grace Scribner, also an alumna of the School. A little later Anna Arnold, after many years of beautiful service, resigned to enjoy her years of "rosy sunset" in California. Olive Shoenberger, and Esther E. Bjornberg are "carrying on" to the present time (1928). Miss James also remains as Secretary of the School. All this simplified the matter of readjustments, which had been accomplished with scarcely a jar.

The most conspicuous innovation was the change to a co-educational basis. Beside Dr. Lesemann one or two other men appeared on the resident teaching staff and "co-eds"—in this case a group of circumspect young men—appeared among the students—a group, by the way, which has continued to grow in numbers and assurance.

II

In November, 1918, Mrs. Meyer's brother Eben wrote to his sister: "Glory! Peace has been declared! We hope soon to see our boy home from France safe and sound. Are you looking for Shelley soon?"

Months elapsed before the "boys" were mustered out, but they came at last, and Mrs. Meyer, free from office cares, was ready to take up the next thing.

It came this time in the shape of a happy surprise. The great Deaconess Hospitals and Homes of the Northwest, so largely started and carried on by her own students, were longing to see her face again. The General Deaconess Board proposed to finance a western tour, such as she had made so many times before, in her capacity of "Archbishop of Deaconesses."

To Mrs. Meyer this seemed almost a call back to life, so keenly had she felt the cessation of the old activities. But even this enterprise was not without its shadows. Her first stop was made in Minneapolis, where her brother Ellsworth was a patient in Asbury Hospital. Still in her visit with him she was "greatly comforted" with the assurance that he had attained that spiritual adjustment so fitly described as making one's peace with God.

The deaconesses of Washington, Montana and Oregon were holding a three-day Regional Conference at Spokane, and Mrs. Meyer was joyfully received as their guest. At a special reception in her honor representatives from eighteen classes of the Training School were present, reaching back to the

class of 1892. In this environment the "Beloved Teacher" blossomed and beamed with reminiscence and story and song. In those serious and dignified women with purposeful faces and records of achievement, she saw again the timid and untried girls who had gone out through the doors of the Training School. On the other hand many who were present said to themselves, *"It is the last time,"* and by every means known to worshipful hearts gave expression to their devotion. In Portland and in Seattle and at the Home for homeless children at Everett, near-by, she found her "deaconess daughters." In fact the entire trip partook of the nature of a triumphal procession and a grand review combined.

She returned to Montana in time to give the Commencement address to the graduating class of Great Falls Hospital. From Great Falls she went to Bozeman to be present at the opening of a new hospital. Here occurred one of those incidents which are in themselves lighter than air, and yet, for some occult reason, enter into experience and are remembered when weightier matters are forgotten. On Sunday afternoon she was speaking from the porch of the new hospital to a crowd gathered on the lawn with automobiles filling in the background. "The sky was miraculously blue, with white cloudboats floating across it. The air was pure and bracing. Suddenly a lark sang out clear and sweet, from the meadow close by."

What was the particular message that lark sang to her heart on a June afternoon only the Divine Harmonist of the universe may perfectly understand. The song which had gone out of her own

heart—silenced by the ache and pain of it—may have been awakened again in answer to the call of love and loyalty. Certainly, during this trip she seemed to exult and bubble over with something of her old enthusiasm and joy in life.

I wish—oh, I wish—you could have been here yesterday, at the dedication of the new hospital. It almost breaks my heart with gladness that God is letting me be of some use again in the world. I stood on the porch to speak, and the larks were singing.

I think I have lived a year in these last twenty days. I thank the good God for giving me this last, full cup of life.

I have spoken eleven big times and one little time during the last eight days. But hard work agrees with me. I feel as well as ever this morning, except for a headache.

In the stress of eleven big addresses and one little one, and what she confesses had become a "blinding headache" she received a telegram with news of the death of Mrs. Norman Wait Harris, to whom she was deeply attached, with the request that she send at once a "tribute" to be read at the memorial service in the Chapel. Notwithstanding the confusion and the headache, the tribute was a gem of tender and eloquent beauty.

Her time was not all given to public duties however. She could take time for rest and recreation—days when she confesses she took as her motto "*Just be lazy—everybody should*"—wonderful trips into the mountains round about, and trout fishing expeditions, in which she did not prove herself a

distinguished success. "But of course," she explains, "we were not fishing for fish—we were fishing for fun." Miss Ariss was proprietor of a log cabin situated in a canyon far up the mountain side, and had fitted it up as a resort for her tired workers. "Kill Kare Kabin" was a retreat after Mrs. Meyer's own heart, and at Miss Ariss' invitation she went with two other women intending to spend several days in the wilderness solitude. But on the second day their plans were rudely broken up and they were driven out by a forest fire—Mrs. Meyer having sufficient presence of mind, to keep a thrilling record of events as they occurred for the benefit of her family.

III

In August Mr. Meyer wrote his wife to know if they could not manage to "celebrate their birthdays" together some time in October. But the alarming nature of Ellsworth's illness interfered with this plan. Mrs. Meyer hurried back to Minneapolis where she remained with her brother until the end, relieving the special nurse in caring for him. He "suffered terribly" and was often delirious, but there were hours when brother and sister could "talk comfortably" together. In November the end came, and Mrs. Meyer returned to Chicago bringing with her for interment the mortal remains of the brother who had brought into her life such vivid experiences both of joy and of sorrow. But she was consoled with the thought that at eventime it had been light.

For some time Mr. Meyer had been planning a long trip to some agreeable spot where Mrs. Meyer

could enjoy the rest and leisure he felt was necessary for her restoration to health. He had written her during her absence: "We must go away somewhere for a long trip. I know you will have to go more slowly or your nerves will give out entirely. Please agree to this for my sake."

Mrs. Meyer seems not to have entered enthusiastically into a plan contrived for her infinite leisure. She left the arrangement chiefly to Mr. Meyer, and he decided for California. However, it was not until June, 1920, that Mr. Meyer believed he had his affairs sufficiently adjusted so that he could leave Chicago.

They started westward on the Union Pacific, but on the second day of the journey out Mrs. Meyer began to feel ill. When they had reached Ogden, Utah, she could go no farther. They left the train, and went to a hotel. Mr. Meyer wished to call a doctor, but she felt sure that quiet and a few hours' sleep would enable her to continue the journey. She had herself comfortably composed in bed in a darkened room, and ordered Mr. Meyer out for a walk, assuring him that she would "be all right in a couple of hours." He went down to the street, but the feeling that she should not be alone so overcame him that he turned back. Entering the room quietly he seated himself without speaking, thinking she might be asleep. He had watched nearly an hour when she suddenly threw out her arms and cried, "Oh, Papa! I am very ill!" and almost before he could reach her she became unconscious.

Recognizing it as an unusually severe attack of vertigo he used such restoratives as were within reach and succeeded in bringing her back to con-

sciousness. She felt sure then that she was dying and gave him messages for Shelley and others, and as Mr. Meyer frantically insisted that he must call for assistance she assented, and fell back again unconscious.

Somehow a physician was called, and she was removed to the hospital, where she was given every attention, the doctor remaining throughout the night. In the morning she had fully recovered consciousness but it was several days before she was able to resume the journey.

For four months she suffered from recurrences of these strange attacks. Then they ceased entirely and her symptoms so improved that she began counting upon a complete restoration to health. She began to occupy herself with her interrupted literary work, and the click of the typewriter was heard in the vicinity of her porch. They attended church, and very soon, to Mr. Meyer's dismay and Mrs. Meyer's intense delight, she was invited to take a large class in Bible study in First Church, Pasadena.

She wrote home for her Bible. She wanted the familiar old "Teaching Bible," the one bulging with notes—leaves soft and limp, margins scribbled, verses underlined—the Bible that seemed to contain marvellous things not found in ordinary Bibles, and that had a trick of opening at just the right place!

The revision of her book on radium was occupying her mind at this time. Also her contract with Ditson for the publishing of the negro dialect song "Jonah," as well as various schemes for making a fortune by other literary ventures. She had a num-

ber of darling plans in her mind for which large sums of money would be needed.

"I am getting to use my typewriter with some speed," she writes. "But when I become a millionaire I shall employ a good stenographer. I even think I shall get a stenographer before I do an automobile."

One other thing her soul longed for—a bit of land, large or small, wherein to plant things, and tend them and watch them grow. Believing that if she could have out-of-door occupation she would be persuaded to let her typewriter alone, Mr. Meyer purchased a cottage in Highland Park, a new section of Los Angeles, with a "good-sized lot" around it. But he records that while she did spend her morning and evening hours with her garden, all the rest of her day was devoted to literary work. Whereupon he "promptly sold the place" and they returned to Pasadena. Later he found a place in Altadena which seemed to meet all requirements. Its claim to perfection being a room with *two* porches attached and a "large yard with all kinds of trees."

In a published letter to a Chicago paper Mrs. Meyer writes humorously of these and other removals, inspired by Mr. Meyer's solicitude for his wife's health. "We moved seven times during our thirteen months' stay. We found an ideal place at last, but this time the landlady herself decided to move. So we folded our tents like the Arabs—by this time we hadn't much else to fold—and quietly moved away."

From other letters we get glimpses of a compara-

tively care-free and rather happy-go-lucky existence during those thirteen months.

I must tell you how wonderfully well I am. It seems a miracle and I feel thankful, every good breath I draw. I am still dieting carefully, but am regaining much of the strength I lost in that Ogden attack.

I have my deathly lonesome spells still. But I'm living through them. I am so thankful for my typewriter and strength to work.

I have a delightful porch to work and sleep in, and this alone ought to cure me. Here's another humming bird after honey! There are about a million blossoms on the jessamine vine that drapes my porch. The petals come fluttering down over me and my typewriter as I write. I have just tipped over a mucilage bottle and was so happy that it was not ink, also, that there was no carpet and I could clean it up easily.

I could dig in a garden or tend chickens by the hour, but I don't have that to do—more's the pity. But what do you think? I'm planning to cook onions for supper. Mr. Meyer hates the odor, so I'm going to make an outside fireplace with stones, and cook them out-of-doors. I may meet disaster but I'll try.

I went to Los Angeles yesterday—nearly an hour's ride—to do some errands and attend the Annual Conference of the Woman's Home Missionary Society. I wanted especially to hear Mrs. Robinson speak. But there had been a change of program and she does not come on until today. They had a very inspirational meeting. They are fine women and are doing a great work. I am in hearty sympathy with them, in almost everything.

I wrote Dr. Lesemann that I feared I should not be back to do any teaching this year, and received a

nice letter in return. I am so glad and proud of the record he is making. With him at the head and you, and the dear teachers, the School is sure to prosper. My thoughts often go back to the old days. But it's all right.

I was so delighted with your letter telling me of the remarkable success of the Night School. I think the future of the entire School is assured.

Mr. Meyer, too, had his reminiscences of these halcyon days. "During the year we were in California," he writes, "whenever my wife's health permitted we would take long walks together after dinner in the evening. We had formed this habit and looked forward to it. I shall always look back to those hours as among the most precious of our married life. The wide streets, the beautiful trees and gardens and flowers everywhere! We shall take such walks together when I meet her in Paradise. She knew in her heart that she was failing, and talked of the time when she would have to leave me alone, and begged that I should not allow myself to be unhappy. We talked about the future life and both believed that we should meet again and be 'with Jesus.'"

A former student, Mrs. Bertha Leise-Roberts, wrote from Phoenix, Arizona, urging Mrs. Meyer to come there, believing that by special care, aided by the warm dry climate, they might "love her into a little longer stay." Mrs. Meyer was much tempted by the invitation, and went so far as to specify her needs, in case she should come.

She should want a tent—a small one would do—but it must be open on every side to the out-of-doors. She would look after her own simple needs

and pay all her expenses. On no account was anyone to be burdened or inconvenienced. And—would it be possible for her to have a tiny bit of land on which to start a garden? "I should love such an arrangement," she adds, "but Mr. Meyer may insist upon Florida. We have both concluded that I am not getting any better here. I don't cough. It's just this unnatural weakness which it seems impossible to overcome. Dear child! I am really an old woman, though it seems hard to realize it, for I have stacks of work planned yet to do."

This time it was the Doctor instead of Mr. Meyer who placed an absolute veto upon journeys, long or short, until she could recover a measure of strength. And so ended her last dream of an earthly garden where she could "plant seeds and see them grow."

The memory of the tragic episode in their coming to California may have lent to Mrs. Meyer a degree of anxiety regarding the journey back. She had come so near—within a breath it seemed—of crossing the Great Divide, and she was certainly weaker than when she left Chicago. An unopened letter addressed to her Secretary, found among her papers after her death shows how near and familiar to her was the thought of sudden death.

Dearest Friend—I don't *think* you will ever read this, but I am going to write, in the possibility that some day the words may be of value to you. My heart has been very bad for some time, and I am living in the thought that I may go suddenly.

The one hard thing about going is that it will pain you, and Mr. Meyer and Shelley. Don't feel bad, dear, nor let the others grieve. I have lived long and had many happy days, and to go this way

would be beautiful. So much better than long days of pain.

I send my love to all the dear teachers—to Miss Morse, and all—and thank them for being so kind to me.

Tell those other dear ones—you know them—I send them my love. My brave, noble, deaconess girls. I pray for them.

I wish I had been better. Tell Shelley there's nothing in the world but gentleness, and love and truth. Tell Miss Daly not to feel bad. She has given me many good times.

Dear, I'll surely come back to you if I can. In any case you'll come to me.

"Little door, open, and I'll creep in."

However the journey was accomplished in safety and once more they were among the scenes of their early labors. For either of them death might be waiting around the corner, but none the less they came full of plans for living and working.

They took two rooms in the large, square, old-fashioned residence fronting on Prairie Avenue—the latest addition to the Training School property. In one room Mrs. Meyer established her desk, and they gathered about them their remaining household possessions and called it home. Mr. Meyer records his gratification that Mrs. Meyer—pleased with evidence of the progress the School had been making—for the first time seemed really reconciled to having given it up—convinced that the best possible course had been taken.

IV

Mr. Meyer himself could not be otherwise than busy. For several years he had been interested, so far as other duties permitted, in the establishment

of a Deaconess Pension Fund. The foundation of a permanent pension fund had been laid by Norman Wait Harris in a gift of one hundred thousand dollars. This was to remain intact until by accrued interest and gifts it would produce an income adequate for the purpose. From the first Mr. Meyer had been Secretary of the Trustees of this Fund, and he now assumed responsibility for its completion as his especial task.

V

In Mrs. Meyer's attitude was no hint of surrender to either illness or age. Every inch of the ground between her and dissolution was to be fought face to face and step by step during the next few months. She was one of those who never turned her back but

"Marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held, we fall to rise—are baffled to fight better—sleep to wake."

With so much to do how could she let the days slip by while she dallied with weakness and ailments? The revision of her radium book was still unfinished. Two other books had already taken shape in her fertile brain—one of them inspired by her evening class work on Prophecy in Pasadena. In California she had been graciously entertained in the Rest Cottage of the Woman's Home Missionary Society. This was before the days of Robincroft the Beautiful, and she was possessed of an ambition to see a cottage somewhere in the west for invalid missionary workers and deaconesses of the

association. A friend had given her a building lot for this purpose, and to her it seemed a small thing to raise the first one thousand dollars toward a building, through innumerable personal letters and articles in the church press. She could not rest in the shadow of the Training School and have no part in its activities, and soon she was teaching a class in Bible after the old fashion, even if not with the old verve and power. Besides, as in former years she had in her heart many things she wished to talk to the whole dear world about—deaconess work, for instance, and the consecration of life to service for humanity.

But at that time the dear world was in no state of mind for the outpourings of an idealistic soul. It was in the depths of its after-the-war mood—savage, disillusioned, cynical. Perhaps Mrs. Meyer's very weakness may have protected her from the full force of the moral cataclysm going on around her. Certain it is that in her latest utterances there is no hint of despair for society nor the Church. Her last contribution to the "family letter" on its periodic rounds, written at Thanksgiving time, has no touch of pessimism.

We are back in the old places. We occupy two pleasant rooms in one of the School buildings. Lovely sunshine! We take our meals at the School and are very comfortable.

Shelley expects to bring home a wife soon. She is a minister's daughter, of good old New England stock. I have not met her yet, but I love her already.

It is again Thanksgiving. The Disarmament Conference is meeting in Washington. Our children are doing pretty well. "God's in his heaven, all's

well with the world." Best of all, we are on our way to the heavenly country, where we shall have time enough to do the things we have wanted to do here and never be stopped short by illness or fatigue.

During December and January she lost ground rapidly. Her little journeys about the city became shorter; her hours of pain and enforced rest became longer. Toward the end of January she decided to go to Wesley Hospital.

There the best medical skill in the city was at her service. She was found to have a serious heart trouble, complicated with Bright's disease and an inflammatory condition of the nerves which was the cause of extreme pain that at times became excruciating. From the physicians' standpoint there seemed no hope from the first, but her strong will and her originally strong constitution had brought her back so many times from death's door that to those who loved her it seemed impossible that she would not rally once again.

She had brought with her to the hospital, her pen and writing tablets, for she had a few—a very few—more things yet to be done. One was a historical pageant of the Deaconess Work. She had also promised an article for one of the Sunday School periodicals, to be ready by March first. The intense pain made it necessary to use a quieting medicine, but this also dulled the mental processes, and made it difficult for her to write. The doctor came one day to administer the quieting hypodermic and found her pallid with suffering, but busy with her pen. "Doctor," she said, "I must ask you to wait a couple of hours. I think I can get this

article done in that time." And she worked on, while the pain tore at her nerves. The article was finished, and mailed. Then she laid down her pen for the last time. This was but two weeks before the end.

Her hope for a swift and painless Home-going was not to be granted, and long days of suffering intervened before the physical organism would let go its hold on the spirit that now struggled to be free.

That inner sense of unquenchable life was so strong in her that she seemed never to entertain a doubt of continued existence, nor even of sustained personality after death. "Is dying just going to sleep and waking up in Heaven?" she mused one day. She talked much of the spirit world and never doubted that it would afford opportunity for work, for a better knowledge of God, and for continued progress. At the close of a long and intimate talk with Shelley she said, "Well, dear, if there's any way to get a kiss through, be here to get it."

To the faithful nurse, busy with some service for her comfort she murmured, "Are you a Christian?" And as the nurse assured her that she was, she responded with her whimsical smile, "I should think you would need to be."

Hours of unconsciousness became longer and longer but the paroxysms of pain between made them a dear relief, even to the watchers. One morning as Mr. Meyer was bending over her she cried out, "Oh, Papa!" and once more her hand went fluttering out in search of the clasp that had helped her over so many hard places. After that breath failed so gradually that the slipping away

of the tried soul on its eager quest was almost imperceptible.

In the familiar School Chapel, surrounded by her own people, in front of the desk where she had so often stood, Bible in hand, interpreting words of life, she lay in death—quiet among the flowers. Banks of flowers, screens of flowers, wreaths, sheaves, pillows and baskets of flowers—and their fragrance filled the Chapel! A choir of white-robed students in the loft above the pulpit sang the hymns she herself had chosen—"Lift Your Glad Voices in Triumph on High," and "For all the Saints Who from Their Labors Rest." A single voice sang Mrs. Meyer's own hymn, "He Was not Willing That Any Should Perish." There were eulogies, spoken and written, letters, telegrams, tributes, and resolutions. And then the mortal remains were laid away among flowers and evergreens in beautiful "Oakwoods," beside those of mother and brother.

It was a solemn, a tender, a triumphant Home-going.

VI

From those scenes Mr. Meyer had gone out dazed and stricken. No words but his own could be found to interpret his experience at such a time.

I can not explain my feelings on that afternoon of March eighteenth when, after the funeral, I tried to realize that she was gone. That such a thing might happen had been vaguely in my mind for years. Now it had come, I seemed utterly unprepared. I was amazed. I seemed to be driven like a leaf before a storm. The kindness of friends at the Hospital and at the School could not be surpassed. It seemed wonderful how everything

seemed to arrange itself. I know now it was through the efforts of those who knew and loved her. I lived as one in a trance the day of the funeral, and for days following. I pulled myself out of my chair with difficulty, and compelled myself to walk by sheer force of will. I, too, wanted to die. Still, I knew I had to keep up, and to do the things that had to be done. I kept saying that to myself, and so went on through the days that followed.

To keep up, and to do the things that have to be done! To how many a stricken soul has this thought come as the one sure thing when life's hopes and dreams seem swept into ruin!

Months passed while Mr. Meyer moved restlessly among former scenes and associations almost like one struck by an inner paralysis. It was only long after when life had "come creeping back on a broken wing" that his friends, or even he himself realized how dark was the valley through which he had been passing.

CHAPTER XXI

"How Far That Little Candle Throws Its Beams!"

I

FORTY YEARS! It seems but a moment on the pages of history. Yet it is long enough to plant a seed that shall produce fruit for centuries to come; long enough to kindle a light that shall shine far into regions of darkness and brighten a path for generations yet unborn.

On the evening of October twentieth, 1925, the Chicago Training School thought of itself for an hour as the "Center of the World." A little seed—only a month's tenure of a rented house, to be exact—had grown to seven substantial buildings, owned and used by the School. On that evening the three central buildings were keeping open house, and through their many rooms and long corridors streamed hundreds of men and women, guests and students, old and new. The feast had been spread, toasts given, songs had been sung, and congratulations tendered.

But property holdings and crowds of smiling people and eloquent speeches were far from representing the real significance of that gathering. A wider company and a deeper meaning waited to find expression.

Three-and-a-half years had passed since Mrs. Meyer had lain down her work and gone to join the choir invisible. Her portrait in the "Founders' Room" looked down upon the assembly with eyes

of calm and kindly appraisal, but the silent lips gave no message. It must be told in other ways.

The crowd surged into the Chapel and overflowed into the halls. At the speaker's table Mr. Meyer stood alone and beside him a tall white candle. He spoke of the old days of struggle and toil and vision. He told especially of that one evening, just forty years before, when Mrs. Meyer, her heart aglow with a great passion, had started on the High Adventure of which the lighted candle beside him was a symbol. They had opened a School and invited in their friends, that their presence might lend significance to the event. He told of that moment, after three lone guests had left for their homes, and four half-scared students had gone to their rooms, when he and Mrs. Meyer had looked into each others' faces forlornly, each trying to gather courage for a smile. Was it any wonder if, for one moment, the vision faded and their eyes beheld but a dreary old house, with bare walls and empty rooms, and a world that passed by, busy and uncaring? But with the morning the vision had come again, and they toiled on with faith and courage, attaining results that not even their dreams had showed them in those early days.

Then a woman approached the table, lighted her candle, and spoke briefly of that first year of the School, its problems and accomplishments. Another followed who told of the second year. Then another and another, until a procession of forty women had built up an epitome of forty years of history. Most of those women were members of the classes they represented. Many of them were deaconesses; and all were engaged in Christian work of some kind

for which the School had inspired and prepared them.

But a still broader outlook was necessary to vision the School as the "Center of the World." It was suggested when Marjorie Fuller, missionary on furlough from Africa, spoke of "candles" still shining in that dark continent which had been lighted by students, some of whom had laid down their lives in the fulfillment of their task. And gradually it was made plain that all over the world at that hour hundreds of candles were burning in honor of the anniversary of the School and its Founders. In nearly every state, from Nantucket to Seattle, and across the ocean, in Honolulu, the Philippines, Japan, Korea, China, India and in Europe, as well as in darkest Africa, wherever its daughters had gone they were lighting their candles with them in celebration of the event. The company gathered there were but part of a great multitude that "kept Holy Day."

In scores of cities the larger groups of workers were celebrating the anniversary with many candles, but little lights were also burning here and there the country over. On the Atlantic coast a lone deaconess had gathered her Girls' Club in the parsonage and was telling them of Mrs. Meyer and her School—singing her hymns and firing young hearts with her ideals. In Florida two travellers had lighted the candles they had brought with them for the occasion, and were sending up a "wish and a prayer for the School." In Honolulu two sisters were lighting their candles and talking over the old days. In Manila candles were burning in Hospital and Schools. In Lingayen by the light of their

candles they "talk of the School and its workers in many lands." In Pekin, China, a group was gathered. They had chosen six-thirty in the morning as nearest the communal hour, and "met before breakfast" to recall Mrs. Meyer's teachings and her prayers. "You seemed very near to us as we held our consecration service," the letter said, and "more than ever we felt the presence of 'Our Father.' "

So the candles twinkled, putting a "girdle round the earth" of love and prayer. And, as from the beginning, the heart of their message for the world was that, *given an ideal high enough and fine enough, human nature will serve for the infinite joy of service.*

II

This anniversary was Mr. Meyer's last public function, with the exception of the memorable prayer he offered in connection with the Commencement activities the following June. He pushed the work of the Pension Fund with old time vigor and cheerful persistence. In May 1926 he entered the office of Dr. N. E. Davis, Secretary of Hospitals, Homes, and Deaconess Work, and reported that the end of the task was in sight, adding, "If I can see the completion of this fund for retired deaconesses, I shall feel that my life work is ended." On the eighth of June the goal was reached and interest on a half-million of dollars was made available. Three weeks after that time, while he was on a visit to his brother in Aurora, Mr. Meyer was stricken with apoplexy, becoming at once helpless and apparently unconscious. Removed to Wesley Hospital, he lay until the afternoon of the next day and passed

quietly away, July 1, 1926. It had seemed at times that he tried to give utterance to some thought or wish, but was not able to do so, though friends about him were distressfully anxious to hear and understand. But, as one said, "His life of courage and devotion had already spoken eloquently in a language that humanity would understand to the end of time."

Every year at Commencement time when the sunshine is warm and life is at full tide, students and friends make a pilgrimage to Oakwoods where the two graves lie side by side. They sing the hymns they loved, utter a prayer, and strew their graves with flowers. It is but a loving gesture. They are not dead. "There was that in them which shall remain when all the rest has vanished like a vapor. Life issues from their death, light from their tomb. And where they fell, indomitable courage and hope spring up as seed from the furrow."

III

It is not assumed that in these pages justice is done to the character and achievements of Mr. Meyer. A separate volume would be needed to do that. But this is written that he may stand beside his wife, a figure also heroic, and essential to the accomplishment of their united task. Possessed of talents for which the world would gladly have paid in gold, both Mr. and Mrs. Meyer devoted them all without reserve to the business of the Kingdom. Living a simple—even a sacrificial life, themselves, they gathered and dedicated to the use of the church more than a million dollars in properties, and gave to the world in dynamic forces for spiritual uplift values that can never be estimated.

If it be said that there was at the time of their coming into world affairs a rising tide of social consciousness and responsibility, and that they rode the crest of the wave into success and fame, honor is still due to those whose hearts were so in unison with the spiritual forces that move mankind that they could seize the occasion and ride on to accomplishment.

The movement for the higher education of women in America, woman's work for temperance reform and the social settlement idea have each yielded the chaplet of immortality to a woman. The pioneer who first gathered up the wasted incense of woman's loving service and organized it for the work of the Kingdom is still uncrowned. It remains for the present and coming generations to give to her a place among the immortals.

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